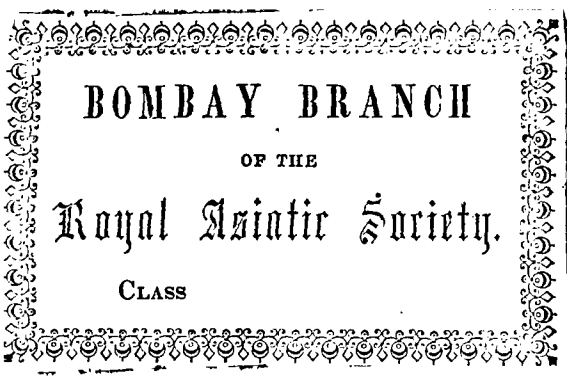

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Madame Müller

aunt of

Chevalier Margrave Young

A MEMOIR

OF

CHARLES MAYNE YOUNG,

TRAGEDIAN,

WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS SON'S JOURNAL.

BY

JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG, A. M.

RECTOR OF ILMINGTON.

WITH PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES.

VOL. II.



Charles M.r Young,

when 9 years old.

24077

'I AM AFRAID TO THINK OF WHAT I'VE DONE.
LOOK ON'T AGAIN . . . I DARE NOT.'

Macbeth.

London and New York

MACMILLAN AND CO.

1871.

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JOURNAL.

JULIAN CHARLES YOUNG.

CHAPTER XI.

1838. January 15. I am not satisfied with the general aspect of things in the parish. I find the peasantry becoming more and more querulous, defiant, and wrathful against their employers, the farmers. I fear, before long, we shall have smouldering discontent blazing forth in open disaffection. Nor shall I wonder at it, however I may deplore it. We clergy tell the poor that 'the labourer is worthy of his hire;' but, query, is the hire adequate for the labourer? The labour given in this parish, after deducting two hours for meals, lasts for ten hours: the pay given is 1*s.* 2*d.* per diem, or 7*s.*, which is expected to last for a week. Poor fellows! I have many a chat with them, and try to reconcile them to their lot; but I find it difficult to answer their objections against the present order of things, or to inspire them with hopeful views for the future. The fact is, there is too much justice in their murmurs. They declare that the necessaries of life are, comparatively, more heavily taxed than the luxuries; that it never makes any sensible difference to them whether prices are high or low, for the price of meat always renders it out of their reach when at its lowest; and that, though the baker never omits to raise the price of the quartern loaf when wheat is dear, he invariably

neglects to reduce it, proportionately, when wheat is cheap. I grant that the wages in Wiltshire and Dorsetshire are no criterion for other counties. But take counties more favoured; even then it is still a perfect puzzle to me to guess how the labouring class—I mean the labouring class with families—contrive to live without incurring debt.

NOTE. The above is taken from my journal written thirty-two years ago. Since 1838 the taxes on tea and sugar have been greatly reduced, and increased consideration for the poor has been shown by each successive government; but still, I must think that the wages of the agricultural labourer are too low. My opinion is based on data derived from respectable sources in several parishes. The two following statements I select at random from many that I have by me. I took them down from the lips of two of the thriftiest and best-conducted families in the parish of Fairlight, near Hastings, when wages were not *7s.* per week, as at Lyneham, but *12s.*

The inevitable indispensable weekly expenses of a man with wife and three children.

	£	s.	d.
Flour, 5 gal. at 1s. 8d.	0	8	4
Rent	0	2	0
Firing	0	1	0
Tea, 1½ oz.	0	0	6
Sugar	0	0	5½
Butter, ½ lb.	0	0	6
Cheese, ½ lb.	0	0	6
Soap	0	0	1½
Soda, for washing	0	0	1
Candles	0	0	3
Schooling	0	0	2
Yeast	0	0	1½
	£0	14	0½

The inevitable indispensable weekly expenses of a man, a wife, and six children.

	£.	s.	d.
Flour, 7 gal. at 1s. 7d.	0	11	1
Rent	0	1	6
Firing	0	1	0
Tea, 1 oz.	0	0	4
Sugar, 2 lb.	0	0	7
Butter, ½ lb.	0	0	6
Cheese, 1 lb.	0	0	6
Soap, ¼ lb.	0	0	1½
Soda, 1 lb.	0	0	1
Candles, ¾ lb. at 8d.	0	0	6
School, 2 children	0	0	3
Club	0	0	4
Yeast	0	0	1½
	£0	16	11

Now, in neither of these estimates is one farthing allowed for beer or animal food of any kind; for hat or cap, boots or shoes, stockings or socks, night-shirt or day-shirt, coat, vest, trowsers, or those essentials of domestic life, needles and thread. Is it possible that the extra wages earned in harvest can defray the cost of these things? I think not.

These statements may be cavilled at. I may be told that, in spite of all I say to the contrary, married men with families do contrive to live on less than 12*s.* a week. I doubt it. It is true they may not be on the Union; but, think you, reader, that they are not deep in the ledger of the village shop, and the grocer's, and draper's, and tailor's, and shoemaker's, in the neighbouring town?

1838. January 17. 'Oh, my prophetic soul!' What I have been dreading has come to pass. The weather having been unfavourable for agricultural operations, the farmers have turned off their able-bodied labourers; and what follows?—the spread of discontent, barns broken open, granaries rifled, ricks burnt, sheep stolen out of the folds by night, and slaughtered under the windows of their owners—the carcase and fleece carried off, the head, with some insolent and threatening notice tied round it, left at the farmer's door. This morning I hear that Mr. Rumbold, one of our most substantial yeomen, on his return from Calne market, was waylaid and shot at from behind a hedge in his own grounds. He has been severely, though not fatally, wounded. That murder was meant is evident; that it failed of accomplishment is owing entirely to the marksman's want of

skill. I visited the sufferer to-day, and find that he has not the faintest conception who his assailant could be; nor can he assign any motive any one could have had for wishing to take his life.

1838. January 18. I wrote this morning to Lord John Russell, as the Secretary for the Home Department, advertising him of the unsettled condition of the parish, the outrages that were being daily committed in the immediate neighbourhood, and the attempted murder on the 16th. I then called a vestry for the purpose of deliberating on the steps expedient to adopt in the emergency. The vestry unanimously decided that I should go up to London and seek an interview with the authorities at the Home Office.

1838. January 21. I received a letter from the Under Secretary at the Home Office, informing me that orders had been despatched to Scotland Yard to send us down an enterprising detective—Shackell. He arrived at five p.m., and I quartered him in the parsonage.

1838. January 22. Shackell was out all day alone, instituting searching enquiries, and making himself familiar with certain suspicious localities frequented by the worst of our population. He returned as we were in the act of kneeling down to family prayers, and joined us in them; but, before doing so, to my amusement, drew from his coat pocket a brace of pistols with spring daggers, and deposited them on the table. When we had risen from our knees, I asked him if he thought he was in Ireland, that he thought it necessary to make so formidable a demonstration. He replied, that, considering the disaffected state of the parish, and the fact of his

arrival being well known, he thought it a necessary precaution to go armed; but that he did not like the idea of kneeling down in prayer with his loaded weapons in his pockets. He went on to say, 'Let me advise you, Sir, if you have any weapons, to see at once to their condition; for you may have need of them. I assure you, I have been struck, in going my rounds to-day, by the sullen reserve of the men I have questioned at the public-houses. There seems to be a strong feeling of sympathy for the would-be murderer, and very little for his victim. Moreover, as I entered your garden-gate just now, I saw two men skulking about under your palings, who, when I wished them "good night," gave me no answer. Perhaps they are only keeping an eye on my movements. But I ought to tell you, that, from words I heard drop to-day, I see you have lost a good deal of your former popularity by having interfered, as they say, in what was no business of yours.'

1838. January 23. I accompanied Shackell in his rounds. He showed great intelligence, but gained none. We could elicit no fresh facts by minute examination of the spot from whence the shot was fired; for, at the time the attempt against the life of Mr. Rumbold was made, the snow lay deep on the ground; so that what with a fresh fall in the night, succeeded by a hard frost, and the traffic of carts and waggons, all traces of the culprit's footsteps were effaced.

1838. January 25. The instant I arrived in town, I waited on Colonel Rowan and on Shackell.

1838. January 29. I called on Sir Frederick Rowe at Bow Street, on Mr. Phillips, Lord John

Russell's secretary, on Lord Lansdowne, and Colonel Rowan.

1838. January 31. Went to see Du Potet, the mesmerist. I passed through a room in which were two or three persons in a state of unconsciousness. They reminded me of a story Horace Smith once told me.

A country farmer went to Dr. Ashburner to consult him. In his way to the inner room in which the Doctor was in the habit of receiving his ordinary patients, he had to pass through a front and back drawing-room, in each of which were cataleptic subjects rigid as statues, and in extraordinary and unnatural postures. As soon as the honest yeoman saw the Doctor, he made a clean breast of it, and confessed that, whenever mesmeric effects had been reported to him, 'he had been a thorough sceptic; but, after what he had seen in his house, he had become a decided *antisceptic*.'

1838. February 1. The upshot of my application at the Home Office is, that we are to be allowed two resident London policemen for twelvemonths, on condition that we defray all contingent expenses—an impost our ratepayers, albeit reluctant to incur any fresh outlay, are too panic-stricken to refuse. Went to Bath in the afternoon, intending to take the baths for a few days.

1839. February 2. This day I walked to Beckford's Tower on Lansdowne. It is, in truth, a museum, wherein are deposited his large and cherished collection of pictures, gems, virtu, and china, which, rare and valuable as they are, represent but the *débris* of the original treasures of Fonthill. Afterwards I visited his private residence in Bath, which certainly displays a refinement of taste,

and a perception of harmony, proportion, and colour, which the most fastidious Sybarite would find it difficult to impugn.

I have been permitted access to certain of his family papers, which have confirmed me in the impression I had before entertained — viz. that there seldom has existed a man to whom so much was bequeathed, by whom so little was done for his fellow creatures.

He lost his father, Alderman Beckford, when he was but seven years old, and before he was half out of his teens he was informed that he was to succeed to his fabulous fortune. Fourteen years' minority, and the succession to two other large properties, augmented the sum total of his possessions to an amount so colossal, that on coming of age he was congratulated on being the richest commoner in the world.

In boyhood he was much noticed by his relative the great Earl of Chatham; and there being but a year's difference between the age of his quondam friend's son and his own, and both being unusually precocious, he was fond of instituting comparisons between 'the two Williams,' and of predicting their future careers.

At sixteen he was consigned to the tutelage of a certain Dr. Lettice, with whom, at eighteen, he went to Switzerland. A campagne near Geneva was taken for him, where he enjoyed frequent intercourse with Voltaire, Hüber (the naturalist), and the other celebrities who dwelt on the borders of the Lake, and reflected the lustre of their names on a locality as remarkable for the grandeur as for the beauty of its scenery.

The account of Beckford's stay in Switzerland might

have had attraction for the general reader in days when but little was known by the insular Englishman of the European continent, but it lacks it now. It was, however, while in Switzerland, and when only eighteen, that he wrote the 'Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters,' and commenced the rough draft of 'Vathek.' At nineteen he published it. We must accept his own word for it, that it was written in three nights and two days; and that, during that time, he never took off his clothes, but contented himself with plunging his head in cold water, throwing himself on his bed for an hour or two, and surrendering himself to the vivid dreams which gave fresh colour to his waking thoughts. Of this book Byron has declared that he had an early admiration. He speaks of it as 'a work which, for correctness of costume, beauty of description, and power of imagination, far surpasses all European imitations; and bears such marks of originality, that those who have visited the East will find some dificulty in believing it to be more than a translation. As an Eastern tale, even "Rasselas" must bow before it. His happy valley will not bear comparison with the Hall of Eblis.'

How long Beckford remained in the Pays de Vaud does not appear. Suffice it to say that, in less than twelve months he had returned to Fonthill, where he was staying with his mother, until he started on a tour through his own country. After visiting all the principal towns, the seats of several relatives in the west of England, and the great hives of commercial industry in the midland and northern counties, he returned to

London, when Lord George Gordon's riots were at their height. As soon as his arrival in town was known to the King, he was summoned to Court, and presented at a private audience by his father's great friend, Lord Thurlow. In the course of this interview with George the Third, a page entered, and begged audience for an officer who had just been vigorously engaged in suppressing the riots. On his way to St. James's, young Beckford's nerves had been keenly tried, and his pity greatly excited by the sight of the dead and dying in the streets. On principle a thorough loyalist, and expecting to find in the monarch some manifestation of regret for the sufferings of the misguided multitude, he was horrified to see him hasten eagerly forward to meet the officer as he appeared at the door, crying out at the same time, in the short, sharp, and snappish iteration peculiar to him—'Well! well! well! I hope you peppered them well! peppered them well! peppered them well! Eh? eh?'

In spite of the condescension showed him by his sovereign, his daughter, the late Duchess of Hamilton, used to say that, to his dying day, he was unable to overcome the aversion he had conceived for him after the vindictive disposition evinced on that occasion.

At this period of his life, before the bloom of ingenuous youth had been dulled by the incense of adulation and the corrupting influences of wealth, he was, though effeminately romantic, amiable and unaffected; and as he would lay for hours on his back, under the shade of his own trees, 'chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies,' it was evident, from his habitual self-absorption

and the indifference with which he regarded the elaborate preparations making in his honour, that his preference was for 'the life removed.' One result of these exclusive reflections was soon avowed. He declared his intention, as soon as he became his own master, of converting the grand, substantial, truly English mansion erected only twenty years before, by his father, at incredible cost, into a building more consonant with his own peculiar taste, and partaking more of the oriental character. There had been originally a fine house on the same site when his father purchased the estate, although it had only attained to its ultimate scale and dignity under the auspices of Wyatt. Three noble avenues led up to it in different directions. It was

> 'enclosed in stately shrine
> Of growing trees;'

and not only of 'growing trees,' but of trees venerable from their antiquity and magnitude. The park in which it stood was enclosed by a high stone wall, seven miles in circumference; and was so felicitously diversified by artistic planting, that a visitor might walk twenty miles, and never retrace his steps. Of the enormous size of the house, some idea may be formed when it is stated, that, at the *fête* given on his coming of age, three hundred persons were lodged under the roof, and six hundred dined daily in the hall. The multitudes who came from the surrounding towns and villages were entertained in tents and marquees. It was from his recollection of the scene pre-

sented at that time in the grand old hall, that his conception of that of Eblis took its rise.

Soon after attaining his majority, he started on what was then called the grand tour. His suite consisted of a musician to play to him, of a doctor to watch over his health, of an artist to paint and copy for him, and of Dr. Lettice to aid him in literary research. He was followed by six or seven carriages, a proportionate number of fourgons for the luggage of such a retinue, and a stud of first-class horses. He first made for Venice, by way of the Tyrol, and reached it by moonlight in a gondola. On setting foot on the piazetta, his sense of enjoyment was so intense that he could only give vent to it in tears. Abruptly breaking away from his party, and without giving a hint of his purpose, he jumped into the first gondola he came near, and, captivated yet enervated by his sensations, told the boatman to convey him to one of the least frequented of the islands in the Adriatic, where he might remain a while, safe from intrusion, and give the reins to his overwrought imagination. As soon as he had left the boat, he told the gondoliers to go to sleep if they liked, but to remain where they were till he returned. It was near midnight before he was traced by Dr. Lettice, and then only through the help of some sailors, who had watched the course Beckford's gondola had taken. He found him alone, wrapped in visionary speculations, which he did not thank him for disturbing. He afterwards confessed to him that the combined effects of the climate, the scenery, and association, classical, poetical, historical, pictorial, and

theatrical, had wrought so powerfully on his brain, that he believed that he should have gone mad, but for the timely relief of tears. The same effect was subsequently produced upon him by his first evening in Rome, and his first sight of Cintra and Valambrosa. He used to say, in after years, that in those few nights he had lived through years of feeling.

Venice was a place so entirely after his own fancy, that he lingered there long: never so happy as when, at full length, with closed eyes, he was floating lazily across the lagunes in his gondola, and yielding to the balmy influences of the atmosphere till evening, when he would go home and dress and dine, and hurry to the opera to listen to the notes of Paccharetti. He found himself soon so beset with invitations from the leaders of *ton* in the place, that, society becoming irksome to him, he tore himself away from its exactions, and hurried on to Rome. On first reaching the heights of Monterosi, and beholding the dome of St. Peter's, he flung himself prostrate on the ground in speechless rapture. It was late in the evening when he entered the town itself; and on reaching the Piazza del Popolo, leaving all concern about luggage and passports to his followers, and calling up one of his grooms with a led horse, he flung himself into his saddle, and, attended by his courier, galloped off to the object of his longing. He reached St. Peter's as the great doors were being closed. Extending a well-filled purse to the sacristan, he told him that every farthing in it should be his if he would but suffer him to remain in the mighty temple alone for a couple of hours. The

man stared, scrupled—but consented. Beckford begged to be locked in, taking the precaution, *ad interim*, of returning his purse to his pocket. As he entered the vast building and heard the doors close behind him, and found the twilight deepening round him, his teeming brain ran riot. The odour of incense still clung to the walls, light still twinkled round the high altar. With stealthy steps and breath suspended he wandered slowly from chapel to chapel. Much which he wished to see was hidden from his view by the intervening shadows of the lofty pillars; when, joy beyond his fondest hopes! the clear full moon arose and shed her silvery beams athwart great part of the interior. He could scarcely believe that two hours had passed, when he was reminded of it by the entrance of the door-keeper, to whom he gladly tendered the promised guerdon, and who was so well satisfied with his bargain that he gave his patron *carte blanche* to repeat his visits whenever he was disposed—a privilege of which he was not slow to avail himself. He would often remain there from midnight till dawn of day with no other seat to rest on than the steps of the high altar.

After devoting considerable time to the careful exploration of the antiquities of Rome, he went on to Naples. He was enchanted with it of course, but still, amid all the attractions of that lovely city, he pined for his first love—Venice. Thither he returned; and while thinking seriously of a prolonged stay there, an urgent summons to enter public life compelled him once more to return to England; though, at that time, the solicitations of his friends and relatives

did not shake him in his resolution to decline the proferred representation of the borough of Hendon. Having no ambition to enter on the stormy arena of politics which were at that time agitating the senate, he retired to Bath, where he met with Lady Margaret Gordon, his own cousin. He quickly became intimate with her—loved, and married her. After presenting her at Court, and paying the necessary round of complimentary visits to his friends, he turned his back on London, and repaired, with his bride, to the favourite haunts of his early youth; and pitching his tent at Melhabeau de la Tour, at Evian, there lived in blissful retirement. It was there his first daughter was born; and there, fifteen months later, after giving birth to another girl, that his wife died.

Shortly after, in quest of new scenes, in the hope of alleviating his grief for his irreparable loss, and accompanied by Dr. Lettice, his 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' he betook himself to Portugal, having sent his two children to Fonthill to be under his mother's care. He soon found wholesome distraction in building his well-known house at Cintra, Ra Mathao. There he had ample scope for the indulgence of his extravagant passion for Eastern architecture: with which the exquisite climate, and the almost tropical vegetation, were thoroughly in keeping. The recollection of his sumptuous manner of life was still green when Byron made his pilgrimage there.

'On sloping mounds, or in the vale beneath,
Are domes where, whilom, kings did make repair;
But now, the wild flowers round them only breathe:
Yet ruin'd splendour still is lingering there,

'And yonder towers the prince's palace fair.
There thou, too, Vathek! England's wealthiest son
Once formed thy Paradise, as not aware
When wanton wealth her mightiest deeds hath done,
Meek peace voluptuous lures was ever wont to shun.'

The scale of his establishment, and his of general expenditure, surpassed anything that had ever been witnessed in that country. The consequence was, that he was overwhelmed with applications from the proudest magnates in the land for permission to visit him. With the Marquis di Marialva, the prime minister, and also with the Grand Inquisitor, he cemented a cordial friendship. One day Marialva called him aside, and told him that he was anxious to take him to some curious old Moorish remains, which stood in a singularly picturesque and sequestered situation. Having readily consented to go, early the next morning they started together on their expedition. When they came near the spot, Marialva desired his companion to order his numerous attendants to remain where they were, while they withdrew by themselves. In a few minutes they came upon the buildings, which were sufficiently striking to excite Beckford's admiration; but while he was examining them, Marialva, without any perceptible motive, whispered to him, 'Seem to be drawing. Pretend to be drawing.'

Fortunately, Beckford had his sketch-book in his hand, and was in the act of taking a view (which, by the bye, long after hung in the Duchess of Hamilton's boudoir at Easton Park), when a door in the building opened, and a tall thin young man, with a fine intelligent countenance, and an undefinable grace of move-

ment, came forward and stood before the presumed artist. He was so full of majesty, that Beckford, convinced he was no ordinary personage, and concluding he wished to maintain his incognito, merely returned his salutation, and offered him a seat, while he went on with his drawing. It was not long before he found himself drawn into conversation with him. One topic followed another in rapid succession, until the political condition of England, France, Italy, Spain, and, finally, Portugal itself, was freely discussed. Home questions were put, and counsel sought of Beckford, on subjects of such delicacy, that it required both courage and presence of mind to answer them to one entirely unknown. His enthusiastic disposition was however piqued by the singularity of the interview; and, being partial to the people of the country, from whom he had received much respect, he uttered the honest sentiments of his heart about them without reserve.

The stranger was so captivated with the liberality of his opinions, that he threw off all further disguise, and made himself known as the Prince of the Brazils. He had heard so much about the Englishman that he had hit upon this expedient as a means of knowing him without himself being known. From that hour they became fast friends.

After visiting every place in Portugal and Spain possessing objects in art or nature worth seeing, he returned to England, more bent than ever on building the abbey at Fonthill. His original idea was, not to reside in it; but to erect for himself a more modest retreat hard by.

While the new building was in course of erection he went to Paris, where he remained during more than twelve months of the Revolution, equally undismayed by Jacobins or Girondists, taking no part in the political feuds which disturbed other men's minds, and maintaining a dignified attitude of reserve. Strange to say, at a time when the worst passions of human nature were let loose, and anarchy usurped the place of law, he lived on terms of equal good-will with the Duke of Orleans and with Mirabeau.

It was in the year 1793, when men of peace could once more move about without fear, that Beckford was induced to go and see a very remarkable lion, which no man could tame; and which, from his exceeding ferocity, was a terror even to beholders. The instant Beckford entered the place in which he was confined, his angry roars ceased; he approached the bars of the cage where Beckford stood, and rubbed himself caressingly against the spot. Every one present was struck with the strange sight, and watched the actors narrowly. The keeper went up to Beckford, and said, that he was sure that, if he would enter the den with him, the lion would not harm him. Although curious to make the experiment, he had no idea of making an exhibition of himself: so he told the keeper if he would wait till the hour of closing, he would not hesitate to enter the cage in his company. When the general public were dismissed, and Beckford walked towards the cage, the lion stood still, narrowly scrutinizing his movements. Beckford fixed his eyes steadily on him: the lion returned an equally steadfast gaze. After mutual

investigation, the lion having taken his visitor's measure, and seeing that he did not quail before him, went up to him, lay on his back, fondled him, and putting forth his tongue, licked his hands till the skin was nearly rubbed off. Luckily no blood was drawn. From that day, go when he might, Beckford was sure of an affectionate welcome from the king of beasts. The good understanding existing between the lion and the Englishman became a subject of court gossip; and many years after, when Charles the Tenth was residing at Holyrood, he asked the Duchess of Hamilton whether her father still possessed the same power of eye over wild beasts which he had displayed in the case of the ferocious lion.

He continued in the French capital till after the death of Louis XVIII, making acquaintance with all the most conspicuous persons of that day: among the number, with Madame de Staël, whose talents he appreciated more than her morals. On his return to Fonthill, he dedicated himself in earnest to the realization of the projects he had long ago conceived—which had grown with his growth and strengthened with his strength.

When he was residing at Naples, he received much civility from Sir William Hamilton; and it so happened that he, his lady, and the illustrious Nelson, volunteered him a visit in the course of the ensuing winter. He resolved to commemorate it by a grand *fête*. Nearly seven hundred workmen were employed in carrying out his plans. Torches were burning all night, to enable successive gangs to continue their labours. The consequence was, that, in little more than two months, the abbey had so far advanced as to be a model of

architectural beauty. From one point in the grounds it was visible in all its grandeur — the turrets, gurgoyles, pediments, and pinnacles imparting to it the more salient features of an enormous monastery. The hall was spacious and lofty: the tower, which was in the centre of the building, was visible at a distance of forty miles. Three wings stretched from it, eastward, northward, and southward—each totally unlike the other, yet each constituting in itself an elegant and commodious residence. The splendour of its furniture and decorations, with its inexhaustible treasures of art, earned for it the designation of 'The Wonder of the West.'

The illustrious naval hero was received in the town of Hendon with an ovation worthy of him: the anxiety of the townspeople to get a glimpse of him beggaring description.

When the company invited took their seats in the old hall, the scene must have been singularly imposing. Every one was kept in profound ignorance of what awaited them, the work having been carried on behind an immense screen of timber, so that no one might know of the progress of the works.

To his guests, who begged that they might be allowed to visit the abbey, the erection of which had already created general curiosity, Mr. Beckford replied, 'that they should certainly see whatever there was to see before their departure.' The next day he was busy superintending operations; for he meant to give them a *fête champêtre*, which they should not forget. When the day arrived, and twilight deepened, numerous carriages drove up to the door, followed by a cavalcade of horse-

men, in procession, in conformity with the directions of a printed programme. The visitors, not at all prepared for the coming event, chatted gaily as they drove or rode down the road towards one of the grand avenues already mentioned. At a particular turn, every carriage stopped, and one long, loud, ringing shout of amazement and delight burst from every throat. The enormous body of visitors found themselves, in an instant, transported as by magic to a fairy scene. Through the far-stretching woods of pine glittered myriads on myriads of variegated lamps, forming vast vistas of light, and defining the distant perspective as clearly as in sunshine. Flambeaux in profusion were carried about by bearers stationed wherever they were most needed. The Wiltshire Volunteers, handsomely accoutred, were drawn up on either side. Bands of music, studiously kept out of sight, were placed at intervals along the route, playing inspiring marches; the whole effect being heightened by the deep roll of numerous drums, so placed in the hollows of the hills as to ensure their reverberation being heard on every side.

The profound darkness of the night—the many-tinted lamps, some in motion, others stationary, here reflected on the bayonets and helmets of the soldiery, there seen through coloured glass, and so arranged as to shed rainbow hues on every surrounding object—the music, now with a dying fall, now waking the dormant echoes into life with martial clangour, rivetted to the spot the lover of striking contrasts.

Gradually the procession drew near to the abbey itself, the tracery of its splendid architecture relieved

by strong shadow, the inequalities of the building marked out by myriads of lights, and revealing, to the wondering eyes of the spectators, battlement and turret and flying buttress. No grander feature was there, in the whole edifice, than the tower, shooting up three hundred feet, the upper part lost in total eclipse. Reared above the main entrance fluttered the national banner, and by its side the Admiral's flag, catching light enough, as they flapped in the night breezes, to display their massive folds to advantage. All present stood entranced. The moment the abbey was fully disclosed, every one, animated by a common impulse, sprang from their carriages and walked towards it. And when the 'conquering hero,' attended by his host, entered the walls, the organ thundered forth a pealing sound of welcome which shook the edifice to its foundations; while notes of triumph resounded through the galleries and corridors around.

From the abbey they adjourned to the grand hall, which had been arranged for the banquet. An entire service of silver and agate of mediæval pattern was laden with the fare of other days. On the beaufet were piled heavy masses of gold and silver plate. On the board, and against the walls of the room, stood wax candles six feet high, in silver sconces; while huge blazing logs of cedar, dried and prepared for the occasion, and constantly renewed, contributed to the material comfort.

The banquet ended, and the guests wellnigh surfeited with the fanciful and gorgeous display they had witnessed, they were desired to pass up the grand staircase. On each side of it stood, at intervals, men dressed as monks, carrying waxen flambeaux in their hands. The

company were first ushered into a suite of sumptuous apartments, hung with gold-coloured satin damask, in which were ebony cabinets of inestimable value, inlaid with precious stones, and filled with treasures collected from many lands—then, through a gallery two hundred and eighty-five feet long, into the library, which was filled with choice books and rare manuscripts, and fitted up with consummate taste, the hangings of crimson velvet, embroidered with arabesques of gold, the carpets of the same colour—the windows of old stained glass, bordered with the most graceful designs.

At last the guests reached the oratory, where a lamp of gold was burning by itself, shedding just light enough to display to advantage, in a niche studded with mosaics and jewels of great price, a statue of St. Anthony by Rossi. Here, again, the illusion of the monastery was well maintained. Large candelabras, in stands of ebony inlaid with gold, and multiplied by huge pier-glasses, formed an exquisite perspective, and enhanced the surpassing brilliancy of the scene. When the entire company was collected in this marvellous gallery, a stream of solemn music came floating through the air, none knowing from whence it issued. Beckford always thought the effect of music heard under such circumstances irresistible. Only eighteen months before his death, when he was eighty-seven years of age, he was wont to speak with ecstasy of a scene at which he had been present in one of his juvenile explorations. He had accidentally strayed into a grand but very sombre cathedral: the choir was chaunting a solemn requiem for the dead; priests, mo-

tionless as statues, were grouped around a catafalque; lofty candles, lighted, surrounded the altar. There was a long pause for meditation, and then, from an unseen quarter, voices of inconceivable sweetness wailed forth a funeral hymn. The priests themselves grew pale as they sang their parts, in response. 'As for me,' he would say, 'my heart's blood curdled in my veins; and, to my dying hour, the mere mention of that cathedral, and the hymn I heard there, will thrill to my inmost soul.'

But to return to our subject, and finish this crude sketch of a *fête* which conferred on Fonthill an exceptional celebrity.

After gazing their fill on the multiplicity of sights that met them at every turn, the guests were directed to retire in a direction opposite to that from which they had come. But, before they were allowed to depart, spiced wine, sherbet, lemonade, and iced water, in flagons of ruby-coloured glass, and caraffes of rose-water, and little cases of ottar of roses freshly imported from Shiraz, and choicest fruit in baskets of gold filagree, were handed round. It was long after midnight before the visitors could tear themselves away. But their host would not permit them to linger, lest they should retire with their impressions impaired by familiarity. So that, before the lamps began to wane, the several bands, accompanied by the mighty organ, struck up their most exhilarating airs; and, as these yet hung upon the ear of the departing guests, the night breeze wafting their melody through the air till distance drowned it, they left the abbey grounds scarce able to believe that they had not been enjoying an

Arabian Night's Entertainment, instead of an English one[1].

There is much in Beckford's life and character which might serve 'to point a moral and adorn a tale.' His father, shortly before his death, wrote thus to a friend:—'I have left my boy one of the finest houses in the country.' He took pride in thinking that he had done so. What a fall would that pride have sustained if he could have foreseen that, regardless of all the thought, time, and money lavished on that splendid structure, one of his son's first acts would be to level it with the dust; that his second would be to replace it by a fantastic one of his own devising, which would be destroyed by fire; and that his third would be to rear a still more ambitious edifice than either of the preceding ones, whose chief ornament would be its ruin. As if to typify the founder's own fate, it was the disproportioned height of the great tower which brought about the downfall of his house. And the owner himself, being 'exalted above measure,' was laid low. So that it might be said of

[1] There is a story told, worth repeating, and which I had nearly forgotten, of two gentlemen having one day climbed over the high park wall in hopes of judging for themselves of the truth of the reputed beauty of Fonthill Abbey. They had no sooner jumped to the ground, than they were met by the proprietor, who, instead of peremptorily ordering them off the premises, received them with haughty urbanity, conducted them over his splendid but solitary dwelling, and afterwards set them down to a princely dinner. At ten o'clock at night they were re-conducted to the spot where they had been met, and told that, as they had found the way *in* for themselves, they might find it *out* as best they could. By day it was a perfect labyrinth, and what it must have been by night may be surmised from the fact, that they were found on the following morning still groping their way in the woods.

him, 'This was the man that made not God his strength, but trusted in the abundance of his riches.'

If sacred trusts ignobly used, even in this life, entail a penalty on the wrongdoer, assuredly the retribution which fell on William Beckford was a righteous one. He had abundance of talent — physical advantages of no common order—a priceless wife—the affection of two lovely daughters (one of them wedded to the head of a princely house)—boundless wealth, and the influence which is begotten of it — power to obtain whatever could minister to his cupidity or his vanity—the notice of kings, queens, princes, prelates, potentates, Oriental as well as European—distinction in the world of literature and art, as a successful author, an accomplished artist, an architect, an archæologist, a musician, a poet, and a virtuoso. And yet—what has he left behind him? what has he done for his fellow-creatures? what did he do for those who were nearest and dearest to him? Nil! His performances fell far short of his pretensions and his promises; he preferred the flower to the fruit; he confounded the dross with the ore; he adapted himself to the lax morality of other nations, while he paid but scant respect to the wholesome prejudices of his own. Dogmatic and arbitrary in his criticisms upon art, the school to which he was attached was not the highest; for he preferred the modern and the romantic to the antique and the classical. Although by no means insensible to the beauty of nature, objects in themselves sublime had infinitely less attraction for him than inferior ones which derived their charm from circumstance or fancy: hence he preferred a Moorish tower

to a Grecian temple. The fact is, the character of his mind was pre-eminently histrionic. He revelled in scenic effect, and relished what was meretricious rather than what was simple and severe.

No wonder, then, that, in spite of certain external claims on public notice, having, like his own proud tower, no solid foundation, he should have fallen prostrate among the ruins of his own magnificence. He had flashed on the world of fashion like a meteor; and, like a meteor, disappeared, as unnoticed and uncared for as if he had never existed. Had he been content with the noble residence bequeathed to him by his father—had he realized the solemn obligations entailed by the possession of great wealth—had he been endowed with more of filial piety, and disgraced by less of selfish sentiment—had he consulted the rightful claims of his descendants more, and his own gratification less—he might have enjoyed, in his old age, an approving conscience; and have learned, from happy experience, that 'a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches;' and, instead of leaving to his posterity a more than doubtful reputation, as a voluptuary and a sensualist, he might have been embalmed in the affections of his children's children as a good son, a good father, a good citizen, and a good Christian.

1838. April 16. On this date we left Lyneham for a three months' trip on the continent, during which time I kept no journal. We visited Paris, Geneva, Lausanne, Berne, Thun, Lucerne, Altorf, the Devil's Bridge; crossed the St. Gothard; visited Lago Mag-

giore, Milan, Florence, Naples, Pompeii; returned by sea from Naples to Civita Vecchia, to Leghorn, Pisa, Bologna, Venice, the Tyrol, Botzen, Brixen, Inspruch, Munich, Ulm, Augsburg, the Rhine, Cologne, Antwerp, home. The world is so familiar with the places I have mentioned, that I will only trespass on their indulgence by inflicting two personal incidents on their notice.

First. In crossing the Apennines, on our road to Florence, we dined at one o'clock, at a very humble roadside inn, bearing the sign of 'I tre Mauri.' In the one room, common to all travellers of whatever degree, was a young Irish gentleman, journeying alone, and bound for Florence, where he was meaning to prosecute his studies of the 'fine arts.' He seemed as good-natured as a stranger could be in a foreign country, who was utterly ignorant of every tongue but his own. As a panacea for all the ills he might have to brave, he had provided himself with 'A Familiar Phrase Book,' in which questions and answers, with landlord, waiter, chambermaid, horsekeeper, *valet de place*, *douanier*, washerwoman, and postillion, were anticipated, and arranged in four parallel columns in English, French, Italian, and German, for the traveller's use.

The amusement we derived from his Hibernian pronunciation of French and Italian, and his bungling substitution of French for Italian and Italian for German, was infinite. In giving, for instance, a hurried order to a servant for something which he wanted, he would run his eye down the German column in mistake for the Italian one; so that the

medley he made of the two languages—pronouncing them as if they were English—the bewildered looks of the servants, and his indignation at what he was pleased to consider their stupidity, instead of his own, afforded us ceaseless food for laughter. Here is a specimen: 'Je dis! frau! (non) douzelle! wollen sic la bonté pour prendre (non) pour apporter (I mean) buttero.' Being unable to make the maid understand that he wanted bread, he got furious, and, springing off his seat, shouted out, 'Can't you comprenez? Pane, you divil!'

For some time we held ourselves aloof, not from any exclusiveness, but because we knew that if we encouraged acquaintance with him we should be obliged to help him to ask for the necessaries of life; and, though very indifferent linguists ourselves, we should thus have robbed ourselves of much fun. All reserve between us, however, was broken down before nightfall by force of circumstances.

As soon as we had had our *siesta*, and despatched our meal, we continued our journey, taking it for granted that we should see no more of our Irish friend. We were travelling *vetturino*, and had a large roomy carriage, drawn by four black Neapolitan horses, which had just conveyed Mrs. Starke (whose guide-book was the great authority until John Murray's annihilated it) from Naples to Lodi, where she breathed her last. In our agreement with our driver, we had stipulated that we should remain a given number of days at Florence and Rome, before proceeding to Naples; that we should sleep at certain places, and accomplish

the intermediate distance between those cities in a specified time. Now, on this day, having left 'I tre Mauri' in the afternoon, our proper halting-place for the night ought to have been at an inn ten or twelve miles short of Florence. But we were so worried with the wretched accommodation we had met with on the road, that I offered our *vetturino* a handsome *buono mano* if he would push on and get us into Florence the same night. He undertook to do so, and certainly made an effort to keep his word. But, on reaching one of the bleakest, wildest of spots, he pulled up at a revolting looking pothouse, and assured us that his horses could not go a yard farther to please the Pope himself. We were forced to alight; and sorely out of heart we were at being ushered into our quarters; for the house looked like a place of rendezvous for sots and brigands; and we heard afterwards, on reaching Florence, that its looks did not belie it. However, we had nothing to do but to submit to our destiny. The building was utterly destitute of any kind of comfort. It consisted of a large smoky apartment, which served 'for parlour, and kitchen, and all,' some ramshackled outhouses for cattle, and two bedrooms for chance visitors like ourselves, which communicated with each other. The walls of these rooms were of roughcast —without any colour or paper on them. The beds were stuffed with leaves of Indian corn; the sheets were as rough as nutmeg-graters, and unbleached. The only articles in the room, beside the beds, were an unplaned deal table, and a pewter basin and ewer upon it. There was neither lock, nor bolt, nor hasp, nor

even latch, to either of the doors, i. e. neither to the outer one, which led on to the stair, nor to the inner one, between the two chambers. My wife and I selected the inner room; and, for the good of the house, ordered coffee. After waiting an hour for it with exemplary patience, we found it, when it came, to be a nauseous compound of horse-beans and chicory, served in a battered old pewter can without a nozzle. The bread was such as Germans give their horses: of goat's-milk cheese there was more than enough; but cow's milk or butter were not attainable for love or money.

I fear we made wry faces at everything, and determined to take refuge from care in sleep. Before equipping ourselves for bed, we had to contend with one preliminary difficulty, viz. the securing our door against midnight intruders. However, by the help of our medicine chest and my portmanteau we contrived to keep it closed, though anything but shut.

The loneliness of the situation, the absence of ordinary comforts, the stench from a huge pig-stye under the windows; the palpable perception of filth, and the strong suspicion of fleas; the sour manners of the innkeeper, and the repellant looks of his wife, made us feel ill at ease. It was not long after barricading ourselves in, that we were made aware that the next room was tenanted; and great was our relief to hear the native accents of our Irish friend of 'I tre Mauri,' who, feeling proximity to English people might be a blessing to him in the event of any serious dilemma, confessed to us next day that he had ordered his driver to follow in our wake, and stop wherever we stopped. I was about

to get into bed and put out my candle, when I heard bony knuckles tapping at our door, and a tremulous voice addressing me in an undertone. 'Whisper. Hark ye, Sir. You have not got a spare pistol about ye, have ye?' 'What for?' I asked. 'Well, Sir, by my faith, I don't like the looks o' things here at all, at all. As I passed through the kitchen just now, if you'll believe me, there were three strapping chaps, in their clothes, lying on their stomachs a-top of the kitchen dresser, and pretending to be asleep. We are, Sir, but two after all; and I 've a shrewd suspicion that our rascally drivers are in league with these bloodthirsty ruffians, and have landed us here on purpose to rob us: so, Sir, we 'd best be prepared for the worst. Have you such a thing in your room as a poker?' 'No.' 'Have you a walking-stick in your carriage?' 'No.' 'Ah, then, ye 'll surely have an umbrella?' 'No.' 'Then, Sir, ye may dipind we 're in a mighty purty mess. 'Pon my life, we must stand by each other, and defind the lady. Ye 're not going to bed, are ye?' 'Yes.' 'Ah, then, ye 're wrong. Don't take your clothes off, whatever ye do. I 'll lie in mine, I know.' I wished him good-night rather abruptly, and slipped into bed, not altogether devoid of apprehension myself. After a while I heard him calling lustily over the stairs (there was no bell), 'Signora, due cotelette, subito.' As I was dosing, I was roused up by hearing a gnashing of teeth and a rattling of knives and forks, which seemed to me to last an unnatural length of time. At last, all was still. My fears were allayed, and I fell asleep, and remained so, till

I was woke by the light streaming in at my window. I got up and dressed, in high spirits at finding my head still upon my shoulders. I opened the door of separation between our neighbour and ourselves, and beheld him, fully dressed, on his bed, snoring heavily, and lying on his back, with a large knife in one hand and a poker in the other. I expressed a hope, when he opened his eyes, that he had slept well in spite of his fears.

'Not a wink,' he replied, 'till half an hour ago.'

'Well,' said I, 'you seemed to be making a capital supper last night, if I may judge from the rattling of plates and knives and forks which I heard long after I had gone to bed.'

'Good supper is it, ye say? I never ate a morsel of their execrable garbage. The very sight of it destroyed my appetite, and would have done so had I been ever so hungry. I asked for pork-chops, not because I wanted them, but because I wanted the knife and fork to protect myself and you with. Ye may dipind upon it, 't was I baulked them! They saw I was wide awake and up to their tricks upon travellers, and was not the lad to fall an easy prey to their divilish devices. Then, again, they did not know whether you might have pistols in that portmanteau of yours, or not. In short, we've had an escape.'

In spite of the forebodings of our fellow-traveller, the night had passed off without any mischance of any kind.

Second. Shortly after passing the Devil's Bridge, one of our carriage-wheels came to grief. With infinite

difficulty, and by the help of a rope providentially lent us by the driver of a *retour* waggon whom we met, the mutilated part was repaired, and we were enabled to reach Andermatt in safety. On arriving there, the village presented a singular contrast to those we had lately left. The whole Pays de Vaud had been as one orchard powdered with cherry-blossom; here everything was white with the snows of winter. The intermediate spaces between the two or three houses of the village were choked up with snow, compact and hard as stone, and level with the roofs. On applying at the two miserable inns, the Drei Königen and the Sonne, for sledges over St. Gothard to Airolo, I was flatly refused by both. On my asking the landlords, separately, what objection they had to urge, they told me it was not safe; that they could not dream where I could have come from not to know that Mont Cenis was the only pass yet open into Italy; that the sun of early spring was only then beginning to assert its power over their ice-bound route; that avalanches were falling daily, and that they had only just heard from the Hospice on the summit of St. Gothard, that five men had been swallowed up the day before in their attempts to cross. I admitted the force of their objections, but nevertheless tried to overcome them. I told them I was resolved to go at all risks, even if I went with no one but my wife for my companion, and no guide but my compass; and that, as it was probable I should never have another chance of seeing Italy, I would double their usual payment if they would waive their scruples and take us. They were not proof against the bribe, and after hem-ing

and haw-ing, and affecting to demur, they made the necessary preparations, and at last we started. Our style of travel was something rude. Two flat cart-shafts were laid on the ground parallel with each other, curved at the extremities, both before and behind, and bound together by three crosspieces, as sleepers on a railway are bound together by girders. Midway between the shafts of my sledge, and resting on the crosspieces, was tied my wife's trunk—my portmanteau surmounting it. Astride this last-named article had I to sit, with my feet resting on the edges of the shafts. To enable me to preserve my equilibrium, a rope, fastened to the front of the shafts, was put into my hands. A man, with a leading rein in his hand from the horse's mouth, ran by the side as charioteer and drag. One decided advantage I had over my wife. My horse was in front of me, and if he were viciously disposed, or I saw any signs of danger, I had but to slip off my portmanteau on to a feather-bed of snow: whereas, she was powerless in any such predicament; for she was prostrate on a mattress (which was wrapped round her with cords), her arms and limbs as effectually confined as if she were a mummy. Her head was towards the horse's heels, and at their mercy; and what made her plight the more serious was the fact of her being within three months of her confinement. On my remonstrating with our conductors, they told me that, if she was brave enough to cross the mountain in such weather, they were not brave enough to have the responsibility of conducting her, unless she would conform to their wishes. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to submit.

For five weary hours, during which not a tree or rock or object of any kind was visible—nothing but a boundless expanse of ice or snow—were we being pulled about and dragged, at one moment over Cols or the bed of a river, at another, over the frozen sources of the Rhine, or fifty feet above the Rhone; or, again, over the river Reuss, with snowy mountain peaks, 8,000 or 10,000 feet in height overlooking us, with snow-flakes flying in our faces and nearly blinding us, and filling our mouths, until we reached the Hospice, a massive, rude building of bastard Italian architecture, presided over by two Capuchin friars. This Hospice, the successor of one which had been swept away, in 1775, by an avalanche, and of another which had been gutted by the French while encamped on the spot in 1799-1800, is little better than a miserable cabaret for carters from Switzerland, and muleteers from Italy, who make it a half-way house, or place of rendezvous for commerce. All I recollect of it is, that there was collected in it a company of rude, uncouth men, and an odious smell pervading the building, compounded of bad wine, Parmesan cheese, Bologna sausages, horse-dung, and garlic.

I had agreed with our conductors that they should halt two hours at the Hospice, to bait the horses and to refresh themselves; but when nearly three hours had elapsed, I asked them why they did not push on. Their answer was not encouraging: 'You see, Sir, the caravan from Airolo has not arrived; we fear it must have met with an avalanche; and, unless they soon come, we can't take you farther; for the track of their mules' feet is all the direction we have to go

by.' He had hardly uttered these words, when we descried, about a mile off, a cavalcade of forty mules approaching, laden with bales of merchandize, and led by some eight or nine drivers, who were dragging their way with difficulty through the snow round the side of a mountain gorge. In one minute my wife was again packed up, I was ordered to mount my rough steed, and off we set on our road to Airolo. We had not advanced half a mile when we met the coming caravan on a snow-clad bridle-path, four feet wide. When our drivers and theirs encountered, both sides seemed equally irritated with each other's interruption; yet neither dared utter a syllable lest the vibration in the air, occasioned by their voices, should launch an avalanche on their heads. Even their gesticulations were tempered by their fears. As our pretensions to the right of road were insignificant compared with theirs, because of their numerical superiority, we had to give them, as it were, the wall, and let them pass. The only way in which this could be done was by letting our horses and sledges stand, off the path, on the slope of an uncomfortable looking precipice. Our situation was rather precarious; for we were hanging over the verge with no other support than the buttress of our drivers' broad backs, while the string of heavily-laden beasts of burden were passing on their way.

As soon as the road was clear of obstruction, it became necessary to make play as fast as possible, lest the fast-falling snow should obliterate the tracks of the mules. It would be hopeless to attempt to describe the risks we ran, or the feats of involuntary agility I

was compelled to perform, on our downward road to Airolo. I say *I;* for my wife had become a component part of the machine to which she was attached, and was obliged to go wherever she was dragged.

It was not so with me: for, *I* could drop off—I cannot exactly say at pleasure, but, at all events, at will.

The descent into Italy by this route in summer is practicable enough, for the precipitous slopes have been greatly reduced by skilful engineering. But in spring the passage is attended with considerable danger, in consequence of the deep snowdrifts; and the exposure of the passes to tourmantes and avalanches of terrific violence. Nearly the entire route, from the Hospice of St. Gothard to within a short distance of Airolo, we were propelled down tortuous zig-zag hanging terraces, of which the turns were at angles so acute that all the warnings of my guide, and all the efforts of horsemanship on my part, could not save me from making occasional somersaults, and nearly rolling down the slopes to the bottom.

As to my luckless wife, I saw her whirled away in such giddy, reckless, boisterous fashion,—her face towards me, the back of her head towards her horse's heels,—that I regarded her as irretrievably doomed to destruction. At one time I became so alarmed that I shouted to my driver to tell hers to slacken speed. The answer to my appeal was the thrust of a horse-pistol in my face—a plain intimation that I might expect its contents down my throat if I did not hold my jaw while careering through the most critical part of the Val Tremola.

I must acknowledge that I never felt a greater sensation of relief in my life than when I once more saw Mother Earth lifting her honest brown face at me through her white veil of snow.

The string of my tongue once more loosed, I made up for past privation, and halloed lustily to the sledge-drivers to halt. I dismounted eagerly from my portmanteau, pulled off my gloves from my benumbed hands, ran up to my inferior half—she was no longer *the better*—untied the cords of the mattress in which she had been enveloped, and found her senseless. The nine hours' fatigue, the jostling and jolting of her bones and muscles, and the strain upon her nerves, had been too much for her, and she had swooned. I packed her up again hastily, and conveyed her, in five minutes, to the inn at Airolo, gave her hot brandy-and-water, put her to bed, and thanked God for sparing us from the more serious consequences which might have resulted from our temerity.

1838. June. While at Naples I was introduced by Dykes and Reynolds to a friend of theirs, of the name, and in his person representing the illustrious house of Colonna. He greatly affected the society of our countrymen; and with all English residents, and most English visitors, he was a very general favourite.

Romano Colonna's patrimony had for so many years been involved in litigation, that the general impression among his well-wishers was, that the lawyers would absorb it all. However, the hopes and fears of years were, at last, resolved: a decision was given in his

favour, and he found himself one bright morning in possession of a fortune, which, if not large, according to ideas on this side of the Channel, was by his fellow-countrymen considered affluent. At the time to which I allude, the society of Naples was greatly enlivened by the presence in the bay of three magnificent men-of-war, our 'Princess Charlotte,' 'Bellerophon,' and 'Rodney.' On each of these vessels Romano Colonna was a welcome and a frequent guest; and, in return for hospitality received, he had determined, on the very day of the decision of his cause, if it should be a propitious one, to commemorate the event by giving the officers a handsome entertainment. The dinner took place, and proved a great success; the *cuisine* was faultless; the wines were no less so. The dessert was on the table, ices were being handed, songs were being sung, the mirth was growing fast and furious, when the door of the room was flung open, and the waiters, in a body, burst in, crying out in giddy excitement, 'Au balcon, Messieurs, au balcon!' Every one sprang up from table, upsetting their chairs in their eagerness to reach the balcony; and thence beheld a sight unequalled in the world. The glorious Mediterranean, with its bay-indented coast, its picturesque islands, Procida, Castel a Mare, Sorrento, Capri, Amalfi, all were one blaze of brilliant light, as if under the reflection of magnesium. There were ships of all shape and size; some tossing and heaving on the angry billows; others dragging at their anchors, the victims of submarine convulsion; Vesuvius itself belching forth, in

spasmodic paroxysms, broad streams of molten lava. At first, an instinctive sense of awe at the might and intensity of volcanic fire, imposed a breathless silence on the tongues of the beholders. Then, as the eye became more inured to the dazzling glare around and above them, they shouted forth their ecstacies and clapped their hands like children witnessing, for the first time, the transformation scene at a theatre. 'Well,' cried one, 'You have gone and done it, Romano.' 'I say,' said another, 'did you bespeak this of the clerk of the weather, old fellow?' ''Pon my word,' said a third, 'I prayed for this sight before we weighed anchor, but I never expected my prayers to be heard. Where are you, Colonna?' Receiving no answer, some supposed (as he was a strict Catholic) his silence implied disapprobation of the tone of levity in which they were talking of a phenomenon affording so sublime an evidence of Almighty power. But none liked, even for a second, to withdraw their gaze from the marvellous sight before them, lest, in doing so, they should miss any of the electric coruscations occasionally shooting up from the fiery fountain. After a while, however, the obstinate taciturnity of their hospitable entertainer called forth general comment; and heads were quickly turned to ascertain what ailed him. To their utter consternation they found him apparently lifeless on the floor. 'What can be the matter with him?' said one. 'Oh,' said another, 'he is, very probably—not being strong—suffering from the fumes of sulphurated hydrogen.' But no. The cause was simple enough. One glance, as

he rushed to the window with his guests, sufficed to show him that, from the direction of the wind, his whole estate, which lay at the base of Vesuvius, must be devoured by the flood of burning lava. By a tragical coincidence, on the very day, nay, at the very hour, in which he was celebrating his triumph, the hopes of years were blighted, and he became a ruined man.

1838. August 20. On my return from abroad, I found that the man who had shot at Mr. Rumbold, with cold-blooded but not malignant intent to kill, had been discovered, and sent to the Devizes House of Correction. His name was George Maskelyne, one of the very last men in the village whom I should have suspected. He was a poor, stolid, unlettered hind, inoffensive in his demeanour, not addicted to vicious company, not given to drink; but *unable to read or write*, and *too old to be induced to learn*. Having lost his parents while a child, he had led the life of a waif; and never having known a home, never having received sympathy from any one, his disposition, without being actually soured, had been rendered unsocial. He had never been taught to respect the Lord's Day more than any other in the week. He told me himself that, from having no work to do, and no resources, he hated Sundays; and that, to wile away the weariness of the day, he took to rabbit-shooting, which he considered to have been the cause and commencement of his downward course. 'You see, Sir, I bought a gun, and I owed for it. I bought a lot of powder and shot, and owed for 'em. Then, he as let me have the things on tick began to threaten me with jail, unless I paid un; and I had nothing to pay

with.' In short, he gave me to understand that, though he valued liberty for himself, he valued it so little for another, that, to extricate himself from his pecuniary straits, he thought he could not do better than shoot a well-to-do farmer, and ease him of his superfluous coin. He was committed to prison till the next assizes, when he was found guilty, and sentenced for execution.

1838. August 26. This day I received a visit from the Governor of the Devizes House of Correction, with an earnest request from Maskelyne that I would go and see him. I have already stated that he never went to church; and, as I had never found him at home when I went to his door during the week, my knowledge of him was lamentably little. I knew that his soul's health was well cared for by the chaplain of the jail, and I had but little faith in my own power of making any vital impression on him in one interview; yet I felt it impossible to refuse compliance with an appeal made to me under such distressing circumstances. It was impossible to resist the conviction that, if he had but been properly educated, he might have escaped the degradation of a felon's death. As it was, his mind was a blank—his heart as hard as the nether millstone. But how could it be otherwise? The weeds of natural corruption had been allowed to take root downward and bear fruit upward. 'Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts,' &c., &c.; but how can the heart be reached but through the brain? if the brain be dead, how can the heart be alive? If the truths of Scripture cannot be understood, how can the heart be

benefited? Poor George Maskelyne's state could hardly be more appositely described than by the language used by the Provost in 'Measure for Measure,' where, in speaking of Barnardine on the day of *his* execution, he says, he is 'A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.'

1838. September 3. When last I saw poor Maskelyne, I was telling him that the holiest man that has ever lived, when he has come to die, has died a sinner pardoned, for his Saviour's sake alone, when he burst into a paroxysm of tears. I caught him by the hand, supposing them to be tears of penitence, thanked God, and took courage from such evidence of sensibility. He continued to weep so bitterly, that I felt hopeful that the frozen fount had thawed at last. 'These tears are a goodly sign, my friend. You sorrow, I trust, for your sins past. You seek for pardon!' Judge of my horror at his answer. 'No, Sir, I don't! I was not thinking about my sins. It is as I'm so dreadful hungry! I'd give all the world, if 'twas mine, for one good bellyfull afore I die! I do assure you, I feels as if I could eat a jackass!'

This story was told years ago in the 'Saturday Review,' but the writer had it from me.

1839.

As I have no entry in my Diary for this year except such as recounts my private engagements, and which

could have no possible interest for the general reader, I shall take the liberty of introducing here one or two scraps, which possibly may amuse him.

1839. March. I possess the originals of the following in print. They are *bona fide* advertisements printed on cards.

THOREL,
Loueur de Carrosses,
Rue Socrate, No. 15.
A Rouen.

A l'honneur de prévenir MM. les Voyageurs qu'il tient des Berlines et des Cabriolets très-élégans, avec de très-bons Chevaux, pour tous pays, et à volonté.

au plus justa prix.

THOREL,
Hackney Coach Keper,
Socrate Street, No. 15.
At Rouen.

Has the honor te prevent the travellers that he keeps the Coaches and Bogues very elegants with very excellent horses for every Countries at wishes.

and at very just price.

Au Grand Frédéric
Rue de Richelieu, No. 101.

Blanchard jeune,
Successeur de M. Petipont.

Tient fabrique et Magasin de Bas de Soie, coton, fils, filoselle et laine, il tient aussi un grand assortiment de Flanelle de Santé, en étoffe, et au métier, tel que Jupons, Chemises, Corsets, Gilets, Pantalons, Caleçons pour hommes et pour femmes. Il se charge de toutes sortes de commandes relatives à son état. Il vend aussi les Cotons à tricoter et à broder. Il se charge également de faire blanchir les Bas de soie et tous les articles de Flanelle: le tout à juste prix.

At the Great Frederick
Richelieu Street, No. 101.

Blanchard jun.,
Successor of Petipont.

Manufacturer and Merchant of Silk Thread, Cotton & Wool Stokings. Keep a great assortment of all kinds of Flannel made or not made, like, upper or under peticoats, waistcoats, drawers, soks, shirts and bodices for man or woman: he sell likewise good Cotton for embroideries and knittings: he take, too, all things made in silk or flannel to whiten, the all, at the most moderate prices.

Belgique Hotel
situated
St. Thomas Street—— by the Louvres
No. 15. in Paris

This Hotel is advantageously reputed for his property, as also for his elegant furniture. The owner beg leave to invite all English Ladies and Gentlemen to come seeing the apartments. They will find larges and small rooms freshly decorate, and very commode in all kind and manner. The services are exactly, and should been execute carefully, and what is to been astonished, that the prices are very much lower and most moderated as elsewhere.

1839. Among the very few papers which my father left behind him, I found the following. I think the prayer quoted sufficiently characteristic to justify insertion.

'There is no class of persons more truly devout than the shepherds of Scotland. Among them the exercise of family worship is never neglected. It is always gone about with decorum; but, formality being a thing despised by them, there are no compositions so truly original, occasionally for rude eloquence, and not unfrequently for a plain and somewhat unbecoming familiarity.

'One of the most notable men for this sort of homely fireside eloquence was Adam Scott, of Upper Dalgleish. I had an uncle who herded with him, and from him I had many quotations from Adam Scott's prayers. Here is a short sample.

'"We parteeclarly thank Thee for thy great gudeness to Meg; and that it ever cam into your head to tak ony thought o sic a useless bow-wow as her [alluding to a little girl of his who had been miraculously saved from drowning]. For Thy mercy's sake—for the sake

o' Thy puir sinfu' creeturs now addressing Thee in their ain shilly-shally way; and, for the sake o' mair than we daur weel name to Thee, hae mercy on our Rob. Ye ken Yoursel', he 's a wild mischievous callant, and thinks nae mair o' committing sin than a dog does o' licking a dish. But put Thy hook intil his nose, and Thy bridle intil his gab, and gar him come back to Thee, wi' a jerk, that he 'll no forget the langest day he has to live. Dinna forget puir Jamie, who 's far awa frae us the night. Keep Thy arm o' power about him, and, ech, Sirs, I wish Ye wad endow him wi' a little spunk and smeddum to act for his sell: for if Ye dinna, he 'll be but a bauckle i' this warld, and a back-sitter i' the next. Thou hast added ane to our family. [N. B. One of his sons had just married against his approbation.] So has been Thy will. It wad never hae been mine. But, if it is of Thee, do Thou bless the connection. But, if the fule hath done it out o' carnal desire, against a' reason and credit, may the cauld rain o' adversity settle in his habitation."' &c. &c.

The next letter will tell its own tale. It has not the date of the year in which it was written; but the original, which was sent to a friend of my father's, was given him by the proper owner as a curiosity.

C—— D——s Priory, Aug. 27
till Sept. 10 *that I shall go at Lady E. F——.*

'MY DEAR E——.—I am shameful to have not had the pleasure to entertain you since you have with disdain abandon London; but the respect to which I am indebted for your eldest sister had oblige me to

think of her Ladyship before you. i hope that you have a better weather during your excursions on the lacs than that we have here; for almost every day the tunder is rolling upon our head with noise that should faint you, being as coward as a turkey; but what is more tiresome is the lamentations of peoples, which seeing the rains fall all the days, predict us with famine, plage, and civil wars, by the scarcity of bread, but it is a great error, for the harvest look very well. Be not surpriz'd i write so perfectly well in English, but since i am here, i speak and hear speaking all the day English; and during the nights, if some rats or mouses trouble me, i tell them Go lon, and they obey, understanding perfectly my English. Sir G——e is suffering with a rheumatism. Lady H——e O—— who have the pretension to be a very good Physitien, but who is very ignorant, after that he have yesterday well breakfast, has given him a physic, and after he have dined she give him another, and she desire that he take a walk, *au clair de la lune*, in place of to be near good fire. No: a dog or cat would be more prudent. Before yesterday, the brother having eat and drank too much, and being tormented with a strong indigestion, my lady gave him 8 grains of James Powder. the unhappy brother was near to die, and one was obliged to send to a physitien at Shelford, who arriving, found him so well, that he judged it best to wait if the nature would save him or not; but happily, being a strong nature, he was restored. Lady H——e, the best of women is the worst of Physitien. She had killed some year ago a superb ox with James powder; and, on another occasion, having received 24 turkeys very fatigued

to have walked to foot a too long journey, she contrive to refresh them to give them some *huile de castor;* but 12 of that number died, and the rest did look melancholy, so long as they did live. i have receive at this moment a letter from Lady S——n. i put my thanks at her feet as the post go at 2 o'clock. i have not time to write to her ladyship, but I will comply soon with the liberty she gave me. Be sure that I have not forgot Lady S——n in my prayers, though not so good as I could wish indeed. Believe the faithful friendship that i feel for you my dear sister-in-law, since that you were so much high than my finger. Write me often and my old wife. Believe me that i love a friendly letter more than a purse of guineas.

Yours,

COMTE DE C——Z.'

CHAPTER XII.

1840. January 29. Dined with Captain and Mrs. Dewell, and slept at Dauntsey House, a large modern mansion, in the village which adjoins that in which I live. It is now the property of a gentleman of the name of Fenwick. When I first stayed in it, in the year 1823, the Rev. W. Bissett and Lady Catherine were living there. The house, inside, is comfortable and capacious, and contains one or two well-proportioned reception-rooms; though, viewed from without, it has but little pretension to architectural beauty. It is built on the site of an old manor house, on a lake-bottom of loam with a substratum of gravel, and stands in the centre of large rich water meadows, through which a sluggish river slowly crawls under the very windows of the dwelling. It has no woods to screen it from the winter's wind; and, indeed, is bare of any trees at all above the dignity of a pollard-oak or a stunted willow. The dimensions of the present house might almost justify a park; but the flatness and Flemish tameness of the immediate scenery has probably discouraged successive proprietors from any attempt at ornamental planting. But for a certain life imparted to it by the presence of herds of oxen, with which the fat pastures are stocked, a drearier spot can hardly be conceived.

Near the house, a small ornamental grass-plot only intervening, stands the pretty village church, and a few hundred yards from it is the entrance-gate; directly opposite, and across the road which leads through Rodburne to Malmesbury, stands the parsonage.

As far as I can learn, the Dauntsey estate has changed hands frequently, and undergone many vicissitudes. Some considerable time ago it belonged to the Peterborough family; and more remotely still to a family of the name of Stradling, who came to a most disastrous and untimely end.

On a certain Sunday, in the beginning of the year 1500, when the old manor house stood where the present one now is, the village congregation assembled in church was surprised at the absence of every member of the squire's family and household—a circumstance which created the greater sensation, because of the uniform regularity of their attendance, and their consistent observance of the Lord's Day.

As soon as mass had been celebrated, the people, nearly all of the labouring class, instead of wending their way home, lingered about the west door of the church, busied in random speculations on the cause of so unusual an occurrence. Some of the more enterprising made a circuit of the house, and hastily returned, declaring their suspicions that something dreadful had happened, inasmuch as the shutters of every window were closed; and not a footfall was to be heard about the premises. Though curiosity and misgiving were at the highest pitch; yet no one was bold enough to enter the house without the sanction and presence of their spiritual director. As

soon as he had joined the agitated groups of wonder-stricken peasants, he requested one or two of the principal farmers to accompany him to the house, and begged the rest of his flock to remain where they were till he returned to them with trustworthy information. Before having recourse to forcible entry, they inspected carefully the least protected parts of the dwelling. From the fact that every door was locked, and every window securely closed, they concluded, that, if there had been any deed of violence done, it must have been perpetrated within, and not from without. Having rapped and shouted to no purpose, they broke into the offices; examined them all, and found nothing missing — nothing disturbed. They next proceeded to the sleeping chambers, and in them, as they went from room to room, they found Sir Edward Stradling and all his servants murdered in their beds. In no single instance were there any signs of struggle perceptible. All had had their throats cut from ear to ear so adroitly, silently, and energetically, as to make it doubtful whether a cry, even, had been uttered by any of the victims.

The priest and his followers, with eyes starting from their sockets, and cheeks blanched with horror, rushed forth to the expectant crowd and told them of the appalling scene they had witnessed. By common consent the house was shut up, and the keys left in the custody of the priest, who announced to his flock that he must, without a moment's delay, concert measures with competent advisers for the discovery of the perpetrators of such a wholesale butchery. Intelligence was transmitted,

with all the speed practicable in Henry the Seventh's reign, to the constituted authorities in the hundred, with an urgent request that proper emissaries might be sent to search the house, and make the investigation necessary for the detection of the culprits.

After some time, they arrived at Dauntsey, and the first person they applied to was the priest: he had charge of the keys of the manor house; he it was who had given the magistracy the first intelligence of the tragedy; he it was who had sent an account of it to the 'Hue and Cry;' he it was to whom they were directed to apply for such local and personal information as they might require for the successful prosecution of their labours; he it was who introduced them into the manor house, and, by his orders, the murdered bodies had been left as they were found.

On entering the library, the drawer of a certain escritoire was found open and empty, from which, it was afterwards discovered, that a large sum of money had been abstracted. This appeared to have been the only article of furniture on which the robbers had bestowed a thought.

The search having been deemed, on the whole, unsatisfactory, the *employés* were in the act of taking their departure, when one of them happening to turn his head as he was leaving the kitchen, fancied he saw the door of the oven open and close again. Doubting the evidence of his own senses, yet wishing to convince himself that he was not the dupe of a heated imagination, he went up to the oven, and, on taking hold of the handle and pulling it towards him, felt he was resisted.

By a slight exertion of strength he wrenched open the door, and, as he did so, beheld a half-starved urchin, cowering and trembling, within.

The priest, who had observed the delay of the officer in joining him, returned to see the cause. The moment he entered, the boy, who had been speechless and paralysed, caught sight of him, and, pointing at him, screamed out in accents of terror—'Look there! The bloody parson! The bloody parson!' On hearing these words, the police agents looked at the priest, and, by the ghastly hue which spread itself over his countenance, their suspicions were at once roused. They instantly laid hands on him, and told him he was their prisoner. He was forthwith taken before a neighbouring magistrate, in company with the boy, whose deposition was taken down in his presence. From his evidence, it appeared that he was a ploughboy in the service of Sir Edward Stradling; that he was allowed to sleep in the house; that, on the night of the murder, he had crept down into the kitchen for flint and steel to strike a light with; that he had hardly entered at one door, before he was conscious that two or three men, without shoes, were stealthily creeping into the kitchen by another, and were followed by a man whose face was made vividly visible by the light reflected on it from a lantern which he carried in his hand. This face he at once recognized as that of his own priest. In a state of abject terror lest he should be discovered, he hastily secreted himself in the oven, where he had remained till he was found. He had been there for many a weary hour, and was only kept from starving by occasional application to the larder, when he knew

that no one was near. He had not the courage to try to escape, fearing that a watch might be set outside; and that, if he were seen, he might be suspected of connivance in the crime.

The other men implicated in this unparalleled atrocity had had abundant time for effecting their escape before the discovery was made. They were never traced, but the circumstantial evidence against the priest was so conclusive, that he at once confessed that, knowing the bachelor squire to have had a very large sum of money in the house, he had suggested the robbery to his accomplices, on the condition that he should have half the spoil. He was hanged in chains on a plot of ground near the house in which he lived, and which, to this day, is well known in the village as 'Hangman's Close.' For years there was a local tradition that nothing would grow on that accursed spot; but it has been since enclosed in a kitchen garden, and is found to be as productive as any other ground in the vicinity.

One important fact connected with this tale remains to be mentioned. As the first messenger despatched was on his road to the officials of the hundred, he was met, accidentally, by a certain Sir John Danvers, a handsome man, of broken fortunes, to whom he told the errand on which he was bound. The baronet, knowing that Sir Edward Stradling's sister must be the heir to his estates, turned his horse's head towards London, and reached her house in Paternoster Row before the tidings of her brother's murder had reached her ears—proposed to her, and was accepted. In this way the Dauntsey property fell into the hands of the Danvers family.

The substance of this strange story was told me many years ago by the late Earl of Suffolk, and is authenticated by John Aubrey, the well-known antiquary.

1840. June 2. I cannot recall the date, but sometime, I think, during this year, I lost one of the very best of my parishioners. His death was very striking. J. H—— was one of the poorest of the poor. He had been disabled from all work by illness for years. Sorely afflicted as he was, he bore his heavy burden with a patience, and even lightness of heart, which I never saw equalled. He was a Dissenter, but not a rancorous one, and always welcomed my visits kindly.

I never went to him that I did not carry away from him far more good than I left behind me. It was impossible to be in his company without feeling one's immeasurable inferiority to him in all the essentials of vital religion. With his rearing and associations, it was only natural that he should have imbibed something of the phraseology common to Dissent, and which many would call cant; but a man must have had a very circumscribed mind who could not have overlooked his language for the sake of the Christian meekness, faith, patience, hopefulness, and charity with which his spirit was imbued. The last time I saw him was under circumstances not easily forgotten.

During the four years I had known him he was never entirely free from pain. From the crown of his head to the sole of his feet he was a mass of putrefying scrofulous sores; and yet his face always shone with an inward peace, which no amount of bodily anguish was able to disturb. In a rude upper chamber,

with a flooring so ricketty and full of holes as to be dangerous; with a roof so dismantled and rotten that the rain dropped through it; stretched on a crazy pallet, without any covering but two parish blankets, lay this brave martyr and his only son, a youth of fifteen; their hands clasped together, their countenances reflecting back on each other the mutual love that glowed within their hearts; fellow-sufferers from the same hereditary malady, fellow-believers in the same creed; rejoicing in their common suffering, and dying almost together. They were alone when I entered; for the good wife and mother (and she was both) had walked into Wootton-Basset for the doctor. As soon as the father saw me, he exclaimed, 'Before you do anything for us, Reverend Sir, I wish you would pray for our good doctor. I pray for him daily. For six or seven years I have had from him the best advice, and never had it in my power to pay him one farthing. For six or seven years I have had to send for him in the night, and in all weathers, and never has he failed me. He has come to me as readily and as quickly as if he was obeying the summons of a wealthy gentleman, instead of such a pauper as I am. Ay, and seldom has he left my wretched roof without leaving a trifle in my wife's hand. I wish you to pray for a blessing on his head.'

I had not been with him half an hour, when I saw a movement in the bed: I heard a gulp—a gurgle—a gasp; then saw the son clutch the father's hand, and heard him say, 'Come, father; come quickly; I 'm

going. Don 't be long behind me,'—and then sink back and breathe his last.

The father smiled, raised himself in his bed, looked at his son, kissed him, clasped together his emaciated hands, lifted them on high, and in tones which some may call fanatical, but which I can only think were those of heavenly rapture, uttered these lines from one of his old Puritan hymn-books,—

'My sins are countless as the stars,
Or sands upon the shore:
But yet the mercies of my God
Are infinitely more.

Manasseh, Paul, and Magdalene
Were pardoned, all, by Thee:
I read it, and believe it, Lord,
For Thou hast pardoned me.'

He then sank back, like his son, smiled, and expired.

1840. June 5. Dined with Sir Willoughby and Lady Gordon; promised to accompany them to Chelsea Hospital Chapel; sat with Sir John Maryon Wilson, who told me that the flag which I had seen, under the influence of a lively summer breeze, flapping in the Chaplain-General's face, had been taken by his own hand at the battle of (I think) Vittoria. A plain, capital, manly sermon he gave us, in good Saxon English, admirably adapted to the audience addressed.

1840. July 3. I have been amused by a letter which has been sent me, from a clerk to his rector. It would appear that the clerk had complained of the insignificant remuneration he had received for his services,

and finding that there was no idea on the part of the rector or the churchwardens of raising his fees, he threw up his office in disgust. Subsequent reflection convinced him he had made a mistake. It was, therefore, in the spirit of penitence that he wrote the following extraordinary production to his rector.

'DEAR AND REV. SIR.—I avail myself of the opportunity of troubling your honour with these blundered-up lines, which I hope you will excuse, and which is the very sentiments of your humble servant's heart. I, ignorantly, rashly, but reluctantly, gave warning to leave your highly-respected office, and most amiable duty, as being your servant and clerk of this your most well-worked parish, and place of my succour and support. But, dear Sir, I well know it was no fault of yours, nor any of my most worthy parishioners. It was because I thought I were not sufficiently paid for the interment of the silent dead. But, will I be a Judas, and leave the house of my God, the place where His honour dwelleth, for a few pieces of silver? No! Will I be a Peter, and deny myself of a office in His sanctuary, and cause myself to weep bitterly? No! Can I be so unreasonable as to deny, if I live and am well, the pleasure to ring that solemn toll that speaks the departure of a soul? No! Can I leave off digging the tombs of my neighbours and acquaintance, which have many a time made me shudder and think of my mortality, especially when I have dug up the mortal remains of some one as I perhaps very well knew? No! Can I so abruptly forsake the services of my beloved church, which I have not failed to attend of every Sunday

for this seven year and a half? No! Can I leave waiting upon you, a minister of that Being "that sitteth between the cherubims, and flieth upon the wings of the wind?" No! Can I leave the place where our most holy service calls forth, and says, "Those whom God hath joined together (and being, as I am, a married man) let no man put asunder?" No! Can I leave that ordinance, where you say, "Thus and thus, I baptize thee in the name of," &c. &c. &c.; and he becomes "regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's Church?" No! Can I think of leaving off cleaning, at Easter, the house of God, in whom I take such delight, in looking down her aisles, and beholding her sanctuary and the table of the Lord? No! Can I forsake taking a part in the service of thanksgiving of women after childbirth, when mine own wife has been delivered these ten times? No! Can I leave off waiting on the congregation of the Lord, which you well know, Sir, is my delight? No! Can I leave the table of the Lord, at which I have feasted a matter of, I dare say, full thirty times? No! And, dear Sir, can I ever forsake you, who has ever been kind to me? No! And I well know "you will entreat me not to leave you, neither to return from following after you: for where you pray, there will I pray; where you worship, will I worship; your church shall be my church; your people shall be my people, and your God shall be my God.

'By the waters of Babylon am I to sit down and weep, and leave thee, O my church, and hang my harp upon the trees that grow in the yard? No! One thing have I desired of the Lord all the days of my life—to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit his temple. "More to be desired art thou, O my church,

than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter to me than honey and the honeycomb." Now, think, Sir, this is the very desire of my heart, still to wait upon you, which I hope you will find to be my delight as hitherto; but I, unthinkingly and rashly, said I would no longer; for which "I have roared for the very disquietness of my heart."

'Now, if you think me worthy to wait upon you, please to tell the churchwardens that all is reconciled; and, if not, "I will get me away into the wilderness, and hide me in the desert, in the clefts of the rocks;" but I hope still to be your Gehazi, and when I meet my Shunamite, to be able to say, "All, all is well." I will conclude my blunders with my oft-repeated prayer, that it may be "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen."

'Now, Sir, I shall go on with my fees a same as I found them, and will make no more trouble about them; but I *will not*, I *cannot*, I *must not*, leave you nor my delightful duties.

Your most obedient servant,

——— ———.'

1840. July. A skeleton, of unusual stature, has been dug up in this parish. Considering the spot in which it was found, and the local tradition current among the poor people, I do not see why their conjecture about it may not be true.

On the outskirts of the village, and on an elevated position commanding an extensive valley, whose fertile fields are as much appreciated by the huntsman as they are celebrated for their dairy produce, stands the pictu-

resque and ruined abbey of Bradenstoke. Within a few hundred yards of its walls there is a central mound, whether indicating a British or Roman camp, I am not antiquary enough to determine. This mound is flanked by banks, ditches, and earthworks. The other day, some farm-labourers, in digging for gravel in one of the banks, came upon an entire skeleton of unusual size. Why it had been deposited there, and how long, was, for some time, a mystery. At last, however, the popular impression in the neighbourhood was, that it was the remains of a certain Sir John Danvers of Dauntsey.

Every reader of history knows that the High Court of Justice was assembled in Westminster Hall on January 20, 1649, to try their sovereign, Charles the First; that he was then and there impeached as a tyrant, traitor, and enemy to the Commonwealth, for having levied war against the parliament and the people they represented; that three times the King, when brought before the Court, declined to submit to their jurisdiction; and that, at the fourth time, certain witnesses were examined, by whom it was proved that he had appeared in arms against the forces commissioned by the parliament.

Every reader of history also knows that, on the Restoration in 1660, such of the regicides as were alive were tried and condemned. My own paternal ancestor, Simon Mayne, I am sorry to say, was one of the regicides, but died before the Restoration. On the anniversary of Charles the First's execution, the bodies of the more prominent of the regicides were ordered, by proclamation, to be disinterred, hanged on the gallows at Tyburn,

and decapitated, their heads being fixed in Westminster Hall.

Any one who refers to the warrant for Charles the First's execution, issued in 1648, will see that the seventh signature in the list is that of Sir John Danvers. A tenant of his, who was devoted to his memory, happened to be in London when the proclamation was issued. The instant he was made aware of it, apprehending that his late master's body would be treated with the same ignominy as those of his colleagues, he rode down to Dauntsey, and, with the help of others, disinterred the remains, and conveyed them to a certain bank in the grounds of Bradenstoke Abbey. For years there has been a tradition to this effect in the village. It is in this very bank the skeleton has been dug up; and it is the skeleton of a man of great stature, and so far answers the description of Sir John Danvers. It seems to me that there is every reason for believing the skeleton to be his.

1840. August. Mrs. Young and I dined with the Rector of Wootton Bassett. His wife is lovely in person, amiable in manner, essentially feminine, but lamentably deaf. Owing to this infirmity, a ludicrous mistake arose. The ladies were in the drawing-room, and my wife was sitting with her back to the door. A gentleman, whom we had met for the first time, had left the dining-room before the others, and had entered so silently, that Mrs. Young, unconscious of his being behind her, made the following remark to the lady of the house:—'What a very agreeable man Mr. Hare is' (the very man at the back of her chair). 'Oh,

yes,' said the deaf lady, 'and so warm and comfortable of a winter's night.' The hostess had thought Mrs. Young was praising her room and not her friend.

1840. September. Whether it was before or after this date I do not know, but my father was one day entering either Exeter Hall Concert Room, or the Hanover Square Rooms, on the occasion of a concert, when he saw the eyes of a lady fixed on him, whom he fancied, at a distance, he knew. He strode over several benches to reach her, but, on getting nearer, he found he had mistaken her for another. He bowed apologetically, and retired in some confusion. The next morning he received by post a note, the language of which I cannot remember, but the substance of which was something like this—'Sir, the lady at this morning's concert, to whom you made an unauthorized advance, was not without a protector. He it is who now demands satisfaction at your hands—a satisfaction he has long desired—viz. the pleasure of making your acquaintance,' &c. My father, who had been considerably agitated by the opening words of the note, was greatly pleased to find it was neither more nor less than a very kindly invitation from Dr. Gleig, the Chaplain-General of the Forces.

1840. November 1. I preached at Sutton Benger, on the occasion of the opening of an organ. Some little time ago, the clerk of a neighbouring parish took leave, without his rector's permission, to absent himself from church one Sunday. The rector, on asking his substitute where he had gone, was told he had gone to the opening of a cherub. It turned out that he had gone to the opening of a seraph-ine.

1840. November. Our roads being very much neglected, and requiring constant supervision—which they did not get—our village was blessed with three turnpikes. One of them was kept by an elderly man of the name of Jeffries. He was an uninteresting creature; but his person, voice, dialect, and phraseology were so quizzical, that I often went to see him. From long-confirmed habits, and want of education, he was impervious to religious impressions, so that my ministerial visits were barren of any beneficial results. If I introduced the subtect of religion, he would become listless, taciturn, and sulky. The rough outline opposite, which I took of him, though inartistic enough, gives a very tolerable idea of the man. His hair was scant and grizzled; his eyes were like 'ferrets'—the lids were red and raw; he had neither whisker nor beard, but on his skin, which was seamed and rugged, were strange incrustrations. I never saw a coat on his back, let the weather be what it would; he was always in his shirt sleeves. He wore a red plush waistcoat, the cast-off garment of some short, thin footman. It was so small for him, that it never was known to be buttoned; and so short as to involve an indecorous interregnum between itself and a pair of orange plush breeches. The general effect of his person, when viewed from behind, was grotesque in the extreme; for, owing either to natural deformity, or an accident to his right hip-joint, one half of his hind quarters was nearly double the size of the other, and was rendered all the more noticeable by a large patch of buckskin sown on by his own hands, on which, with a backhanded dexterity for which he deserved a patent, he always sharpened the knife which



OLD JEFFRIES. J. C. Y. *del.*

he used in his supplementary vocation of basket-maker. It was evident that he took great pride in this exhibition of manual skill; for he invariably reserved the stropping for such times as he had to open the gate to travellers. His legs were both large, but one was enormous. His sound leg was encased in a well-darned gray worsted stocking; but his invalid one was screened from the prying scrutiny of 'sassy boys' by a green-baize curtain drawn below the knee by curtain rings, which ran on a piece of wire, and girt the knee itself like a garter. The curtain itself was, by some mysterious process, fastened at bottom to one of the carpet slippers which he wore on his great swollen feet.

In one of my periodical visits, I was talking to him seriously, and expressing my regret that his duties at the receipt of custom should prevent his ever getting to church; when he interrupted me by saying—'Yes, Sir, it be a pity, baint it? We pike-keepers, and shepherds, and carters, and monthly-nusses has got souls as well as them as gets to church and chapel. But what can us do? "Why," I says, says I, to the last passon (parson) as preached at me, "don't Catechism say summut or other about doing our duty *in* that state of life in which we be?" So, arter all, when I be taking toll o' Sundays, I'm not far wrong, be I?'

'Well, my friend,' said I, 'I wish, between us, we could hit on some plan or other by which you might do your duty to your God as well as to man. What would you say if I paid a man to take your place in the afternoons on Sundays?'

Jeffries. 'No, no, Sir; *that* would never do. What!

leave my post to a stranger? What would master say to me if he heard on't?'

J. C. Y. 'Well, God is not confined to temples made with hands. At all events, I'm glad to see His Word upon your shelf.'

Jeffries. 'Yes, Sir, I've had that ever since I was a boy.'

J. C. Y. 'Do you ever read it?'

Jeffries. 'Can't say as how I do. I allus (always) gets so porous over it.'

At this moment a little boy of twelve years of age, with a clay pipe in his mouth, entered, and asked for a light. Jeffries thrust him out indignantly, saying, 'Consarn your carcase. Go 'long wi' ye. Gie *you* a light, ye forward young varmint? Why such as you baint qualified for pipes.' We then resumed our dialogue.

J. C. Y. 'I have been wishing to speak to you for some time past. I wish you would not allow Jane G—— to sit here so much with you. She is a disreputable, bad girl; and I must tell you that your intimacy with her is much talked of.'

Jeffries. 'Now, my good man, I've been a-wanting to speak to YOU for some time. Don't ye believe all as folks tell ye. I knows very well as people uses to talk slight on her, and 'buse her. But don't *you* do it. Do as I do. I allus (always) praises her. Charity hides a deal o' sin, master: aint that Scripture? If it are, am I to be lectured at for sticking up and saying a good word for she? I tell ye what it is, Muster Young, thuck's as civil a wench as you'll see 'twixt now and Candlemas. Folk may talk, and folk may listen to what other folk

talk; but one thing I *can* say, I never heerd no trumpery come out o' she: leastways, as a body may say, not downright langridge (language). Sartinly, I heerd tell as how she were sassy (saucy) to you when you spoke about the marrying. But what's the use o' going on like that wi' such as she. Poor thing, she *aint no turn for it.* 'Taint you only as mislests (molests) her. There's Muster Hinton, the clerk, were as viery (fiery) as a snail about it. As to menfolk and junketing, and all that, I do believe the gurl (girl) were given a little thuck (that) way. But, for all that, 'tis very wrong for folk to make up tales about she and I. I can't see why you should 'spect I, muster! Wonst (once) I own I was as big a reprobate man as any in the wuddle (world); but now, what wi' boils and buncles (carbuncles), and rheumatiz and chilblains, and one thing a-top o' t'other, I've took a deal of thought about things, and now I say, as should not, that there aint a punctaller (more punctual) man in England, let alone Wil'shire. I tell ye what it is, blood will tell, in the long run; and I cum o' good kin. Why, 'twas but yesterday fortnight as my own sister cum and see'd me; aye, and acknowledged me very 'ansdome too. If you'll believe me, she cum here wi' a hoss and a gig, and a veil on. *That* don't look as if I were such a wild un. 'Taint reasonable to spose it, or *she'd* never have come to see me.'

Many weeks after, when I was visiting him, I took out of my pocket-book a bit of paper, and asked him to let me sketch him. While I was doing so the following dialogue took place between us.

J. C. Y. 'I wonder, Jeffries, if you would object to

stand up for a few minutes, while I try to draw you?'

Jeffries. 'What! D'ye want to make a plan o' me?'

J. C. Y. 'Yes.—I suppose, when you were young, you were rather a smart-looking fellow, eh?'

Jeffries. 'Well, I don't know; perhaps (with a gratified chuckle of self-satisfaction) when I were young, I were. As for face, I was about as well off as the general of us: at least, so they told me; though my eye was hurtit (hurt) wi' a cow when I were a lad; and it's a kind o' run ever since: leastways, I should say, every now and tan (now and then). But there was one thing I was—I were unaccountable lissome and strong. One of my calves would measure both my smalls, put across, you know.'

J. C. Y. 'Would you turn a little more to the right, that I may see more of your side-face?'

Jeffries. 'Lor, I aint proud. If you wants I to odds any way, I'll do't. By the bye, I were a-telling you how supple and strong I were. Many a time I've put three sixpenny bits atween my legs and jumped about wi' em without spilling one. How I pities them poor groom creeturs (creatures) what have their gaiters made so big at bottom. I tells 'em 'tis a making game o' their Maker; for 'tis turning their legs upside down—nothing else. Ah, I were wonderful strong in them times. I mind (remember) once a mortal foppish man, Phil Thomas, coming into public where I was, wi' some friends, one evening. Thomas, you must know, were allus (always) up to some gammutting job or other, he were; and he had not been long in the place before he cum cunning

behind me, and kept a tickling my ear wi' a straw to make t'other chaps laugh: so I says, says I, "Master Thomas, I would not do that; 'tis silly." Well, presevere he would: so says I, once more, "If you goes on like this there'll be a racket." 'Twarnt long afore he done it again: so I ups wi' my fistes and hammered him amazin'; and when I'd hit him on to jowl (on the cheek)—(with a laugh of exultation at the recollection of his prowess)—blowd if I did not chuck him on to fire. Ah! ah! ah! He did not stay there long. No! no! He made one jump out, and then fell to a-rubbing and a-yelling like a pig when its being wormed; and then cut clean away, I don't no where; for I never see'd him again, I promise ye.'

On another occasion, when I called on him, I found him in low spirits.

J. C. Y. 'Why, Jeffries, you are out of sorts to-day. What is the matter?'

Jeffries. 'Why, I be sorry to say, a very great friend o' mine have had the handbolts put upon him. Why, 'twas no longer agone than Corsham fair as he had a cup o' coffee wi' me in this very blessed spot, and we was as thick as two thieves; and now, only to think o' his sitiation: 'tis a shame, and that's what it is.' Here he actually began to whimper.

J. C. Y. 'I am afraid, Jeffries, you are not very particular as to what company you keep. There are two sayings which are worth your attending to: one "A man is known by the company he keeps;" the other "Birds of a feather flock together;" and the Bible tells you not only "To avoid evil, but even the appearance of evil;" "To walk circumspectly," &c., &c. And,

trust me, if you are "hail, fellow, well met," with every one who is willing to smoke a pipe with you, you will, yourself, be looked on with suspicion as having tastes in common with your companions. Be cautious.'

Jeffries. 'Lor! You must not think as I'm for thieves. If I had my way wi' 'em, I'd hang 'em all up like onions, I would. That's how I'd act to every chap as was a fore-runner o' them games; for them sort never does no good to no one, as I can see, only harum (harm). But this here lad as I'm partial to aint so bad as that. He never broke open the house. I know as he didn't. He only happened to have a key by him which happened to fit the lock clever, and he turned it; and then (poor feller, I dare say he were hungry!) he only took a side o' bacon and a dozen knives and forks (and them only small uns too). Poor chap! I can't a-bear to think on't! I've a mind to talk to some lawyer at Wootton Bassett or Marlbro' for un, if I could only leave this here gate for an hour or two!'

On my giving him my mind very plainly on the laxity of principle he had betrayed during his communications, he began to forget himself. But, on my rising, in some indignation, to leave, he made me a propitiatory offering. 'I say, Sir, don't ye be 'fended. Let's be friends, Sir. Accept one of these peppermint humbugs, or a bull's-eye, or a red herring, though they be but queerish samples!'

My wife and I were, one day, returning home after paying our prescribed round of pastoral visits to the sick and poor, when, as we approached the turnpike-gate over which Jeffries presided, our olfactory nerves were

assailed by an odour which was more stimulating than savoury. We were not long at a loss to discover from whence the aroma proceeded; for, on passing the side-gate of the pike, old Jeffries, whom I had not gone near since our last interview, hobbled out, halloaing after us, and holding up, with an air of much pride, what, at a distance, looked like a Bologna sausage in half-mourning; but which, on nearer view, assumed rather the shape and size of an amputated leg in a gray worsted stocking. 'Do ye come in. Do ye come in, Ma'am and Sir. I'd dearly like the Missus to taste a morsel o' my cooking!'

He had actually boiled, in one of his discarded stockings, a pudding of his own concoction, the ingredients of which were flour, suet, red cabbage, onions, and apples.

But enough of Jeffries.

1843. July 18. I believe that little is known of the first introduction into our Church system of that nearly obsolete functionary, the parish clerk.

It was in the reign of the eighth Harry, that the revenues of the beneficed clergy having been seriously reduced by the dissolution of the monasteries, and the diversion of their funds to the aggrandisement of the monarch's favourites, the incumbents of large and populous districts availed themselves of the assistance of laymen in the more secular department of their labours, and engaged them to lead such portions of divine service as more properly devolved on the congregation.

To descend, however, from the usages of more

remote days, to the parish clerk, with whom so many have been familiar for the last half century.

One would naturally have supposed that, in the selection of laymen destined to play a somewhat prominent part in the public worship of the sanctuary, a nice discrimination would have been exercised; and that a candidate's special qualifications for such office would have been rigidly tested before appointment; whereas, it would appear to have been rather the rule to choose, if not as a foil to the minister, at least as a burlesque on the function, the sorriest driveller that could be found—some 'lean and slippered pantaloon, with spectacles on nose and pouch at side,'

> 'triumphant over time,
> And over tune, and over rhyme,'

who, by his snivelling enunciation of the responses, and his nasal drawling of the A—mens, was sure to provoke the risibility of his hearers. With few exceptions, he may now be regarded as a sort of ecclesiastical fungus, the unwholesome growth of two or three centuries of laxity and latitudinarianism. And yet, in his day, and in his way, he used to be deemed by staid old-fashioned church-goers as essential an officer, if not as ornamental a one, as the parish beadle.

If the one were referred to as the proper enforcer of discipline among the refractory scapegraces of the aisle, the other was held to be not a whit less essential to the efficient celebration of united worship in the desk.

That the spirit of modern enlightenment is rapidly sweeping away these antiquated relics of a bygone



MY PARISH CLERK.

J. C. Y. *del.*

age must be a matter of common congratulation with all who are jealous of delegating to a half-educated hireling a duty and a privilege which of right belongs to themselves. No man has less personal reason for wishing for clerk-extinction than I have; for no one can be more fortunate in his coadjutor than myself. But that does not make one blind to the fact, that a congregation of rustics forced to refer to a fugleman to lead them in prayer and praise, must have a very inadequate apprehension of their responsibilities.

My own good clerk, in spite of certain constitutional peculiarities, which, in my estimation, rather contributed to his attractiveness than detracted from it, was a man of such lofty aspirations, and of such blameless purity of life, that, in making him, Nature made the very ideal of a village clerk and schoolmaster (for he was both), and then 'broke the mould.' His grave, yet kindly, countenance, his goodly height, his breadth of shoulder, his well-proportioned limbs, encased in breeches and gaiters of corded kerseymere, and the natural dignity of his carriage, combined 'to give the world assurance of' a bishop rather than a clerk. It needed familiarity with his inner life to know how much singleness of purpose, and simplicity of mind, and contentment, and piety, lay hid under a pompous exterior and a phraseology somewhat stilted.

When I first knew him, he was, I should think, about fifty years of age. He dwelt in a small white-washed cottage of no pretensions, which, by virtue of his situation as schoolmaster, he enjoyed rent-free.

It stood in the heart of a small but well-stocked kitchen garden, which was entirely cultivated by himself. His salary was about 40*l.* per annum; and on this, with perhaps 5*l.* a year more, derived from church fees, he brought up five children in the greatest respectability, all of whom have since done well in life. Each member of this primitive household looked up to its head with veneration. I verily believe they regarded him, morally, as a Zeno—mentally, as a Solon; and, certainly, measured by the side of his neighbour and contemporary, the labourer, who only knew what he had taught him, or the farmer, who knew less, because he had never been taught at all, he was a giant among pigmies—a Triton among minnows.

With the exception of a Bible, a Prayer-book, a random tract or two, and a Moore's Almanac, I think, when I went first to the village, there was hardly a book to be found in it. So that when first my worthy friend saw the goodly array of standard works upon my shelves, and was told that he might have free access to them, his heart seemed to leap within him. In his unsophisticated eyes, a book, whether profound or shallow, was still the product of mind, and therefore an object of reverence. To have told him that the work of any author was not worth perusal, would have been like telling a man starving in the midst of profusion, that the bread within his reach was not well-baked, and therefore not worth eating. His appetite for information of all kinds was insatiable; and, strange to say, by a power of assimilation, peculiar to himself, he managed to extract from inferior

productions every particle that was wholesome, and to reject the unprofitable. He would suck the juice of the fruit and discard the pulp. If, on the other hand, he got hold of a book of sterling merit, he would never lay it down till he had possessed himself of its substance, and transfused the writer's thoughts into his own brain. So receptive and imitative was his intellect, that his conversation, his deportment, even his spirit, became imbued with the individuality of the author whose writings he had been studying. I lent him a volume of Doctor Johnson's works. I soon found his conversation sententious and dogmatic. I lent him Lord Chesterfield's Letters. For a week or two after there was an airiness and jauntiness about him quite foreign to his nature. The class of works that he relished most, and which argued well for the correctness of his taste, were Jeremy Taylor and Bacon and Milton. After many months' reverential communion with these Goliaths of literature, he became pensive and contemplative; and his manners more chastened and severe. Yet, had a stranger, wanting in the faculty of reading character, listened to his inflated phraseology, and, at the same time, been aware of his ignorance of men, he would have been puzzled to determine whether he was more of a pedant or a simpleton.

The better to appreciate this worthy, the reader should bear in mind that the very secluded spot in which he dwelt had been his birthplace, and remained his local habitation to the day of his death. He had never travelled farther from it than to the neighbour-

ing market-town. His opportunities of association with his fellows had been restricted to his native village. He had been excluded by force of circumstances from the outer world, and never seeing London, and rarely a provincial paper, he knew little of what was going on in political life except what he picked up from me. In those days, in spite of much kindness shown me in the neighbourhood, my life was rather a monotonous one, and my chief intercourse was with my parishioners, so that hours spent, as they often were, with a man so original, fresh, and untainted, were to me a real pleasure. It was a matter of infinite amusement to me to elicit the wonder of one so guileless and impressible. If I told him anything which, in his estimation, partook of the marvellous, of an excavation witnessed at Pompeii, of the ascent of Vesuvius, or of a descent into the Catacombs of Rome, he had a habit of folding his hands together over his stomach, leaning his portly body forward on his right foot, well advanced, and poising it in the attitude of suspended attention; and when the interest of the narrative was complete, of sinking back on his left, uttering, with an intonation of amazement worthy of Dominie Sampson—'In-deed!'

Although by no means deficient in moral courage, he was physically timid. My having braved the terrors of the deep, in an occasional two hours' trip across the Channel, inspired him with a high estimate of my intrepidity, although 'my journeyings oft' by coach led him to think slightly of my discretion.

'Am I, reverend Sir,' he asked me, 'to understand that you voluntarily trust your perishable body to the outside of a vehicle, of the soundness of which you know nothing, and suffer yourself to be drawn to and fro by four strange animals, of whose temper you are ignorant, and are willing to be driven by a coachman of whose capacity and sobriety you are uninformed?'

On my pleading guilty to the impeachment, he continued, 'From what I am told, I fear that the love of risk and adventure must be a very widely-spread instinct, seeing that so many people are ready to expose themselves to such fearful casualties. Now and then, Mr. Maltster[1] Large lends me the North Wilts paper; and I rarely have ever opened one, without reading of some coach accident or other. I must say I am grateful to think that I have never been exposed to such terrific hazards.'

I used to try to laugh him out of his fears, and told him that the best cure for them would be for him to accompany me on the York House coach to Bath, from whence I would take him on to Bristol and Clifton. My offer was refused without an instant's hesitation; and though he admitted that he should greatly like to see such towns—especially at night, when lighted up with gas—yet he thanked God there was no gas in Lyncham, and, therefore, no fear of explosions; and that, greatly as he should like to see four horses skilfully driven, nothing on earth should ever tempt him to enter a coach, which,

[1] Our village had a habit of distinguishing one person from others of the same name, by prefixing the title of their calling as if it were a Christian name.

from the mere shying of a horse, or the most trivial circumstance, might be overturned in one instant.

It was not long after this conversation that an unexpected opportunity presented itself for judging of the justice or fallacy of his fears. The Great Western Railway from London to Bath, then in course of construction, had been completed and opened as far as Swindon. One day our quiet little village was startled from its propriety by the sight of handbills, posted on every available wall or barn, announcing that, until the line was opened for traffic the whole way, the journey from Swindon to Bath, and from Bath to Swindon, would be performed by stage coaches, which would ply four or five times a day, and would pass through Lyneham. Since the year 1659, when the first coach in England started from Coventry, I doubt if ever there had been a greater sensation than that created by this intelligence. I was myself so pleased at the prospect of enjoying greater facilities for locomotion, that I was not proof against the infection of my neighbours; and, on the day named for the running of the coaches, I sent a request to our schoolmaster that he would allow the boys a holiday, as a like act of grace had already been conferred by the farmers and employers of labour on their workmen.

The morning was ushered in by leaden skies and a biting east wind: but who cared for atmospheric disturbances at such a time, and under such circumstances? Every one was early astir, bent on inaugurating the auspicious event with becoming spirit. The ploughshare stood still in the furrow; the flail in the barn ceased its monotonous thud; the hammer in the smithy for once

left the anvil at peace; the sails of the windmill on 'the hillocks' were tightly coiled; the public houses were decorated with ivy and laurel; wives, mothers, daughters, clad in their Sunday attire, were carrying in their hands extemporized bouquets of laurestina and chrysanthema, at that season the best products of their little gardens; while husbands, fathers, and brothers supplied themselves liberally with holly and laurel to shower rough welcome on the heads of the coach passengers as they went by.

In due time our church clock struck the hour of arrival advertised, and, as hearts beat with expectation, and watches were referred to by those who had them, and no coach appeared, impatience, long suppressed, began to vent itself in audible murmurs of dissatisfaction. The village bells, which had been clanging forth a joyous peel from the church tower, flagged, and faltered, and intermitted; grey heads wagged with prophetic misgiving; the loafers vowed they had been hoaxed; the saucy urchins in the crowd telegraphed their suspicions to each other by derisive applications of thumb and forefinger to the nose; the middle-aged proposed to adjourn to the beer-shop, and drown their disappointment in the bowl; when suddenly the miller on 'the hillocks,' officiating as our outlook, was observed to spring up on the gallery of the mill, and wave his flour-encrusted hat enthusiastically above his head.

Presently we heard the cheery notes of the key-bugle, succeeded by the animated clatter of horses' hoofs ringing on the hard, crisp road. Then we saw perspiration ascending like smoke through the clear and frosty air,

from the reeking flanks of four hard-pressed animals; and the guard, in his gorgeous scarlet coat—in the eyes of our unsophisticated rustics, a king—to the terror of nervous women and the delight of the little boys, suspending himself by both hands from the railing round the roof of the coach, and with an adroit jerk of his right foot, detach the break from the off hinder wheel, restore it again to its hook below the perch, and afterwards resume his seat with lofty dignity. The cumbrous coach, released from the restraint of the drag, rattled down the hill towards the parsonage, swaying and swinging from side to side under the superincumbent weight of toppling luggage. Once more the key-bugle struck up the familiar air of 'Sodger Laddie'; the coachman squared his elbows, depressed his wrists, drew up the leathern apron over his knees; squirted tobacco-juice, in approved fashion, through his teeth; gave the horses their heads; smacked his whip, and by a skilful application of the lash to the hind quarters of the leaders, urged them into a rattling gallop. With lightning speed they spun past the blacksmith's shop, the new work-school for girls, the village shop, the baker's, the maltster's, on—on—towards the school-house of our clerk, with its cockney yew-clipped hedge, and its well-turfed bank, sloping six feet towards the road, in the form of a revetment. The little gate which led into the garden was padlocked, and at the end of the box-edged path, which separated his cherished potato- from his onion-bed, stood the master and his scholars—he, issuing his orders with the stern air of a commanding officer; they, drawn up in single file, and

in a line parallel with the hedge; and, in their impatience to see, showing a mutinous disposition to break their ranks. At this juncture, as the sound of the rapidly-revolving wheels grew more and more distinct, and the shouts of the mob more and more vociferous, the deep, sonorous, but tremulous voice of the schoolmaster, delivering his orders, was heard high above the tumult. 'Hats off!—Hats off, I say! Boys, prepare to cheer.' Then, descrying some insubordinate spirit craning over the hedge, and thus infringing on the uniformity of the line, roaring in tones of nervous anger, 'Lesser boys!—stand back! Stand back, I say!'

I was told, next day, by one who watched him from his post of observation, that, as the object of general interest drew nigh, he could see, from the blenching of my friend's cheek, and the clenching of his hands, that the convictions of years were clouding over his spirit with gloomy apprehensions; and certainly it was a curious confirmation of all his odd fears on the risks attendant on coach travelling, to find that, as the stage arrived opposite his garden, the driver, who was new to the road, and was not prepared for the sharp angle at which the road to Calne diverges, by a too sudden tightening of the off-wheeler's rein, had thrown the coach on the lock, upset it in the ditch, and precipitated all the outside passengers over the heads of the terror-stricken boys, into the very midst of his much-prized ash-leaf kidneys.

He himself was so unnerved by the accident, that he lost his presence of mind, and was therefore tardy in

offering help to those who needed it. I believe that, until he had time for dispassionate reflection, he rather regarded the victims of misfortune as enemies who had made a hostile descent on his territory. And, amiable as he was, and full of sympathy as he showed himself when he had rallied from his alarm, the sense of danger 'so horribly did shake his disposition,' that, instead of maintaining his position, he retreated towards the extremity of his garden, as if the unwilling invaders, instead of being overthrown, were in full pursuit of him. I will not dwell on a scene at which I was not actually present, or attempt to describe all that took place before the coach was set up again on its wheels, and the uninjured passengers were able to pursue their journey, but content myself with saying that when I met my worthy neighbour shortly after, he shook his head at me, and said, 'Ah, sir! was not I right in saying I would never enter such a dangerous carriage as a four-horse coach? I assure you I was not the least surprised! It was just what I expected!'

Patient and contented as he was by nature, and indulgent by habit, he could not help once complaining to me of the trouble it gave him to keep his boys within bounds on the half-holiday afternoons of winter, when the weather put a stop to out-door games. I reflected on this—said nothing to him at the time, but invited him the next evening to tea, that Mrs. Young and I might teach him chess. He took to it eagerly; and, after he had become a tolerable proficient, I advised him to teach the game to one or two of the sharpest of his lads, and let them in turn teach others of their school-

fellows. He fell in at once with the suggestion; and it was with no slight satisfaction that, a few weeks after, I saw, one Saturday afternoon, all the big boys engrossed in the interest of the game. He told me, that that which had been to him the noisiest day of the week, was now the quietest; that the boys had become so enamoured of chess, that, of their own accord, and with the help of large old book-covers, they had made chess-boards for themselves; and out of a few bits of wood, by the help of a knife and their own ingenuity, had made sets of very creditable chessmen.

I was myself playing with the subject of this sketch one evening, when, on my taking his queen, he begged he might at once give me the game; 'for,' said he, 'I consider, reverend Sir, that chess without the queen is like life without a female.' Presently, when our game was ended, and it had struck nine o'clock, he rose, and declined to play any more, assigning as his reason, that if he did not return at once, 'folk at home would be disturbed; and I am happy to think,' he went on to say, 'that I never yet planted a thorn in a female bosom, and hope I never shall: so, Sir, I wish you good night.'

The next event which stirred the pulses of our usually apathetic population, was the opening of the railway line from Swindon to Bath, and the consequent cessation of coach traffic through our village. The part of the line which passed close to it, consisted of a deep railway cutting. I invited my clerk to go with me, and see the passing of the very first train. We had not long reached our destination, before our ears

were assailed by the gruff snort of the engine, as it laboured up the severest and sharpest gradient on the whole line from London. As soon as it had attained to the highest point, strange palpitating throbs burst from the throat of the chimney, preceded by the shrill scream of the whistle, followed by a frenzied w—h—i—s—h, and then an impetuous rush down the incline at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The novelty of the sight, the strangeness of the sounds, the marvellous velocity with which engine, tenders, carriages, and trucks disappeared out of sight, the dense volumes of sulphurous smoke, were altogether too much for the nerves of my simple dominie, and he fell prostrate on the bank side, as if he had been smitten by a thunderbolt! When he recovered his feet, his brain still reeled, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he stood aghast, unutterable amazement stamped upon his face. It must have been quite five minutes before he could speak, and when he did, it was in the tone of a Jeremiah. 'Well Sir, that was a sight to have seen: but one I never care to see again! How awful! I tremble to think of it! I don't know what to compare it to, unless it be to a messenger despatched from the infernal regions, with a commission to spread desolation and destruction over this fair land! How much longer shall knowledge be allowed to go on increasing?'

CHAPTER XIII.

WILLIAM HINTON knew not a word of Latin: yet he had a pedantic pleasure in introducing it whenever he could. His ignorance of the Latin grammar was so amusing that I never attempted to correct him. So little did he know of its first principles, that he had no conception that an adjective agreed with its substantive in gender, number, and case. When he wished to impress one with a smack of his classical erudition, he would refer to a little pocket dictionary, and substitute the Latin for the English word. If he had occasion to write me a note, he invariably signed himself 'Gulielmus Hintoniensis, Rusticus Sacrista.' He never addressed my wife but as 'Charus Domina': and on one occasion, when he sent her a copy of verses, written in honour of her return, after a three months' absence on the continent, he headed them with these words, in large letters: 'Gratus, gratus, optatus,' and dated it 'Martius quinta, 1842.' He rarely gave me notice of a funeral except in doggerel. The following note, and the verses appended to it, were sent to Mrs. Young's unmarried sister, in acknowledgment of a slight souvenir she had brought him from abroad.

Januarius Prima, 1840.

'CHARUS DOMINA.—That the humble Sacrista should be still retained on the tablets of your memory, is an unexpected pleasure. Your gift, as a criterion of your esteem, will be often looked at with delight, and be carefully preserved, as a memorial of your friendship: and for which I beg to return my sincere thanks. May the meridian sunshine of happiness brighten your days through the voyage of this life; and may your soul be borne on the wings of seraphic angels, to the realms of bliss eternal in the world to come, is the sincere wish and fervent prayer of, Charus Domina, your most obedient, most respectful, most obliged servant,

GULIELMUS HINTONIENSIS,

Rusticus Sacrista.'

'GRATITUDO.

A gift from the virtuous, the fair, and the good,
From the affluent to the humble and low,
Is a favour so great, so obliging and kind,
To acknowledge I scarcely know how.
I fain would express the sensations I feel,
By imploring the blessing of heaven
May be showered on the lovely, the amiable maid
Who this gift to Sacrista has given.
May the choicest of husbands, the best of his kind,
Be her's by the appointment of heaven!
And may sweet smiling infants, as pledges of love
To crown her Connubium be given.'

Here follows another characteristic note, intended to remind me of a forthcoming marriage.

'REV. SIR.—I hope it has not escaped your memory, that the young couple at Clack are hoping to offer in-

cense at the shrine of Venus this morning, at the hour of ten. I anticipate the bridegroom's anxiety.

RUSTICUS SACRISTA.'

Among other notable traits of his character, I may mention that he was very curious on the subject of ladies' dress. He once asked me to tell him 'in what guise feminine respectables usually appeared at an evening party?' On my describing to him a lady of the day in a low dress, he blushed and shivered, and exclaimed, 'Then methinks, Sir, there must be revelations of much which modesty would gladly veil.'

He was curious, also, to know if it were true, as he had been told, that mothers in high life, well able to nurse their offspring, were in the habit of delegating to others the duties of right devolving on themselves. On my telling him that babies who had weakly mothers were frequently brought up by hand, and that wet-nurses were often engaged by those who were well able to nurse themselves, he expressed himself as greatly shocked at such a reversal of the laws of nature. It so happened that, the very next day, a lady and her two daughters came to stay a couple of nights with us, who, having often heard me enlarge on the worth, and, at the same time, the drollery of my fellow-workman, begged me to invite him to tea, that they might make his acquaintance. I had considerable difficulty in inducing him to come. At last, however, he yielded to my solicitations and made his appearance. He had not been half-an-hour in the room, when he gave my friends

a sample of his eccentricity. The ladies were dressed, as any other gentlewomen of their station would be, in low gowns. When first he entered the drawing-room, and was formally presented to them, the, to him, unaccustomed display of neck and shoulders, quite overcame him. He bridled and sidled, and coloured, and turned his head, first on one side and then on the other, profoundly abashed by the consciousness of being in the room with a mother and two daughters, who were exposing more of their charms than he had ever seen before. It was in vain, for some time, that I tried to draw him into general conversation. He was fairly dumbfoundered. The primmest of Roman Catholic priests could not have maintained the custody of the eyes more rigorously. I strongly suspect he was wrestling with his conscience, as to the propriety of countenancing by his presence such bare-shouldered disclosures. After a while, however, consideration for my wife seemed to outweigh his disapproval of a depraved conventionality: he conquered his shyness; and, mentally reverting to what he had learned from me the night before, on the subject of nursing, he screwed his courage to the sticking place, roused himself from his maidenly squeamishness, and, turning to the mother, thus addressed her: 'Pray, Madam, allow me to ask you, as one moving in high circles, a question. Am I to understand that, from you, their legitimate nurse, these young ladies really never enjoyed the privilege of the breast?'

I shall be very sorry, if, by my want of pictorial skill, I have left an impression on my reader's mind, that the subject of this sketch was a mere embodiment of self-

importance. A more simple, single-minded, humble being never breathed, in spite of the air of importance which, beyond all doubt, he wore, and which I think had been assumed for years, under the idea of impressing those under his charge with a becoming sense of the dignity attaching to his office. His inflated phraseology, I fancy, must have been the result of misdirected and ill-digested reading.

I hope I may venture, without impropriety to tell—what it ought to gratify his surviving relatives to be reminded of—viz. that when I returned from Clifton, where my wife was seriously ill, to bid him farewell, he greeted me, on my approaching his bedside, with as much serenity of manner as if he had been only going on a journey to a far country, for which he had long been preparing. 'Well! reverend and dear Sir. Here we are, you see! come to the nightcap scene at last! Doubtless you can discern that I am dying. I am not afraid to die. I wish your prayers.' After some time, he repeated the words, 'I say, I am not afraid to die, and you know why. Because I know in whom I have believed; and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day.'

As I was about to leave him, after ministering to him, he exclaimed in his characteristic tone and manner, 'Thanks, reverend Sir! Thanks for much good will! Thanks for much happy intercourse! For nearly seven years we have been friends here. I trust we shall be still better friends hereafter.—I shall not see you again on this side Jordan!—I fear not to cross over!—

Good-bye!—My Joshua beckons me!—The promised land 's in sight.'

On the 5th of July, 1843, I read the Burial Service over my dear clerk. I shall long mourn his loss.

1844. July 20. The Bishop of Oxford and Lady Harriet Bagot, having kindly invited my wife, my father, and myself, to witness, from their windows, the great experiment to be made with Captain Warner's much canvassed projectile, we went to lunch with them. There was no one there but Lord and Lady Charles Thynne. After lunch Lord Charles sang to us, quite admirably, and then we adjourned to the balcony. The scene below us, as seen from 'The Snake' houses, was most striking. From one end of the east cliff down to the battery on the west there was a dense mass of excited people of all classes, collected from all points of the compass—not only the resident population and visitors of Brighton, but naval officers, and scientific engineers, and chemists, and members of both Houses of Parliament, from all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

In a smooth sea, under a blue sky, about a mile in front of the Chain Pier, was a three-masted vessel, the 'John o' Gaunt,' of 300 tons burden, given by the Admiralty for the experiment, riding at anchor, her flags flying from her masts, but not a living creature on board. Every precaution had been taken over night, and during the night, to guard against tampering or trickery.

It was generally believed that, whenever the implement of destruction was fired, its effect for miles would

be tremendous—that the shock would be severe enough to imperil the safety of every frangible object on the Parade.

Extraordinary precautions had been taken by nervous residents, in houses facing the sea, to remove their pier-glasses and chimney ornaments to their cellars or other places of security, and sanguine were the hopes, of jobs to come, cherished by the plumbers and glaziers.

As the time appointed for the experiment drew nigh, the silence, which reigned absolutely over 80,000 people, was very impressive. Every eye was strained in one direction, every tongue was spell-bound by a common curiosity, every breath was suspended by the same mixture of faith and unbelief, when, without the slightest premonitory indication of anything about to happen, and without sound of any kind, a stream of smoke was seen to pass along the sides of the victim vessel from stem to stern, and—then it vanished—the place thereof knew it no more. It had dropped noiselessly in the water, the gaudy pennons floating from her mainmast the only vestige that remained to mark where she had lain. The silence with which this instantaneous effect was brought about was so unexpected, that one's first sensation was bewilderment. There was an element moreover of solemnity in it; and the good bishop, who had never taken his hand telescope from his eye till the catastrophe took place, shut it to with a bang, and with tears on his cheeks exclaimed 'Good heavens! Fancy souls aboard!'

Lord Brougham, who had been lying on his stomach with his lorgnette in his hand for half an hour, and who

had from the first, both in public and in private, denounced Warner's plan as chimerical, was quite overcome, and with a candour that did him honour, went up to the inventor and expressed his regret for his past obstinate incredulity. Lord Ingestre, a personal friend of Warner's, and in possession of his secret, came into the drawing-room and told Lady Harriet that, with as much of the explosive material as he could carry in a pill-box, he could blow up half the East Cliff.

1845. January 12. I have been dipping into Moore's Life of Byron. In it I read these words:—'On the day Miss Milbanke's letter of acceptance reached Byron, he was sitting at dinner, when his gardener came in and presented him with his mother's wedding ring, which she had lost many years before, and which the gardener had just found in digging up the mould under her window. Almost at the same moment, Miss Milbanke's letter arrived, and Lord Byron exclaimed, "If it contain a consent I will be married with this very ring."' Vide Moore's Life of Byron, vol. i. p. 265.

I am reminded of two stories, one of which bears a strong analogy to the above. The partner of an old friend of mine, in good business, but overwhelmed by the heavy demands of a large family, was induced to accept for one of his sons a situation in a thriving house in Australia. The night before the young man left, he called his favourite sister aside and presented her with a ring, coupled with a stringent injunction that she should never take it off her finger on any pretext whatever, as long as he was in the land of the

living. He confessed to her that he was very superstitious about the loss of rings, and told her that, if they should never meet again, and she should survive him, he wished her to discontinue wearing the ring he had given her, and substitute a mourning one for it. 'But,' he added, 'we will hope to meet again in years to come, and that you will then be able to assure me that my little souvenir has never been off your finger since I put it on.'

Four months after the young man had sailed, his father came home at the usual hour to dinner, and was met in the hall by the daughter to whom her brother had given the ring. He perceived that she had been weeping, and she in turn was struck by the exceeding dejection of his looks. Each accused the other of being unhappy, and each required to know the cause. At last the following facts transpired. He, on his part, had to tell that he had received intelligence of the wreck of the vessel in which his son had sailed, that she had foundered, and gone down with all souls aboard. On his way home he was reflecting how best to break the disastrous news to his family, when he was thrown off his guard by the sight of his girl in tears. She, in turn, had to tell him that, while weeding in her little garden at the back of the house, she had pricked her finger with a thorn—the very finger on which she had worn her brother's gift; that she had taken it off while trying to pick out the thorn with a needle, and that, at that minute, she dropped the ring into a mass of mould which she had only just turned over with her spade. After long search she failed to find it; but, in

its place, picked up a rusty mourning ring, on the inside of which were inscribed these words from Horace's well-known Ode,

'Quis desiderio sit pudor . . .
Tam chari capitis?'

As soon as she had learned the cause of her father's grief she ceased to fret for the ring she had lost, and, remembering her brother's last words, had the new-found one cleaned, and adopted it in its stead.

The other story to which I referred is less sensational than the preceding one, but curious, too.

Charles Mathews, the elder, went one fine summer's day to dine and sleep with Sir Thomas Farquhar at Roehampton. Shortly after his arrival, his host proposed, as it wanted two hours to dinner, that they should take a turn on the common and get an appetite. They had not been there ten minutes before Mathews missed the gold pin out of his black neck-cloth. He prized it greatly, not so much because of any great value it possessed, as because there was set in it a beautiful miniature of his wife's eye. He was so much disconcerted by its loss that he did not recover his equanimity the whole evening. The following summer, exactly twelve months after, Sir Thomas Farquhar again invited him down, and again proposed an ante-prandial stroll. Having a disagreeable recollection of his misadventure of the year before, Mathews had half a mind to decline the walk; but, not liking to oppose the wishes of his kind entertainer, he went, and had not gone a hundred yards on the heath when he saw an object glistening from

the very centre of a thick furze-bush. On going up to it he discovered his missing treasure uninjured. The painting in the pin being protected by glass in front, and gold at the back, it had been effectually screened from rain and snow.

1845. April 5. Dined with Mr. Roper of the Wick. In the evening Miss Betty Penruddock (I can't help thinking of the Wheel of Fortune) came in, in the evening. She is the lady whose presence of mind and ready wit saved her house from being plundered at the time of the riots in 1833.

Two days ago this cheerful, light-hearted old lady was paying a call on Mrs. Roper, when a circumstance occurred which was both tragical and farcical. If Miss Penruddock weighed an ounce, she weighed fifteen stone. She had a parrot, which was so great a pet that she could not bear to be separated from it. 'It did eat of her own meat, and drank of her own cup,' and lay in her pocket when she got out of her carriage to pay morning calls. By allotting it such warm quarters, she protected it from the cold, the teasing of boys, to which it would have been exposed if left in the carriage, and prevented the possibility of its taking French leave by flying out of the carriage window. It so happened, that, on the occasion of Miss Penruddock's last call, she embarked in a discussion with the lady of the house on a subject on which she felt keenly. In the warmth of her argument she sprang up from the sofa, walked up to Mrs. Roper, and enforced what she had to say with energetic but good-humoured gesture; then returned to the sofa, and flopped herself down with

much *empressement*. As she did so, Miss Stanley, Mrs. Roper's sister, who was sitting at one end of the sofa, fancied she heard a very discordant sound proceed from beneath Miss Betty, but supposed herself to be mistaken, as neither the lady herself nor any one else noticed it. As Miss Penruddock rose to say 'Farewell' she dived into the depths of her pocket, with the intention of extracting a card from her case to leave on Mr. Roper. But, as she drew it forth, she uttered an involuntary shriek, and brought out with it her Poll-parrot, dead, and flat as a biffin. She had played the part of Coroner, and 'sat upon its body.'

1845. April 18. Dined with Mr. Charles Craven. After dinner I was telling of a visit that had been paid in Paris to Alexis Didier, the clairvoyant, by Mrs. Dawson Damer, Lady Jane Peel, and James Adam Gordon of Knockespock, and the impression made on them all by his unaccountable revelations. Among other instances cited, I told of the extraordinary evidence Colonel Gurwood had had of his powers, when he had seen him at the house of Monsieur Marcillet. I observed Mr. Frederick Seymour smiling at me—incredulously, as I thought. 'I see you don't credit a word I am saying. I assure you I tell my story as my father told it me; and he had it from Gurwood's own lips very shortly after the event.' 'My dear Young,' said Mr. Frederick Seymour, 'I have myself heard Gurwood tell the story exactly as you have told it, and, when he told it me, I felt disposed to smile; but if I had, so sincere was he in his own belief, that he would have had me out directly. Why I smiled just now was, first, to hear

you gravely ascribing the revelation of certain facts to supernatural causes, when I knew, perfectly well, the natural instrumentality by which he attained to the knowledge of them; secondly, to think that a man of such vigour of intellect as Gurwood should have lent himself so readily to such a delusion.

'You will allow, I am sure, that if a professed clairvoyant stoops to double-dealing in one instance, he fairly lays himself open to the suspicion of not being above having recourse to it in others. Now, I will supplement your story with an addendum which Gurwood never mentioned to any one out of his own family, and yet of which Alexis apprised him. You must know, then, that in his early days Gurwood was a great favourite and *protégé* of Mrs. Fitzherbert. In after years they quarrelled: the breach never was healed, and they never met again. When, therefore, after Mrs. Fitzherbert's death, her will was opened, he was more surprised than her executors to find that she had bequeathed him a legacy of a thousand pounds. Of that fact Alexis reminded him.'

'Well,' asked I, 'and how could the man have gained his information?'

'From Lord Hertford, Mrs. Fitzherbert's executor, who told me,' said Seymour, 'that, hearing from his friend Gurwood that he was going to see Alexis—who was at the time the rage in Paris—he primed the clairvoyant beforehand with the data.'

1845. July 20. Captain Forbes lunched with us. Before he came, I told our youngest boy, Gerald, that he had been a very gallant naval officer, and had seen much

service. The lad's desire to see him was great. He had a scar across his face which he evidently approved of. When the Captain had left us, we asked him what he thought of him. His answer was funny. 'Oh! that scar in his face is all very well; but if he can't show a few more gashes on his stomach and legs I would not give much for him.'

1845. October 3. I spent an evening at Miss Runnington's, which I shall always recollect with pleasure, as I had the privilege of much conversation with Lord Lyndhurst. He was delightful: and so playful! There was no one there besides.

1845. December 1 and 2, at the Palace, Chichester, with the excellent Bishop and his family.

1845. December 3—6, at Sir Horace Seymour's and Lady Clinton's. A party in the house.

1845. December 29. Dined with Charles Taylor in Brunswick Square. We were kept waiting for Sir Henry Webster, who made no apology for his delay until after dinner, when he explained it. It seemed that, as he was driving to join the party in good time, in passing the battery, Dr. Hall, bare-headed, stopped his carriage, and begged him, for the love of God, to follow him into the house from which he had just come out. On entering it, he beheld a fearful spectacle—poor Colonel Gurwood dead on the floor, by his own hand; his lovely wife and daughters kneeling in frantic grief beside him, It was after such a scene that he came to dinner[1].

After dinner, the conversation turned on the vexed

[1] By a tragical coincidence, the next year, in the same month, in the same way, Sir Henry put an end to his own life.

question, as to whether the Duke of Wellington had been taken by surprise at Waterloo, or not. After a lively and rather warm discussion, antagonistic opinions being advanced on each side with equal confidence, I turned round to Sir Henry Webster, who was coolly peeling an orange, and taking no part in the controversy, and asked him if he had not been at Waterloo. 'Ah,' said he, smiling, and raising his voice at the same time, 'I have been amused at the speculations of some of you gentlemen, when here sits one who knows as much about the facts which you have been arguing as any man in the world. I beg distinctly to declare, that the Duke of Wellington was not taken by surprise. The real state of the case was this: The Duke knew perfectly well that the possession of Brussels would be of primary importance to Napoleon, on account of the moral, military, and political advantages to be gained from it. He knew, therefore, that Napoleon would make for it. The Duke's game was to anticipate him, and make Brussels his own head-quarters. He knew, also, that it was more than likely that Napoleon, by forced marches, would try to engage with the British forces before their strength had been increased by the addition of more of the allied troops. On the 15th, Napoleon had marched on Charleroi, and, at dawn, had unexpectedly fallen on the Prussians, and compelled them to fall back. Intelligence of the advance of the French was despatched at once to the Duke. At three o'clock, while the Duke was eating an early dinner, the Prince of Orange galloped up to his hotel to tell him that the French were advancing by the valley of the Sambre on Brussels. He received the

intelligence with his usual calmness. At five o'clock he had matured his plan of operations, and had his orders to the chief commanding officers ready, written on cards, intending them to be distributed, after supper, at the Duchess of Richmond's ball.

'Now, you may not perhaps know, gentlemen, that I was the Prince of Orange's aide-de-camp. The Prince had himself been actively engaged that day in helping the Prince of Saxe Weimar (whose brigade of Netherlanders had been driven in on Quatre Bras) to defend the farm-house there. He had then ridden on to Brussels to see the Duke, and to attend the ball; but, before doing so, he told me to remain where I was [whether it was at the farm of Quatre Bras, or somewhere near, I forget] and bring him certain despatches which he expected, the instant they arrived. At ten o'clock ———, the minister, came to me, telling me that the advanced guard of the Prussians had been driven in at Ligny; and ordering me, without a moment's delay, to convey the despatch he put into my hand to the Prince of Orange. "A horse ready-saddled awaits you at the door," he said, "and another has been sent on, half an hour ago, to a half-way house, to help you on the faster. Gallop every yard! You will find your chief at the Duchess of Richmond's ball. Stand on no ceremony; but insist on seeing the Prince at once." I was in my saddle without a second's delay; and, thanks to a fine moon and two capital horses, had covered the ten miles I had to go within the hour! The Place at Brussels was all ablaze with light; and such was the crowd of carriages, that I could not well

make my way through them on horseback: so I abandoned my steed to the first man I could get hold of, and made my way to the porter's lodge. On my telling the Suisse I had despatches of moment for the Prince, he civilly asked me if I would wait five minutes; "for," said he, "the Duchess has just given orders for the band to go upstairs, and the party are now about to rise. If you were to burst in suddenly, it might alarm the ladies." On that consideration, I consented to wait. I peeped in between the folding doors and saw the Duchess of Richmond taking the Prince of Orange's arm, and Lady Charlotte Greville the Duke's, on their way to the ball-room. The moment they had reached the foot of the stairs, I hastened to the Prince's side and gave him the despatch. Without looking at it, he handed it behind him to the Duke, who quietly deposited it in his coat pocket. The Prince made me a sign to remain in the hall. I did so. All the company passed by me, but I hid myself in a recess from observation for fear of being asked awkward questions. As soon as the last couple had mounted the *première étage*, the Duke of Wellington descended, and espying me, beckoned me to him, and said, in a low voice, "Webster! Four horses instantly to the Prince of Orange's carriage for Waterloo!"'

The very day after hearing this account, I went to lunch with Mr. and the late Lady Jane Peel, who, as the Duchess of Richmond's daughter, I knew to have been present; and I asked her if she could recall distinctly the circumstances of that historic night. 'Do you think,' she asked, 'that any one who was there ever *could*

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forget the events of that night? Well I remember what Sir Henry Webster has told you—viz. the rising from that supper-table, and all that followed immediately after it. I know I was in a state of wild delight—the scene itself was so stirring, and the company so brilliant. I recollect, on reaching the ball-room after supper, I was scanning over my tablets, which were filled from top to bottom with the names of the partners to whom I was engaged; when, on raising my eyes, I became aware of a great preponderance of ladies in the room. White muslins and tarlatans abounded; but the gallant uniforms had sensibly diminished. The enigma was soon solved. Without fuss or parade, or tender adieux, the officers, anxious not to alarm the ladies, had quietly stolen out; and before they had time to guess the nature of the news which had robbed them of their partners, and changed the festive aspect of the scene, they found themselves, instead of asking questions, holding their breath, while the musicians ceased to play: for the dub-a-dub of the drum, and the rolling of artillery-waggons, and the blast of the bugle, and the tramp of large masses of infantry, and the neighing of cavalry horses, told them how near they were to the seat of war, and how imminently a great battle was impending.'

'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs,
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!'

While treating of Waterloo, it will not be inopportune to mention an interesting circumstance which was told me by one who professed to be in a condition to substantiate its truth.

Louis XVIII, after Napoleon's escape from Elba, and shortly before the battle of Waterloo, wrote an autograph letter to the Duke of Wellington to consult him as to the best place for his head-quarters.

The Duke, I am assured, with his usual sagacity and forethought, advised his Majesty to put up at the principal hotel in Ghent—and for two sufficient reasons: first, because, in the event of the defeat of the allies, he would not be far from the coast, from whence he could embark for England; secondly, because, in the event of victory, he would be on the way to Paris, which, when the roads were open, he could easily reach by way of Tournay.

In consequence of this sound advice, the king occupied the hotel suggested, in the town; and during the anxious days of the 15th, 16th, 17th, and 18th of June, in the year 1815, he endured his suspense with a calmness and equanimity for which few of his own countrymen would have given him credit.

The room he occupied during the day had in it a large projecting bay-window, so open to the street that any one interested in watching his movements from the opposite side, could do so without difficulty.

Such an one there was, in a house directly facing the window designated. There a stranger sat for many hours ensconced behind a heavy curtain, with a keen gaze rivetted on every movement of the monarch. Louis

le Gros, for the most part, was engaged in reading or writing: but now and then he was seen to waddle his way towards the window and look out anxiously, as if expecting some one. Late in the evening he was reading a newspaper with his back to the street. Presently, the eye of the vigilant spy was diverted from the object of his attention by the sound of a horse's feet galloping. In another instant an orderly soldier was observed, with an air of great excitement, to pull up at the hotel door, fling his bridle to the first person at hand, and vanish rapidly through the postern.

The sight that met the swarthy stranger's gaze told its own tale. There could be but one interpretation of it; for he saw the king throw away his paper, and fling himself unreservedly into the arms of the travel-soiled trooper. The self-appointed sentinel had planted himself in his post of observation that he might be as near as possible to the king, shrewdly guessing that, whatever the issue of the deadly struggle going on, he would be sure to receive priority of intelligence. Having witnessed the royal demonstrations of joy, he had no misgivings as to the result; and, therefore, immediately thrusting a well-filled purse into the hands of the ostler, he jumped into a postchaise and four which was awaiting him, and started, *ventre à terre*, for Ostend. He reached the harbour just as the Government packet, which was lying in the offing, was about to leave for Dover.

When he was within a few yards of the vessel, he saw the Right Hon. Vesey Fitzgerald before him, in the

very act of stepping on board. As Mr. Fitzgerald made for the steerage end of the vessel, our stranger friend made for the forepart; knowing well that if Fitzgerald once found him out, he would want him to accompany him to London; and his great object was to reach the Metropolis before any one else.

Muffled up closely, therefore, in his cloak, he lay on a coil of ropes near the bowsprit, that he might the better escape observation. He succeeded in doing so, and, on reaching Dover, was the first to spring on shore, and rush to a place of rendezvous, where his servant and a carriage and four had been ordered to stay for him. At every stage on the road he had relays of horses, previously bespoken; and before the news of the great victory was known by Government, Rothschild had realized an enormous sum of money. I have heard it said that, not only Vesey Fitzgerald, but Tom Assheton Smith also, was entrusted with despatches from the Duke to Earl Bathurst, at the same time that he conveyed Lord Fitzroy Somerset to England in his yacht, but this Mr. Smith always denied.

1846. May 20. I received an intimation from my father that he had had a letter from the woman who suckled me when I was an infant, to say that she was about to leave Liverpool for Brighton, with no other object than to see me, and that he hoped I should be kind to her. I felt anything but pleased at the prospect of the visit, as I could hardly believe that she would have undertaken such a journey out

of purely disinterested love for one she had not seen for forty years. I blush to acknowledge that I suspected it to be a cleverly-contrived ruse for obtaining money. I was disabused of such an unworthy impression as soon as I saw her: for I found that she was the wife of a well-to-do ironmonger, and was better able to help me than I her. I never shall forget her visit. As soon as she set eyes on me, she sank into an arm-chair and nearly fainted. A second glance revived her. An irrepressible shudder then came over her, occasioned by unutterable disappointment in me. Though the colour soon returned to her cheek, her limbs literally shook for some time, from previous agitation. The poor affectionate creature had nursed her love for her baby charge, and kept it warm within her heart, for forty years: for forty years she had given the reins to her imagination, and conjured up an ideal image of what he ought to have been; and when she saw a commonplace, corpulent individual of mature years, who 'belied the promise of his spring,' the illusion of her life was shattered to pieces. I was as kind to her as I could be; my wife still more so: but, though she accepted our well-meant attentions civilly, there was an utter absence of cordiality towards us. She seemed to think she had been duped. She told me that though she had the best of husbands, and the most dutiful of sons, yet that, until she saw me, I had occupied the first place in her heart.

My gardener told me that he had seen her coming up the lane leading to my house, and that he could not conceive what was the matter with her, for that she

stopped at one time as if taking breath, then leant against the wall, then reeled like a drunken woman.

I must say I should like to know to what law in the economy of nature physiologists would ascribe this extraordinary tenacity of affection in one who had none of the ties of blood to explain it. Can it be a question, not of blood, but of milk? The power of feeling pleasure or pain is innate, and common to every child. Instinct guides the child's lips to the mother's breast. Taste causes it to relish its milk. The presence of the being, whether that being be a mother or a hireling, who gives it milk, is pleasurable. From loving milk the babe loves the giver of it. But, query—is the act of imparting, or rather of having imparted, pleasure to the child so delightful to the nurse as to explain a love as ardent as, and far more permanent than, the love of passion? From what could it have sprung in this instance? Not from instinct; or this strange sentiment would not have been peculiar to her. Not from gratitude; for I had done her no kindness. Not from compassion; for I had never had any signal distress to draw it forth. Not from esteem; for I was lost to her, before she could know anything of my qualities, good or bad. It certainly is passing strange. There is a mystery connected with nursing which I have never been able to fathom!

Why, for instance, is it that one so often sees a love on the part of foster-brothers, as well as in the foster-mother for her foster-child, equalling, and sometimes surpassing, that of mothers and brothers in blood? Can it, in the case of foster-brothers, arise merely from the

simple fact of their having imbibed the same nutriment from the same fount? Well, as one says when one despairs of guessing a riddle—'I give it up.'

1846. May 28. Last night, I happened, casually, to mention to Miss Coutts and Mrs. Brown that I had never seen Charles Dickens. Although Miss Coutts had a large party to entertain, with that amiable consideration for her friends which belongs to her, she stole into an adjoining room and despatched a messenger to him with a note inviting him to lunch next day. Before we had retired to bed an answer had been received to say he would gladly come.

1846. May 29. I am delighted to have eaten, drunk, and chatted with 'Boz.' I have so often found the Brobdignagians of my fancy dwindle into Lilliputians when I have been admitted to familiar intercourse with them, that, considering my unqualified admiration of 'Boz's' writings, and the magnitude of my expectations, it is something to say that I am not in the least disappointed with him. I longed to tell him of the life-long obligations he has laid me under.: for there was a period in my life when sickness, and sorrow, and their attendant handmaid, anxiety, were constant inmates in my home; and in those sad days we used to look out for the post-bag which was to bring us the last number of 'Nickleby,' or 'Chuzzlewit,' or 'Dombey,' with all the eagerness with which an invalid listens for the doctor's footstep on the stair. No drug, no stimulant, ever wrought the wondrous effects that the sight of the green covers of each number did on our poor patient. At their advent grief

and pain would flee away; and, in their stead, pleasant tears and 'laughter, holding both his sides,' would take their place. How we used to dread coming to the close of a number! What devices we had recourse to for spinning it out! How, like greedy children, smacking their lips with the keen sense of enjoyment over some dainty, would we linger over every racy morsel of humour, roll it over our tongues, and repeat it to each other for the sake of protracting our intellectual feast as long as possible!

I hate to hear invidious comparisons made between the merits of Dickens and of Thackeray. Each has his excellences, and neither trenches on the domain of the other. For, though they are both students of human nature, they approach her from different sides. Thackeray writes in pure and idiomatic English; and he has a deep insight into the foibles of his kind. But, though personally he has made many staunch friends, and all who know him love him well, yet he certainly does not take as genial or as generous a view of men and women as Dickens. He sees men and manners with the jaundiced eye of a pessimist; whereas his great competitor sees 'good in everything,' and has a heart boiling over with good-will to all mankind. None so poor but he can do him reverence; none so depraved in whom he cannot detect some redeeming quality. Thackeray has an intimate knowledge of the hollowness, artificiality, and waywardness of fashionable life; and, from out the depths of his own experience, constructs imaginary lay figures, which he considers as typical represen-

tatives of a class. But Dickens's portraits, however antic they may seem, are yet drawn from real flesh and blood. Thackeray's picture-gallery is composed of recollections of men and women he has met with in promiscuous society. Dickens's portraits are studies from the life, of those whom he has not met with in Rotten Row, or rubbed against in the drawing-room, but whom he has fallen in with in the by-ways of the world, and who have attracted his observation by their individuality. The characters in Dickens's writings which have been most severely criticised as exaggerated or distorted, are actual transcripts of *bona fide* originals. Why, who that knew her, could fail to recognize the original of Mrs. Leo Hunter? In younger days I was at one or two of her parties in Portland Place. Who, that is familiar with Manchester, does not know the Cheeryble brothers? Who, that is old enough to remember a certain inn in Holborn in coaching days, can forget the original of Sam Weller? The original of Mrs. Gamp is not so generally known, but I know well the ladies who first introduced her to Dickens's notice.

Dickens, of course, writes for his livelihood; but it is not exclusively for profit, or even for fame: he generally has a moral purpose in view. He never panders to popular prejudices, but boldly rebukes vice in whatever rank of life he finds it; and takes a profound, and yet a practical, interest in the cause of the ignorant, the oppressed, and the debased.

While I write, I am reminded of an anecdote, which shows in a very strong light the extraordinary sway

he exercises over the hearts even of those 'unused to the melting mood.' Mrs. Henry Siddons, a neighbour and intimate friend of the late Lord Jeffery, who had free license to enter his house at all hours unannounced, and come and go as she listed, opened his library door one day very gently to look if he was there, and saw enough at a glance to convince her that her visit was ill-timed. The hard critic of 'The Edinburgh' was sitting in his chair, with his head on the table, in deep grief. As Mrs. Siddons was delicately retiring, in the hope that her entrance had been unnoticed, Jeffery raised his head, and kindly beckoned her back. Perceiving that his cheek was flushed, and his eyes suffused with tears, she apologized for her intrusion, and begged permission to withdraw. When he found that she was seriously intending to leave him, he rose from his chair, took her by both hands, and led her to a seat.

Lord Jeffery (*loq.*) 'Don't go, my dear friend. I shall be right again in another minute.'

Mrs. H. Siddons. 'I had no idea that you had had any bad news or cause for grief, or I would not have come. Is any one dead?'

Lord Jeffery. 'Yes, indeed. I 'm a great goose to have given way so; but I could not help it. You 'll be sorry to hear that little Nelly, Boz's little Nelly, is dead.'

The fact was, Jeffery had just received the last number then out of 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' and had been thoroughly overcome by its pathos.

Dickens began his career when a youth of nineteen,

under his uncle, John Henry Barrow, who started 'The Mirror of Parliament,' in opposition to 'Hansard.' Hansard always compiled his reports from the morning newspapers, whereas Barrow engaged a special staff of able reporters, sending each important oration in proof to its speaker for correction. When Stanley fulminated his Philippic against O'Connell, it fell to young Dickens's turn to report the last third of it. The proof of the whole speech was forwarded to Mr. Stanley. He returned it to Barrow, with the remark, that the first two-thirds were so badly reported as to be unintelligible; but that, if the gentleman who had so admirably reported the last third of his speech could be sent to him, he would speak the rest of it to him alone. Accordingly, at an hour appointed, young Dickens made his appearance at Mr. Stanley's, note-book in hand. It was with evident hesitation that the servant ushered him into the library, the tables of which were covered with newspapers. Presently the master of the house appeared, eyed the youth suspiciously, and said, 'I beg pardon, but I had hoped to see the gentleman who had reported part of my speech,' &c. '*I* am that gentleman,' retorted Dickens, turning red in the face, and feeling his dignity somewhat offended. 'Oh, indeed,' replied Mr. Stanley, pushing about the papers, and turning his back to conceal an involuntary smile. It was not long before Sir James Graham stepped in, and then Stanley began his speech. At first he stood still, addressing one of the window curtains as 'Mr. Speaker.' Then he walked up and down the room, gesticulating and declaiming with all

the fire and force he had shown in the House of Commons. Graham, with the newspaper before him, followed, and occasionally checked him, when he had forgotten some trifling point, or had transposed one proposition in the place of another.

When the entire speech had been fully reported, Stanley returned the revise with Dickens's corrected edition of the parts of the speech which had been bungled, with a note to Barrow highly complimentary to the stripling reporter, and with a shadowy prediction of a great career for him in the future.

Dickens had totally forgotten this incident, until, many years after, he was invited to dine with Lord Derby, for the first time. Having been shown with the other guests before dinner into the library, he felt a strange consciousness of having been in it before, which he could not account for. He was in a state of bewilderment about it all dinner-time; for he could not recall the circumstance which brought the reporting adventure to his mind. But, at all events, something did, and he reminded his host of it. Lord Derby was delighted to recognize in his new friend his boy-reporter, and told the story to a select few, who, with Dickens, had stayed after the rest of the company had departed.

1846. September 17. Miss Irving dined and stayed with us for a couple of days. She is a very amiable, pious, and cultivated person, with considerable pretensions to beauty, which she inherits from her father. Edward Irving, celebrated in the past generation, first, for his great powers as a pulpit orator, and secondly, for his connection with 'The Tongues'; and still better

known to the present, through Mrs. Oliphant's admirable Life of him, was a very notable personage. I have been told that, somewhere about the year 1811, he acted in Ryder's company in Kirkaldy, Fifeshire; that he was at that time devoted to the stage; but that the obliquity of his vision, the strangeness of his dialect, and the awkwardness of his gait, exposed him to so much ridicule, that he quitted the stage for the pulpit.

I well remember his first appearance at the Scotch Church in Hatton Garden, and the unparalleled sensation he created. His renown as a preacher threw even that of his friend Chalmers into the shade. The most distinguished members in the senate might be seen, Sunday after Sunday, struggling with each other in their efforts to obtain standing room. And yet it is a singular fact that, when he officiated as Chalmers' assistant in the Tron Kirk in Glasgow, he failed to attract much notice. So little was he appreciated there, that persons would leave the kirk as soon as he mounted the pulpit, assigning as their excuse for doing so, 'Maister Irving gies the word the day: it's no our Doctor.'

And yet, to a mixed audience, I should have thought he would have been far the more popular of the two; for, in addition to the poetry of his eloquence, to which the natives of a mountainous country are always particularly sensitive, he was richly endowed with those physical attributes, to the impressiveness of which few are insensible, and in which his rival was singularly deficient. In person, he was the very ideal of a Covenanter.

Apart from a squint, which occasionally imparted a sinister expression to his countenance, and which reminded one of Walter Scott's description of Balfour o' Burley ('he skellied fearfully wi' one eye'), he was the most picturesque and imposing person I have ever seen. His profile was perfect; his nose was Grecian; his mouth beautifully chiselled; his chin square; his complexion a transparent olive; his brow high; his hair the colour of the raven's wing, rich, and falling in heavy waving masses down to his very shoulder blades. His figure was superb. He had not the high-bred, Cavalier carriage of person which distinguished Horace Seymour; but he was quite as tall, with greater breadth of shoulder, an equally fine flank, and a very straight, muscular, and well-proportioned leg. He always wore a black frock-coat, knee-breeches, and black worsted stockings, without gaiters, and a low-crowned broad-brimmed hat. I followed him once through Kentish Town, up Highgate Hill, and saw him enter Gilman's door. He was evidently going to sit with Coleridge, who had a very great affection for him. While I was studying the grandeur of his proportions, I could not but observe that there was not a soul who passed him who did not stop to look at him. The abstraction of manner in his walk, the quaintness of his attire, and the originality of his whole appearance, pre-disposed the butchers' and bakers' boys to quiz him; but it was plain enough that, when once they had looked him over, they had abandoned their intention. His voice was full-bodied and sonorous; his intonation, thoroughly Scotch as it was, rather enhanced the effect of his delivery than

detracted from it. His gesture was free, spirited, and yet not redundant. Those who do not mind how cold pulpit addresses are, provided dignity is not sacrificed, would have called it theatrical; but it was natural to him, his action suiting the words, and by its appropriateness helping to interpret them. There was no sawing of the arm, but a very rare and discreet use of that member, which he reserved for great occasions, when he desired to arrest, or felt compelled to denunciate. I never saw anything, on the stage or off, on canvas or out of it, so awakening as the manner in which—after having spoken of our Lord as the Fount of living waters, and after telling his auditory that one of the greatest requisites was thirst (after righteousness), and that all, without distinction of colour, class, or creed, were welcome to go to Him and drink—he threw up both his long, nervous arms, the drapery of his gown hanging from them in ample toga-like folds, and cried out with the voice of a herald, and with a smile radiant with the sense of the Divine benevolence in empowering him to deliver such a proclamation—'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' The attitude was the attitude of Raphael's representation of Paul preaching on Mars' Hill; but it was freer, and finer far. What Paul's action or delivery may have been, one cannot say; but we know he had physical defects, which warrant one in assuming, without irreverence, that Irving's action and delivery were superior to his. Paul's 'bodily presence was weak.' Irving's bodily presence was a power. Paul's 'speech was contemptible.' Irving had the tongue of an Apollos.

The first occasion on which I saw and heard him was on the third Sunday on which he preached in London. A great friend of his, and a devoted member of his congregation; one who remained one of his steadfast adherents through evil and through good report, to the close of his career, rented a pew in the Hatton Garden church, or chapel, whichever it was, and gave me a seat in it. After service she took me to him in the vestry, introduced me to him, and told him that I was destined for holy orders. He instantly desired her to withdraw, laid his hands upon my head, offered up a prayer for me, and, after a word of kindly counsel, gave me, at parting, his benediction.

The last time I saw him was in Newman Street, where he was holding forth with unimpaired vigour, not to a crowded congregation, but to empty benches. I heard the utterances that day, and very creepy they made me feel. Sir William Knighton told my uncle that, yielding to an impulse of curiosity, he one day walked into Newman Street, and, to escape notice, stole up into the gallery, and entered a long pew, at the extreme end of which were two ladies kneeling in rapt devotion. After listening for some time to one of the Evangelists, preaching from Ezekiel, he was perfectly electrified by a portentous sound of unearthly character, whence proceeding he could not tell. It resembled a mighty rushing wind at first; then it rose, and increased in volume; then it fell, and became lulled to a gentle murmur; then, again, from the midst, novel sounds arose which might be verbal, yet which were inarticulate and unintelligible. He

looked above, below, around, to see from whence these strange noises issued, but in vain. The two ladies who were sitting at the end of the pew in which he was, and who seemed quite familiar with the routine of the service, he thought he would ask to solve the mystery for him. But before addressing them he inspected them more narrowly, and observed that the younger of them was sitting with her eyes closed, and rigid as the Sphinx, but with her jugular vein palpitating violently. He drew nearer to her, and then, for the first time, discovered that the inexplicable utterance proceeded from her throat.

Feeling as if he were in too close quarters with something uncanny, he took up his hat and precipitately withdrew. Justly or unjustly, as soon as Irving 'took up wi' the Tongues,' as I heard an auld Scotch wife say, he declined in public estimation, and was regarded generally as the victim of 'a strong delusion and a lie.' If the charge be just, it is inscrutably mysterious, for he was singularly unworldly, God-fearing, and single-hearted. And I must say of his followers, of whom I have known several, that I know no body of religionists who have impressed me more with their Biblical scholarship, their knowledge of prophecy especially, and their liberal disposition towards the Church of England. They are all convinced that a special revelation was vouchsafed to them at the time of the Gift of Tongues, but that it has done its work. I believe they deny no doctrine that the Church of England holds, though they hold more than she asserts, and consider that we have lost an order.

CHAPTER XIV.

1846. November 2. I dined with Miss B. Coutts at the Bedford Hotel, and met at dinner a distinguished refugee—no less a person than Prince Louis Napoleon, who had recently escaped from his imprisonment at Ham. There was a large and rather brilliant party asked to meet him. Miss Coutts sat, as she always does when she has a very large dinner party, in the centre of one side of the table, with the Prince at her right hand. As the most insignificant person present, I entered the room last, and *sans dame*. As I could not go below the salt, I made for the lowest place near to it; but found every place but the chair next to Miss Coutts on the left already occupied. She beckoned me up, told me to fill the vacant seat, and presented me to the Prince. Sidney Smith used to say that he always found himself crumbling his bread, from nervousness, when he was obliged to sit next a bishop. I was in much the same predicament, from dread anticipation that, when the ladies withdrew, I should be thrown next the Prince, and might, if he addressed me, be called on to expose my miserable French before the whole company. However, the Prince at once spoke to me in English, and,

by his affability, put me and every one else completely at ease.

Little could any of us, that evening, have dreamed of the brilliant destiny for which he was reserved.

1846. December 17. I was this day taken dangerously ill. I was confined to my bed for five weeks, and prohibited from taking duty for twelve months.

May 4. Left England for a short tour on the continent with friends.

1847. June 29. Returned to England.

1848. August 3. As I was walking from Southwick into Brighton, I saw a phenomenon not common in our latitudes. It had been raining considerably before I left home; but, when I started, it had ceased, though the skies still threatened more wet. On reaching Brunswick Terrace, I was much struck by the vivid contrast exhibited between the land and the sea view. The sky immediately over my head was a bright blue; and the houses, seen in perspective along the whole extent of the West Cliff, appeared unusually white, and bright and sparkling: the more so, no doubt, from their contrast with the sky over the sea, which was dark, lurid, and charged with electric fluid. In certain conditions of health, I have been unable to look at the sea, when under sunshine, without suffering from *muscæ volitantes:* so that, on looking out seawards, and beholding a phenomenon I had never seen before, I began to suspect an incipient sick head-ache was affecting my visual organs. That which I saw was a large column of water rising from the sea, quickly assuming the form of a gigantic pear, stalk downwards, gyrating and rotating;

and, at each revolution, expanding in circumference, and, at the same time, rising higher and higher, as if attracted towards the slate-coloured clouds above.

Distrustful as to the correctness of my own eyesight, I appealed to the flymen who were standing on the beach side of the parade, and asked them if they saw anything uncommon taking place at sea. They turned their heads to look, and at once assured me that what I saw was not fancy, but fact. What it was, or what it meant, they could not say. At that moment there came by a sailor, who quickly resolved our doubts. 'Why,' said he, 'don't you know what that is? That's a waterspout. Very nasty things they be. We always fires at 'em when we're at sea: that disperses them. If one comes against a ship, the ship gets the worst of it, I promise ye; and if it goes against that chain pier, you'll see summut as will make ye stare. By Jupiter! it is making for the pier. No! Yes! No! Hurrah! She's just skimmed by the end of it! It has gone inland.' Where exactly it broke I never heard; but it passed over the downs, and, in another second, we saw, in strong relief against the murky clouds, numberless white objects fluttering and flapping through the air like a flight of sea-mews; and shortly after heard that, in its transit, it had torn up the stanchions of the booths erected on the course for the races, and rent the canvas into shreds. It was the tattered fragments floating wildly to and fro which we had mistaken for a flight of birds.

1849. March 19. I have just heard of the unlooked-for death of an excellent and gifted man, James Morier, the author of 'Haji Baba.' He was a general favourite,

and will be greatly missed in Brighton society. It was but a few days ago that I was sitting next to him at dinner at Lady Henley's, and talking romping nonsense with him; first, on the absurdities of Lavater's system; then on the theory of Gall and Spurzheim. I told him that I had always, from a child, been unduly impressed by a bald head, and said, I would give anything to be able to enter a pulpit with such a phrenological development as his. 'Ah!' said he, 'you might like it, possibly, in the pulpit; but I'll be hanged if you'd like it at the dinner-table, with nothing to protect you from the hot, beery, oniony breath of pampered flunkies! No! no! Thank your stars that you have a thatch to your skull to protect it from the indignities to which the baldpate is subjected.'

1849. July 4. Taking duty at Godshill for a change. Spent a delightful evening at Bonchurch with James White, Mr. Danby, Mr. and Mrs. John Leech, Charles Dickens, Mrs. Dickens, and Miss Hogarth. Dickens showed us one or two capital conjuring tricks which he had just brought from Paris.

1849. July 26. Went to a bazaar at Lady Susan Harcourt's. The Queen and the Prince Consort were there. Heard a charming story of one of the royal children, which I hope is true. When last the Queen was about to be confined, the Prince Consort said to one of his little boys, 'I think it very likely, my dear, that the Queen will soon present you with a little brother or sister. Which of the two would you prefer? The child, pausing—'Well, I think, if it is the same to mamma, I should prefer a pony.'

1849. August 7. Joined a pic-nic at Appuldurcombe, under Cook's Castle. Our party consisted of James White, John Leech, Mark Lemon, Dr. Lankester, Dr. Smith (Bible Dictionary), Mr. Danby, Captain and Mrs. Hawkins, Lord Maldon, Miss Peel, and, though last not least, Charles Dickens. Mark Lemon was very amusing.

1849. December 22. At dinner, or rather after dinner, yesterday, at Lady Cornwallis's, James Anderson told me, aside, of a tragical disaster in which he had once been concerned. He was walking along the East Cliff from his own house in Sussex Square, Kemp Town, towards the New Steyne, when he heard such a violent clattering of horse's hoofs, that he could not help looking behind him to ascertain the cause. On doing so, he was alarmed to see approaching, at a terrific pace, a powerful horse, with his head between his shoulders, and the bit between his teeth, tearing away with a very handsome young lady, her hat off, and her hair hanging about her shoulders. In her rear was an elderly gentleman following on horseback, but judiciously keeping back at a moderate distance, that the sound of his horse's hoofs might not still further frighten the runaway.

Anderson, a powerful man, instead of running in front of the horse, as ignorant people are so apt to do, rushed into the road and ran fast in advance so as to be able to catch the animal by the curb, and, by one or two violent jerks of his strong arm, bring it suddenly on its haunches. As the young lady, jerked out of her saddle by the abrupt violence of the arrest, was falling to the ground, he received her

in his arms. A crowd of pedestrians, who had witnessed the scene, and who knew the popular preacher by sight, ran up to congratulate him on the issue of his timely gallantry, when, with a face blanched with horror, he pronounced her dead. She had ruptured a blood-vessel in the heart through intensity of terror. The shock to the father, when he came up and heard the news, may be conceived.

The mention of Anderson's name reminds me of his going to dine with Dr. Hall on one occasion. The Doctor was dressing when Anderson arrived. In the drawing-room he found a gentleman waiting, with whom he at once entered into conversation, under the idea that he was familiar with Brighton; but he soon undeceived him. 'No. I never was in Brighton till to-day; but, nevertheless, I have made acquaintance with a great local power.' 'Who may that be?' asked Anderson. '*Who* he is, I know not; but I am certain *what* he is. It is that distinguished functionary, the Master of the Ceremonies. It could be no one else. It was a gentleman attired point device, walking down the parade like Agag, "delicately." He pointed out his toes like a dancing-master, but carried his head high, like a potentate. As he passed the stand of flies he nodded approval, as if he owned them all. As he approached the little goat-carriages, he looked askance over the edge of his starched neckcloth, and blandly smiled encouragement. Sure that, in following him, I was treading in the steps of greatness, I went on to the pier, and there I was confirmed in my conviction of his eminence; for I observed him look, first over the

right side, and then over the left, with an expression of serene satisfaction spreading over his countenance, which said, as plainly as if he had spoken to the sea aloud, "That is right. You are low-tide at present; but, never mind, in a couple of hours I shall make you high-tide again."' At that instant Hall entered and begged to introduce to James Anderson 'The Rev. Sydney Smith.'

1850. January 19. Dined with the Marquis of Ely—a smart party. After dinner, and when the ladies had withdrawn, Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, Sir Arthur Upton, and Mr. Beckett were engaged in an amicable but very animated discussion on the rights and wrongs of Ireland—the secret societies existing—the agrarian outrages perpetrated—when our noble host told us that, not long ago, a gentleman of his county, with whom he was acquainted, and who filled the position of a 'squireen,' was driving home one moonlight night, about nine o'clock, in his dog-cart, from the neighbouring market-town, and, halting on the brow of a steep hill to give his horse his breath, when he descried a sturdy fellow in a rough frieze coat, walking fast in front of him. On overtaking him, he asked him if he were going to the town of S——. At first the man seemed disposed to resent the question; but afterwards, on inspecting his interrogator, to think better of it. He told him that he was an utter stranger in these parts, but that his object was to sleep at the town mentioned, 'provided he could get a bed there raisonable.' 'Are you aware,' asked the gentleman, 'that it is a good eight miles hence? Why, my friend, by the time you get there the whole town will be asleep, and the two

little inns will be shut up. You had better jump up in my trap. I live within two miles of S——. I'll give you a shake-down under my roof for the night; and, as early as you like to-morrow morning you can make your way to S——.' The man, nothing loth to accept so advantageous an offer, jumped up with alacrity by the side of the gentleman. On the road, however, he abated nothing of his taciturnity, though he showed, by an acquiescent touch of his felt hat, that he was listening respectfully to what was said to him.

Arrived at his residence, the gentleman ordered his manservant to take the stranger to the kitchen-fire, see that he had a good supper, and plenty of grog, and extemporize a bed for him in the servants' hall. During his meal the man became more social, and exhibited somewhat of an inquisitive disposition, asking the name of the place in which he was—of the owner, who was so kind to him—of the establishment he kept—even of the situation of the room in which he slept, &c., &c.

Next morning, when the servant took up his master's hot water, he asked him if he would see the man whom he had housed overnight, as he was anxious to say a word before starting again upon his road. 'Let him step up,' was the answer. In another minute the stranger entered, and, as he did so, deliberately locked the door and deposited the key in his pocket. Being angrily asked what he meant by taking such a liberty, he put his finger mysteriously but significantly to his lips, drew near to the bed, and delivered his testimony in these alarming words: 'Whisht! whisht, Sir! I mane no harum. 'T was only by way of a caution that I lockit

the door: for we must have no eavesdroppers near, while I whisper to ye, bedad. Hark ye, Sir. It is not the first time I'm in this room, I promise ye.'

'The deuce it is not!' exclaimed the person he addressed, 'when were you here before?'

'When was it, indid, indid? No later than last night. Aye, when every sowl in the house was asleep; when everything was still as death; I struck one of them matches I carry always wid me, and lighted a candle that was on the dresser. I whipped off my shoes (for I had lain down wid all my clothes on). I looked to the priming of my pocket-companion. I crept up stairs. I opened this same door, without noise. I left it half-open, so that the candle left outside might light me in, and found myself standing where, bedad, I'm standing now. Was it for robbing you I was? Not I. I'm no tief. I was for killing you outright. And why would I kill you? Not becase I hated you, but becase I love Ireland. Not becase its any harum ye'd done me, but becase ye'd been my country's oppressor. Ye'll not play me false, and I'll tell ye a secret. I'm a Ribbonman! bound by a bloody oath never to stay my hand till the Saxon race is rooted out o' the land. We're all pledged to the good cause. We've a list of them as is doomed. Your name was the first, yesterday, on the list. Lots was drawn: and it fell to me, the worse luck, to be ordered to find you out, and do the job for ye. It was on my road, I was, to your house, when you fell in wid me. I did not know who you was, nor where I was, till I had eaten your bread, and larned from your people that I was in the house

I was making for, and brought to it, and trated like a Christian, by the very man I was sent to murder. Ah, Sir! indid, indid. I had about a tussle wid meself last night, when I found out how things was. As I stood within six inches of your throat, and heard the click of my pistol trigger, as I cocked it, and then listened to you, breathing so paceful in your sleep, a sick sweat cum over me, and something seemed to catch hold of my wrist as I raised my hand, and a voice seemed to whisper, "Ah! sure ye're not the boy to shed innocent blood! This man took you in, and giv ye the sup and the bite, and made a bed for ye in the darkness!" In a word, I guv in. I went down the way I cum up; but I broke my oath, and I must be off, lest, if I stay, I be tempted. Never mind me. I'm off to 'Meriky, or I'll have the bullet, meant for ye, lodged in meself. What I cum to say is this: look to yourself. Don't go out after dark. Get away from this place; for there's plenty o' boys 'll do my work, and face jail or gallows before they'll be aisy, with the Sassenach's foot on Erin's soil.'

This story insensibly led up to others of a more apocryphal character. The following, which I had heard when living in Germany, may or may not be considered as deserving to be classed in that category; but I told it as it was told to me.

Young Baron F—— lost his mother when he was but nineteen years of age. The misconduct of her husband was said to have caused her death. It was not long after, that her son discovered that his surviving parent had no affection for him; but preferred the companion-

ship of roués and gamblers to his. Having, therefore, no tie at home, he gladly accepted the offer of a commission in an Austrian regiment of Hussars, made to him by one who had loved his mother well. Not knowing where his father was to be found, or when he might see him, he left a letter, explaining the step he had taken, and his motive for taking it, and at once repaired to head-quarters.

After an absence of five years, during which he had been constantly engaged in active service, he felt an irrepressible curiosity to hear tidings of his father; and, with that object, having obtained a three weeks' leave of absence, he started for his former home, on horseback, attended by his orderly.

On the second day's journey, while making for the village of S——, where he purposed halting for the night, he found himself overtaken by darkness in the very densest part of the Fôret Noir. The shades of night were gathering fast, and horses and riders were giving unequivocal evidence of exhaustion, when the sight of a light glimmering through the trees revived their drooping spirits. They followed its guidance, and soon found themselves in front of a rude sort of cabaret, the door of which, after loud and frequent calls, was opened by a surly ill-favoured fellow, who seemed unwilling to admit them; until, on bringing out a lantern, and seeing their uniform, and the superior quality of their horses, his scruples gave way and his tone altered. Giving his lantern to the groom, and pointing him to a wretched stable, he advised him to look to his animals, while he prepared something for his master's

supper. The officer, prepossessed neither by the aspect of the place nor the man, told his servant, in French, merely to take out the bits from the horses' mouths, feed them well, slacken the saddle-girths, look to the priming of his pistols, lay himself down in the manger, and be ready to join him, on the instant, if he heard him call.

As the proprietor of the house preceded him into his kitchen, the young Baron quickly drew his pistols from his holsters, secreted them in his belt (under cover of his cloak), and followed him. After seeing that his groom had his share of the eggs and bacon, brown bread, and Bavarian beer, which had been placed before himself, he expressed his wish to be shown his bed. He was escorted up a rickety stair, little better than a ladder, into a room, little better than a loft. Having taken a lamp of oil from the hand of his conductor, he wished him 'good night,' and forthwith began to examine his roosting-place. It was so dreary, denuded of furniture, and comfortless, that he had not the heart to divest himself of any of his clothing, but flung himself in his cloak on the bed. There he lay for some time, tossing and tumbling and fevered; when, in taking up and turning the pillow, for the purpose of adjusting it more comfortably to his head, he observed, to his horror, that one side of it was saturated with blood.

Such a sight did not, of course, tend to allay his apprehensions. He therefore cocked his pistols, and laid them by his side, drew his sword, and put it within his reach, and leaned warily and watchfully on his

elbow. The dim flickering flame of the lamp did not much add to the cheerful appearance of the room, All was silent as the grave for full two hours; when, just as he was getting drowsy, and thinking of yielding to the balmy influence of sleep, he happened to open his eyes and see a portion of the flooring heave and rise. Noiselessly creeping from the bed, he stood, with sword in hand, watching a trap-door gently raised by a human hand. With the rapidity of lightning, and with all the strength of his arm, he smote it! Down dropped the trap!—and the vault below echoed to a groan of anguish.

Depositing his pistols in his belt, the lamp in one hand, his drawn sword in the other, the young man ran down the stairs, every instant expecting to be attacked, but resolved to sell his life dearly. He reached the front door, unbarred it, and joined his servant without molestation. In a trice the horses were on their legs, the bits replaced, the saddle-girths tightened, and master and man on their backs, and off—full gallop.

When dawn broke, they had no conception where they were. Nine o'clock was striking as they entered a strange village. There they breakfasted, and found that their erratic wanderings of that morning and of the previous night had taken them nearly thirty miles out of the road. This necessarily entailed upon them another night out; but they spent it in secure and comfortable quarters.

It was nearly twelve o'clock on the third day when the young Baron descried the chimneys of his

birthplace. There was no smoke rising from them; there were no labourers stirring about; no sign of life. Whether his father were dead, he knew not. Whether his patrimony had been squandered away or sold, he knew not. As he drew near his heart sank within him, for he saw decay stamped on everything around; trees he had often sat under cut down; the beautiful iron gates of the court-yard rusted and hanging from their hinges; the pavement overgrown with grass and weeds; some of the windows broken or patched with pasted paper; others with their outside shutters flapping against the wall under the wind's influence. But for the brighter look of one window, he would have concluded the house to be untenanted. He knocked and thundered at the hall door, but obtained no answer. They tied their horses by their bridles to the railings of the court, and were about to rush against the door and burst it open, when the servant saw a pallid, vicious face peering from the window mentioned. Finding that no notice was vouchsafed to them, they made a forcible entry into the house, darted up stairs, and made for the room at which the human face, not divine but diabolical, had been seen. On entering it, the son found himself in presence of his father—haggard, wan, and ill, and looking all the villain that he was. Nevertheless, he offered him his hand. With a scowl of unutterable hate, with a blasphemous oath, and with a threatening gesture, he held up a bloody mutilated stump in his face, and with grinding teeth, exclaimed, 'There's your answer.'

Briefly to end this strange eventful history. Baron F——g, having, by his evil courses, reduced himself to abject penury, had joined a gang of lawless desperadoes, who were leagued together to rob and murder for their livelihood. On the night of the younger Baron's misadventure, the bulk of the band were out on some enterprise of darkness: and the only members remaining at the place of rendezvous were—the entertainer and the would-be murderer. On the late and unexpected arrival of the travellers, the *ci-devant* Baron was in bed; but, on his confederate's apprising him that there was a young man sleeping in the house who evidently had money, and reminding him, at the same time, that it was his turn to dispose of any chance traveller that fell into their toils, he readily undertook the task, little dreaming that his intended victim was his son.

When the tragic truth revealed itself to the horror-stricken young nobleman, he left the room in silence; rejoined his servant without uttering a syllable of explanation; returned to his regiment without ever alluding to his disgrace, and eagerly sought, and soon found, an honourable death in the next engagement which took place between Napoleon the First and the House of Austria.

1850. February 7. We dined with Mr. Laurence and Lady Jane Peel. Mr. Peel had said to me on the 4th, when he asked us, 'We shall be a small party, but your friend Rogers dines with us.' On the 5th, I met Mr. Peel again, when he said, 'I am sorry to say you will not meet Rogers to-morrow, for he has

written to say that, when he accepted our invitation, it had quite escaped him that he was pre-engaged to be present at Lady Olivia Ossulston's marriage.' I was, therefore, not a little surprised to meet him, after all. The party was a most agreeable one, as all in that house are sure to be; but Rogers was out of humour. Whenever I meet him at smart houses I observe he is shown as much attention as if he were the first person in the room. It is well known that, if he is in cue, he can make a party go off well; and that if he is crusty he can set people by the ears: so that it becomes a matter of policy with those who care for his society to propitiate him by letting him take into dinner some lady, distinguished either for high rank, or fashion, or beauty. On this occasion, with one exception (and she was otherwise bespoken), there was no very beautiful lady present. He was annoyed to find that the lady alluded to was not allotted to him; and still more so to find that there were three or four very agreeable and cultivated gentlemen present, who could talk as well as himself. The consequence of these adverse circumstances was, that he became very sour and taciturn. During dinner he hardly opened his lips; but afterwards, when the ladies had withdrawn, our host, in his courteous and benevolent manner, thus addressed him:—'It was a most agreeable surprise to us to find from your note of this morning that you would dine here, in spite of Lady Olivia's marriage. How did it go off?' 'I was not at it. I meant to go; but came here instead; for I have always said that I would rather any day go to

a funeral than to a marriage, and therefore I came here'—meaning, politely, to convey to host and guests that it was a dull party: the very reverse of the truth.

1850. February 9. After dinner, at Mr. W. Beckett's, a startling story was told me, first, by the Honourable Archie McDonald, secondly, by Mrs. Morier. I did not tell the latter I had already heard it, as I wished to have the details impressed on my memory by having it repeated. There was no variation whatever in the version. The story is too curious to pass over. I do not pledge myself to the accuracy of the narration, as far as words and language are concerned; but I conceive the facts to be substantially correct.

A lady of high rank, residing on the family estate in Ireland, advertised for a governess for her daughters. The advertisement was promptly answered by a French lady of high character, a Mlle. H——. After a personal interview, equally satisfactory to both parties, the lady was engaged. She had not long been domesticated in the family circle, before she succeeded, not only in winning the confidence and esteem of all its members, but in inspiring the nephew of the lady of the house with a degree of admiration dangerous to his peace of mind. Being, however, a man of principle, and knowing that his means were not such as to justify his engaging himself to a portionless lady of inferior social position to his own, he resolved at once to nip his nascent passion in the bud, and neither by word, nor look, nor inflection of voice, betray the secret of his soul.

After the lapse of some months, while the family were

assembled round the breakfast-table, they were surprised by the abrupt entrance of the groom of the chambers, requesting to know if her ladyship were at home to visitors. She asked him his motive for such a question at such an hour. 'Because, my lady, I have just seen a carriage-and-four coming along the coach road towards the house: and the livery of the servant in the rumble looks like a foreign one. As it certainly is not like that of any of our own people, I thought it better to learn your ladyship's pleasure beforehand, that I might know what to say to enquirers.'

'Whoever it be, they must have come on some matter of importance, or they would not come at such an hour. Let them in, by all means,' said Lady E——.

Intense was the curiosity manifested by all the party to know who the visitors were, and what their object could be for coming at such an hour. They were not long kept in suspense; for, in a few seconds, carriage-wheels were heard grating on the gravel under the windows; and four smoking posters were seen dragging a heavy Berline to the front door. The hall bell was pulled violently; a courier sprang from his seat, flung open the carriage door, and handed out two well-dressed persons. After a few minutes, the servant came into the breakfast-room, and announced that two gentlemen in the library wanted to see Mlle. H—— the governess. Though unaffectedly astonished, she jumped up from table with alacrity, and went into the library. After a protracted absence, she returned to the breakfast-room, where the ladies were still waiting for her; and, with flushed cheeks and flurried manner, begged Lady

E—— to be kind enough to step into the library to speak to two friends of hers, who had something of importance to communicate. Lady E—— at once complied with her request, while her pupils surrounded Mlle. H——, and assailed her with questions of all sorts. In no mood for cross-examination, she broke loose from them, rushed up stairs, and locked herself in her room. On Lady E——'s entering the library, both strangers advanced towards her, and bowed respectfully; while one of them, addressing her in French, apologized for their unseasonable intrusion, but expressed his conviction that she would overlook it when she was made to understand the important object of their visit. He then told her that Mlle. H—— had delegated to him a duty which, of right, devolved on herself, but which she had not the moral courage to discharge, especially after the extraordinary kindness shown her. 'It behoves me, then, to tell your ladyship frankly that, in pretending to be dependent on her own exertions for her bread, Mlle. H—— has imposed upon you, for she is as well born as yourself, and, for aught I know, as well off. For any blame you may be disposed to ascribe to her, we are alone responsible. It was at our instance that she answered your ladyship's advertisement; hoping that, under such a roof as yours, she would be secure from the persecution of an unscrupulous cousin, who conceived that she was endeavouring to supplant him in the good graces of a relative, whose favour he had forfeited solely by his own misconduct. The old gentleman alluded to died only three or four days ago, and

has bequeathed his all to your governess. She is now mistress of a noble chateau in the south of France, and has succeeded to an unencumbered rent-roll of £7,000 a year. The object of our visit, as her trustees, is to announce that fact to Mlle. H——, and to apprise her, at the same time, that her presence is required imperatively this day month, to hear the will read, and to meet the avocat, the executors, and certain legatees interested.'

Lady E——, overwhelmed as she was by news which sounded more like fiction than fact, did not forget the rites of hospitality, but pressed her visitors to stay and take refreshment. This they declined, and with ample acknowledgments of her urbanity, withdrew, jumped into their carriage, and were driven away as rapidly as they came.

As soon as they had quitted the house, Lady E—— hastened back to her nephew and daughters, and told them of the improved fortunes of Mlle. H——. The young ladies were highly excited; and, though rejoicing in the sudden prosperity of one they had learned to value as a friend, were not without certain selfish regrets at the prospect of parting with such a treasure. But the effect produced on the gentleman was very different. Disparity of station, and inadequacy of means, had alone prevented him from declaring his passion for the governess; but now that those obstacles were removed, he determined to avow his attachment. As I heard no details, I will not attempt to give them; but will content myself with stating that, in the first instance, so far from receiving his advances

with encouragement, she gave him to understand that she suspected her money had more attraction for him than her person, assigning as her reason for such impression, that he had shunned her while he thought her poor, but had sought her as soon as he found her rich. He assured her that he had loved her at first sight, but had been deterred by honourable motives, and the inadequacy of his fortune, from thinking of matrimony; that he had therefore purposely kept out of danger's way; but that, as to wishing to marry her for the sake of her money, it was a cruel imputation, which stung him to the quick, &c., &c. Before finishing all he had to say, he left the room, rushed to the stables, saddled a horse, mounted it, and rode to the neighbouring town in search of a Notary Public. After some hours' absence he returned, sought an interview, and thrust into her hands a legal instrument, by which he conveyed to her, absolutely and unconditionally, every farthing he had in the world. 'There,' said he, 'you charged me with wooing you for your money's sake. I surrender into your keeping my few hundreds a year; and all I ask in return is your hand and your heart. I do not, by this act, mean to buy your love, but rather to shew you that my own is pure and disinterested. I ask for no settlements. If I prove myself unworthy of you, your money will be in your own power. If I live to deserve your love, you will never let me want.'

Fairly vanquished by such generosity, she yielded to his solicitations, and agreed to elope with him. The honeymoon had hardly run its course, before the un-

happy Benedict discovered that he had been entrapped by a penniless adventuress, who, seeing that, in spite of his reserve, she had captivated him, and finding that he had a moderate fortune, by the help of two confederates, and her own adroitness, had thus made herself mistress of his patrimony. The lady was one whose name had been before the public previously in connection with a tragedy in which she was supposed to have played a conspicuous part. The ill-starred husband was said to have joined a few of his countrymen, entered the regiment of B—— B——'s, and sought to repair his desperate fortunes at the sword's point in the Crimean War.

1850. March 4. Lunched with Mr. W. Beckett, to meet Don Miguel and Vicomte Queluz. In company with Colonel Waymouth, escorted them over the Pavilion, its stables, the Pier. For Lord Palmerston's opinion of Don Miguel, vide his Life, by Sir H. Bulwer.

1850. April 15. Dined with Mr. Hallam, the historian. A party.

1850. May 6. Dined with Admiral Meynell. Among the party was Captain Macquhae, the person who first saw the sea serpent. He gave us the whole account, with an air of great simplicity and truthfulness. Meynell said he had known him for years, and believed him incapable of exaggeration. Every officer on Macquhae's ship saw the serpent as distinctly as Macquhae. They saw it with their glasses first. Afterwards, as it came close to them, with their naked eye. Supposing Macquhae himself to have been mistaken, one can hardly believe every officer on board his ship to have been so too.

1850. June 12. Lunched with Arthur Macleane, Principal of Brighton College, and George Long. Macleane gave me an amusing account of a scene he once witnessed with a monkey. He was on a visit to a friend in the Madras Presidency, when the said friend was summoned to a more northern station on matters of moment. Before leaving, he said to Macleane: 'My dear friend, I want to consign to your care a pet of mine, a female monkey. I have so high an opinion of her qualities, that I have appointed her as guardian to four little puppies, who are orphans. I hope, joking apart, that you will not mind my leaving her tied up in the corner of the room in which you write.'

As soon as his friend had taken his departure, a black servant entered the room in which Macleane was, and placed in one corner of it a large wooden stand, with a perch on it, and a broad ledge under it. My lady monkey was then formally introduced. She jumped up on her seat, and looked around on every side with an air of no small importance. She was evidently fully sensible of the responsibility involved in the guardianship of the pups. Macleane, though much engrossed with the matter he had on hand (he was writing for the local paper, of which he was editor), could not resist an occasional glance at the demure self-sufficiency of the monkey, and also at her grotesque mode of enforcing discipline on her refractory *protégés*. As she had business of her own to attend to—viz. the demolition of sundry nuts, which had been put before her; and, as she had no notion of allowing her meal to be interrupted by the freaks of her baby charges,

she clapped the tail of one under her towards the north; of another towards the south; of another towards the east; of the fourth towards the west; so that if any one of them, wishing to indulge a 'truant disposition,' contrived, by wriggling, to extricate its tail from beneath its guardian's seat, it was promptly caught up, and slapped, and the tail reinstated in its proper quarters.

The next day, while Macleane was engaged in the same pursuit as before, a native servant, with a small hatchet, came in to dock the ears and tails of the puppies. On the unwelcome visitor's boldly withdrawing one of the little ones from the monkey's hind-quarters, she protested indignantly against his utter disregard of her authority. But when she saw the man by way of answer deliberately, with his hatchet, chop off its tail, obeying the instinct of self-preservation, she caught up her own, abandoned the other three pups to their fate, and sprang on the architrave of the door, evidently thinking that, if tails were to be treated with so little ceremony as that, the sooner she made herself scarce the better, lest she should have to 'leave her tail behind her.'

When Macleane was at Trinity College, Cambridge, he, one day, met the Marquis Spoleto, a teacher of Italian, and a refugee, and thus accosted him,—

'Have you many pupils this term?'

'Vel, I ave vone in Hebrew.'

'Dear me,' said Macleane, 'I had no idea you knew Hebrew.'

'Vel, no; not exactly. But then, you see, we do not begin for vone five veek.'

1850. July 2. Went to the Scottish *fête*. Sat with Lord Ely and James Adam Gordon. Jung Bahador and the Nepaulese Princes there. Nothing could be more cold and impassive than their deportment when witnessing feats of strength which astonished every one else. With true Oriental cunning, they were disguising their real feelings. In the evening dined at Stafford House. There were at dinner the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Argyll, the Marquis and Marchioness of Kildare, Lord and Lady Anson, Lord Bagot, Lady Dover and the two Miss Ellises, Lady Mary Howard, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Howard and Miss ——, Hon. and Rev. Gerald Wellesley, Mr. Monckton Milnes, Mr. Stafford O'Brien, Sir Edwin Landseer, and Sir Charles Barry. In the evening there were the Duchess of Norfolk and Lady A. Howard, Lord Edward Howard, Baron Parke and daughter. During dinner the Duchess received a note from Lady Peel, from Whitehall, with a bulletin of Sir Robert's state, and giving but faint hopes of his life. The Duchess was most gracious, and took me into the great room to show me the grand Murillos purchased from Marshal Soult. The Duchess of Norfolk and all the guests who had come in the evening having dispersed, I made my bow and walked home with Sir Edwin Landseer, who was going to pass the house in which I was staying. In going up St. James's Street, he looked in at Brooke's to see if he could hear more news of Sir Robert. While we were standing on the door-step under a strong gas-light, a strange gentleman passing rapidly by, and recognizing Landseer, turned back and said to him, 'Sir Edwin, I make no apology

for addressing you, as I know you are well acquainted with Sir Robert Peel! You will be painfully interested to know that I have just left his door, and that he is dead. He died a quarter of an hour ago.'

Sir Edwin then proposed that we should return to Stafford House and tell the Duchess. On arriving, we found that, as soon as her own party had broken up, she had gone to Lady Waldegrave's. It was curious to see the rapid change which had taken place in the appearance of the house within a quarter of an hour. When we had left, it was a blaze of light and beauty—the hall filled with servants. When we returned, all the lights were extinguished, with the exception of one hall lamp, and no one but the night-porter was to be seen.

1850. May 10. Went to a private club, called 'The Cave,' with Harry Hallam. It is composed of none but men of intellectual mark. I met there Messrs. Kenneth, Macaulay, Bentinck, Spring Rice, Thackeray, Lushington, Tom Taylor, and Venables. Plenty of good talk.

1850. June 25. Dined with Lady Essex, and met a most agreeable party, consisting of the versatile and accomplished Dr. Quin, Mr. Charles Greville, Colonel Dawson Damer, Landseer, Lady Monson, Mrs. William Locke, Pasta, Viardot, and Parodi. I took Pasta in to dinner, and found her delightful. After dinner she was asked to sing; and sitting down to the piano, she commenced her great song, 'Ombra adorata.' But the change from what she had been was dreadful. She sang out of tune beyond belief; yet did not seem conscious of it herself. Parodi, her pupil and favourite, sang

also, and well, but is deficient in charm. Viardot, with generous forbearance, declined to sing. Landseer told me a capital story. He was commissioned (I think) by Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, to paint a favourite dog of his; but the great artist had so many works on hand of greater importance, that he begged for some months' delay. After the lapse of considerable time, he met Mr. Wells in the street, and told him that he thought he should be able, at last, to paint his pet.

Mr. Wells (*loq*). 'Alas, my dear friend, it is too late! I have lost him!'

Landseer. 'That is to say, he is stolen.'

Mr. Wells. 'No. I have no reason for thinking so. I lost him in the streets.'

Landseer. 'I am sure he is stolen! Will you still give me the commission to paint him if I recover him for you?'

Mr. Wells. 'Gladly.'

Landseer instantly, on returning to St. John's Wood, sent for a well-known dog-fancier, described the characteristic points of the animal, and told him he should be well paid if he would find him.

Dog-fancier (scratching his head reflectively, and repeating to himself, aloud, the description given). 'Black and tan, wi' very long ears. Large eyes. I've see'd that dog somewhere, I'll swear! I dessay I could bring him in a fortnight.'

Landseer. 'A fortnight! Nonsense! I must have him in forty-eight hours!'

Dog-fancier. 'It could not be done, Sir, in the time.'

Landseer. 'Well; I have no doubt you could put your

hand upon him in no time. But if you won't—then bring him as soon as you can.'

At the end of a fortnight the man entered Landseer's hall with the dog in his arms.

Landseer. 'Oh! so you've brought him at last, have you. Now, why could not you have let me have it before?'

Dog-fancier. 'Well, Sir, you're an old friend, and won't peach! But the fact were, I stole the dog! But—honour among thieves!—I sold it to a trump of a old lady in Portland Place for such a howdacious good sum, I felt it would not be just not to let her enjoy it, at least, for a fortnight.'

This reminds me of a story which I heard long after.

When bear-baiting was the fashion in France, Count D'Orsay, knowing that Landseer was sometimes obliged to have recourse to dog-fanciers for the loan of models, asked him to get him a bull-dog of very superior strength and courage. Landseer sent accordingly for Ben White, a man standing at the very pinnacle of his profession.

It was not long before he presented himself to D'Orsay with a hideous bull-dog by his side.

Landseer (introducing the dog-fancier). 'Count, this is Mr. White, who has brought his dog for you to look at.'

D'Orsay. 'Ah, Vite! I have often heard of you; and I believe, of all de Vites, you are de best.'

White. 'Thank yer lordship.'

D'Orsay. 'Vel, Vite, vat vill de dog do?'

White. 'Vel, my lord, he'll go in and fight the bear till he aint got a leg to stand on!'

D'Orsay. 'A bas, Vite! No good. Take him avay. I must have a dog that can fight de bear till the bear has not got a leg to stand on!'

1850. July 5. The two following letters, the originals of which are in my possession, were written five-and-thirty years ago by a spoiled boy at Eton to his too indulgent father.

'*Eton, February* 2, 1815.

'MY DEAR PAPA.—I arrived here safe and well; but am sorry to tell you that I have been flogged; and if you don't want me to be called a gentleman, take me away. Oh! papa! papa! did I not ask you not to send me back? I told you how it would be. I am kept up till twelve o'clock at night. I cannot learn my lessons. I am flogged every day; and, unless you come and take me away, I must run away in less than one week. I must run away indeed: indeed I must, if you don't write to say so. In less than one week, mind! Upon my honour I must; for I cannot stand it. Did I not tell you how it would be? Pray come up in a day or two and settle it. If you don't, I must run away. Give my love to all. God bless you.

Your affectionate son,

———— ————.

'P.S. Mind! One week! Pray come up, and then you can settle it. Mind—I don't want to run away; but you must take me away. If you will, I will try all I can to learn with my aunt and grandmama, or else at Mr. Church's. The Easter holidays in four weeks! Write by return of post.'

'*Eton, February* 5, 1815.

'MY DEAR PAPA.—I am now going to give you a full account of how I have been used since I have been here. In the week before I received your comfortable letter, one night I was going down stairs, I was pushed down them and hurt my back terribly. While I was down, they licked me in the face, and kicked me about. They take the bed-clothes away; they tear the books to pieces, and I cannot do my lessons; and if I was to tell you more about the way I am used, you would fly to take your child away. And as for telling my tutor about it, it is no more use than telling the poker. I am flogged every day, and it is impossible for me to do my lessons.

Yesterday, a great big boy kicked me in the back, just where I tumbled. As for running away, I would no more do that than fly in the air: so, if you don't want me to be worse off than before, just you come up to Eton in one day or two; then you can take me to Dr. Keate, to tell him you cannot let me stop any longer. Then he will say no more. Take my advice, and come. If you don't want me to be killed, don't write to my tutor. If you do, he will speak to Dr. Keate, and he will speak to the boys, and then they will get sticks and beat me, and then I shall be laid up. Take my advice, and come up by Tuesday or Wednesday. Don't write to Dr. Keate, or I shall be killed. There is not a place I go to but I'm beat. I will give you my honour, I attend particularly to personal cleanliness; and I will give you my word and honour, again and again, that I am grown a very good boy. I would not say so, if I was not. I don't bite my nails, nor nothing what my grandmama forbid me. I say my prayers earnestly by day and by night. And I

will give you my honour again, that if you will take me away in one week or two, that I will try all I can to learn with my grandmama, and Mr. Church, if you will. When you come up, you will find what an expense you have put yourself to for such an idle vagabond as I am. O take, take, take me away. Do come up in one week, or I shall die with fatigue. Don't write again. Tell dear little Teddy that he will see me in one week, when the dearest of fathers comes up to take me away. When you come up, you will be glad to the bottom of your heart that you have taken me away; for I will tell you all about it going down in the coach. You can take me away and pay at the end of the month.

I remain, dear Papa,

Your affectionate Son,

——— ———.

'P.S. I am dying with fatigue.'

1851. November 13. Being exhausted in body and unhinged in mind by many nights' unremitting attendance on a relative who had been dangerously ill, my doctor insisted on my relinquishing my post to another, and going elsewhere for change of scene and air. As my invalid was convalescent, I felt no hesitation in obeying orders; and, therefore, went to Brighton to pass a few days with my father who was then residing in the Old Steyne.

I arrived at his door on Tuesday, the 11th, in the evening, and retired early to bed, sanguine that, after so many sleepless vigils, I should enjoy a night of unbroken rest. I have always been blessed with a remarkable talent for sleep, generally losing conscious-

ness as soon as my candle has been extinguished, and rarely recovering it till it has been time to rise. I was, therefore, the more surprised on this occasion at finding myself, within a couple of hours after I had retired, wide awake. I fancy this must have been about half-past eleven, because, half-an-hour after, I heard the clock on the stairs strike twelve. I ought to mention that, at night, in certain conditions of health, I have sometimes suffered from a morbid activity of memory, utterly destructive of sleep or even of tranquillity. At such times I have been pursued by one prevailing idea, which I have been unable to shake off; or been haunted by snatches of old airs, or harassed by the reiteration of one text of Scripture, and one only. It was not long ago that, after having drunk some very strong coffee, I lay awake for three hours, repeating, in spite of myself, over and over again, the following words from St. Peter's First Epistle, 'Whom having not seen, ye love: in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.' By no exercise of ingenuity could I get rid of these words. I tried to substitute others in their place, but in vain. Well, it was under some such mental impression that, on waking up on Monday night last, I was possessed, as it were, by four mystic words, each of one syllable, conveying no more idea to my mind than if they were gibberish, and yet delivered with as much solemnity of tone, deliberation of manner, and pertinacity of sequence, as if they were meant to convey to me some momentous intimation. They were all the more exciting that they were

unintelligible, and apparently incapable of serving any ostensible purpose. They were accompanied by no vision. They were, if I may use such a word, an audition, and nothing more. I could not exclude them by putting cotton in my ears, for they came from within, and not from without. To try to supplant them by encouraging a fresh train of ideas was hopeless: my will and my reason were alike subservient to some irresistible occult force. The words which beset me were, 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court'; and they were separated, as I have written them, into monosyllables; and were repeated with an incisive distinctness and monotonous precision which was distracting. I sat up in my bed and struck a light to make myself sure that I was awake, and not dreaming. All the while were reiterated, as if in a circle, the same wild words, 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I lay down again, and put out my candle: 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I turned on my left side: 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I turned to the right: 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court.' I endeavoured, as a means of dispersing these evil spirits—for they began almost to assume the importance of spirits in my heated brain—to count sheep over a stile, but still, 'Dowd'—'swell'—'pull'—'court' rang in my ears and reverberated through my mind. I counted my respirations. In short, I had recourse to every imaginable conceit by which to woo sleep, and ward off my ghostly, verbal tormentors. I tried to call to mind all the people I cared for—then all the people I disliked. I tried to conjure up the recollection of all the murders

or sensational incidents I had ever read or heard of, in the hope of diverting my thoughts into other channels; but in vain. I then began to analyse the signification of the words themselves. 'What,' said I to myself, 'can be the meaning of "Dowd"? I never heard of such a word. I have heard of a bird called a "dodo," and I think there is one in the Zoological Gardens. I know the meaning of the verb "to swell"; and I am familiar with the slang substantive "a swell." I know the meaning of the verb "to court," and of the substantive "a court." There is no difficulty about the word "pull"; but what earthly connection can there be between these words, that they should be thus linked together, and addressed to me? Ah, I begin to discern the truth. I am trying to make sense out of nonsense. The painful scenes I have lately witnessed, while in attendance on my friend, has upset the balance of my brain, and I am going mad.' I had not pursued this train of melancholy reflection long, when I fell into a profound slumber, from which I was only aroused by my father's voice summoning me to breakfast. I sprang out of bed, made a hasty toilet, and joined him. On his asking me how I had slept, I told him how curiously I had been disturbed in the night. My narrative inspired him with more of ridicule than of pity.

About midday I paid a visit to the Miss Smiths, daughters of the late Horace Smith. I found Frederick Robertson, then in the zenith of his well-deserved fame, sitting with them, and engaged in somewhat transcendental talk, to which my entrance had put a

stop. I told them I should withdraw unless they were kind enough to resume the thread of their argument. They did so; but, after a while, the conversation turned to Herr von Reichenbach's book, and his theory on the subject of Odic Force, then to the philosophy of dreams. As soon as there was a slight pause in the conversation, I repeated to them with avidity my nocturnal experience; but instead of its producing the effect I had expected on my auditors, it only provoked an interchange of quizzical looks, between them which convinced me that, in oriental phrase, I had been eating dirt. I soon rose and took my leave. As soon as Robertson saw me rise, he took up his hat and stick and followed me: and when we had reached the door-step, he, who was always considerate of the feelings of others, perceiving that my vanity had been mortified by the silence with which my tale had been received, took my arm and said, 'My dear Young, I hope you will forgive me if I say, that I never before heard you tell anything so pointless as what you have just repeated to the Miss Smiths and myself.'

'Ah,' said I, 'I perceived you thought so; but that does not alter my opinion. To me the whole thing is fraught with interest and mystery. I am sure that thereby hangs a tale. I only wish I knew it.'

It was on Wednesday, the 12th, that these words passed between my friend Frederick Robertson and and myself. On Thursday, the 13th, I walked into Folthorp's library to read the papers; and, as usual, ran my eye down the births, marriages, and deaths

in 'The Times.' As I came to the obituary, the following notice caught my sight:—

'On Tuesday night, November the 11th, John E. Dowdswell of Pull Court, Tewkesbury.' So that, certainly, on the selfsame night, and, possibly, at the very time when I was haunted by his name and place of residence, his spirit might have quitted its earthly tabernacle, and winged its flight to its eternal home.

1852. May 20. 'I went with a friend to Charles Kean's private box to see 'The Corsican Brothers.' He came up and sat with us. He asked me how I liked the getting-up of the piece. I praised it unreservedly. I could not help expressing my admiration of Alfred Wigan's acting. 'Yes,' said he, 'his Frenchman is the Frenchman of the Faubourg St. Martin: mine, I flatter myself, is the Parisian of the Faubourg St. Germain.' He told me that, when he was fulfilling an engagement at Dublin, Lord Normanby, then Lord-Lieutenant, asked him to dine and accompany him to some private theatricals in which an amateur of original powers was to play the part of Hamlet. He was said to have thrown new light on obscure passages. The following Charles Kean gave me as a specimen of his inventive faculty:—

'The spirit that I have seen
May be a devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape: yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn me.'

As an improvement on the hackneyed traditional delivery of the last line, he rendered it thus:—

'Out of my weakness and my melancholy
(As he is very potent with such spirits)
Abuses me, too,—Damn me!'

Charles Kean afterwards told me the remarkable ghost story, mentioned in Mrs. Crewe's 'Nightside of Nature,' vol. i. p. 332, and of which I find the heroine was Mrs. Chapman, the sister of Mrs. Charles Kean.

The lady with whom I went to see 'The Corsican Brothers' told me she was dining one day at Dr. Ashburner's, where she met a party, chiefly composed of French republicans; among them Pierre Le Roux and Charles and Louis Blanc. Charles Blanc sat directly opposite to her; Louis took her into dinner, and sat next to her. Overhearing some one at table talking of the play of 'The Corsican Brothers,' then having a great run at the Princess's Theatre, she asked him if he had been to see it. He confessed that he had not, but at the same time, expressed his intention of soon going; 'for,' said he, 'I ought to take a personal interest in it, and my brother too, seeing that we may, in a certain sense, consider ourselves as the heroes of the piece.' 'Pardon me,' said my lady friend, 'I think you are in error there; for Mr. Kean told me that it was taken from a play which he had seen at the Porte St. Martin in Paris, and which was founded on a story of Alexandre Dumas', entitled, "Les Deux Freres Corses."' 'Just so,' replied L. Blanc, 'and that story owed its origin to a remarkable circumstance which befell your *vis à vis* and myself. Probably you are not aware that Charles and I are twins, and natives of Corsica. I was one day walking in

the streets of Paris, arm in arm with an old friend, when I suddenly felt a shock through one of my arms, as if it had been pierced through with a rapier. The pain was so acute that I could not help crying out. My friend asked me if I were ill. He could hardly believe me when I assured him I was not. We walked on together, and he continued his conversation; but I felt so weighed down by an inexplicable depression of spirit, that I could neither respond to his remarks, nor hold up my head. I had a strong presentiment that some disaster had befallen my brother, though he was more than a hundred leagues from me.

'My brother Charles and I, you must understand, came into the world almost at the same time; and in physical organization, as well as mental and moral constitution, are so intimately alike, that we may be almost considered as duplicates of the same creation. Such is the nervous sympathy between us, and our identity of sentiment on every subject, that I would undertake to say that, if one of us were at the North Pole and the other at the South, and telegrams could be sent to each, soliciting our opinion on any given subject, we should be sure to return the same answer. We are of one heart and one mind, and the love we bear to each other almost surpasses that of women. If one rejoice, the other rejoices with him. If one suffer, the other suffers with him. And thus it was that, a few seconds after I felt the sickening smart in my arm, I was so sure that some painful accident or other had befallen Charles, that I asked my friend to look at his watch and tell me the hour. On reaching home I telegraphed to my

brother, and learned that at the very instant I felt the pain in the biceps of *my* arm, *his* had been run through by a sword in a duel with the editor of a provincial newspaper, who had attacked me scurrilously in his columns, and whom Charles in consequence had challenged.' After dinner, at his brother's request, Charles Blanc bared his arm to the lady and showed the scar of his wound in confirmation of the story.

1852. June 3. Both at lunch and at dinner at Miss B. Coutts'. Met Abbot Laurence, and had some conversation with him on the subject of arboriculture, in which he seems to be a proficient. In the evening heard, that, an advocate, in his defence of a notorious murderer wound up his speech in his behalf with the following appeal:—"Ah! mes amis! Il à tué son pére et sa mêre, et, à présent, il est orphelin. Le Pauvre! Il faut le protéger.

1852. July 5. My father, being anxious (I believe[1]) to give a helping hand to a friend who had been reduced by adverse fortune, to adopt literature as a means of livelihood, wrote to Charles Dickens, and asked him to insert some of her writings in 'Household Words.' I subjoin his answer for two reasons:—first, to show how much critical acumen he brought to bear on the articles submitted to him for insertion in his periodical; 2ndly, to show the evident pain it cost him, as caterer for the public taste, to reject any article which he believed would be unpalatable to it.

[1] I am bound to say that this is a gratuitous assumption on my part, drawn from the contents of Mr. Dickens's letter. I have no notion who the lady alluded to was.

Office of Household Words,
16, *Wellington Street, North Strand,*
Wednesday evening, July 1, 1852.

'MY DEAR YOUNG.—I have gone carefully over the enclosed papers, and am very sorry to say that I can make no use of them here. They have none of the qualities that are essential for "Household Words." The writing is very agreeable and lady-like; but there is no novelty of observation, or charm of expression, or plain force of purpose, or compactness of treatment, to separate it from hundreds upon hundreds of similar contributions that are for ever coming here. "The Lion and the Spaniel" is not, as the writer supposes, a new story, and could be better related in two pages than in ten. (Besides which, the concluding reflections take it for granted that the lion really is a very brave animal, which some wise naturalists of later times have seen reason to doubt.) "The Bittern" is an essay on the ordinary essayical model, which tells the reader nothing previously unknown, and which could only be made acceptable for the sake of what it does tell, by that information being communicated in a picturesque and special way. Exactly the same objection applies with at least equal force to the essay called "The Victories of Love." "The Village Home," and "The Brother and Sister," are children's stories, and quite out of the road of a publication addressing so large an audience as this of ours does—in which the constant endeavour is, to adapt every paper to the reception of a number of classes and various orders of mind at once.

'I enter into these prosing details because *you* take the papers out of the ordinary category, by being interested in them, and because you have really interested

me, too, by what you have told me of the writer. I have considered the probabilities of their being accepted elsewhere, and really cannot suggest a periodical (able and willing to pay for them) that I think likely to receive them. Whether such publishers for young people as Messrs. Darton & Co., of Holborn Hill, or Harris, of St. Paul's Churchyard, would think them adapted to their purpose, I doubt—but I cannot, honestly, awaken a better hope. In this I may be mistaken, and I should be very glad to know it.

'If you could see the sub-editor's basket of proffered contributions for one week, you would not wonder—if you do now—at my having a heavy sense of the responsibility of encouraging a writer to proceed on insufficient grounds.

My dear Young,

Ever your faithful and true Friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

'P. S. If the lady should wish to send me anything else through you, I will read it most readily, and with a hearty desire (as I have had in the case of the present papers) to accept it if I possibly can.'

CHAPTER XV.

1852. September 15. At Tunbridge Wells. I met, in the same hotel as that in which I was, a most agreeable gentleman—Mr. ——, Recorder of ———. I found that he shared my admiration of all the Napiers. He told me, in consequence, the following very charming story.

The late Sir John Morillyon Wilson, Adjutant of Chelsea College, went to pay a visit to his brother-in-law, Sir George Houlton, at his place, Farley Castle, near Bath. On the first day of his arrival, as Sir John was going up to his room to dress for dinner, his host overtook him on the stairs, and said to him, 'I hope you don't expect any party to-day. We have purposely invited but one person to dine with us, for we thought your wife would feel fatigued by her journey, and that you would prefer a quiet conversation with such a man as Sir William Napier, to a formal dinner composed of strangers.' 'What?' said Sir John, 'do you mean to say that it is the author of "The Peninsular War" that you expect at dinner to-day? There is no man in England I have such a desire to meet.'

Sir John Wilson was a handsome man, with an air *très distingué;* and one can readily believe, that if

Napier's well-earned renown, as soldier and historian, made him an object of interest to Wilson, Wilson's good looks and gallant mien would be sure to recommend him in turn to Napier. And such turned out to be the case. They were mutually attracted to each other. When the ladies had quitted the dining-room, they drew their chairs together by the fireside, and soon found that they had many subjects in common. They ran through their military campaigns, and argued, with characteristic animation, on certain debateable questions of strategy in the conduct of the different battles of the Peninsula. In the course of their argument, Wilson broached a theory which caused Napier to say, 'It is all very well for you to hold that opinion. You are sound in wind and limb: but if you were such an old battered hulk as I am, and had been riddled through and through as I have been, you would adopt another tone.'

'Well,' replied Wilson, 'I certainly cannot boast as many honourable scars as you; but I have been dangerously wounded in my time, and I doubt if you have ever lain nearer to death's door than I have.'

'Indeed! I fancied you had not a scratch about you. Where were you wounded, and when?' He told him: and in recapitulating the circumstances, went on to say, 'I assure you, that when I reflect on the desperate condition in which I was, I regard my being now alive as nothing less than a miracle. I remember, as I lay on the field, faint, giddy, gasping for breath, and convinced I was face to face with the last enemy, raising my eyelids, and seeing one of the noblest beings

I ever beheld, approaching me with rapid strides. He had a countenance of dauntless resolution, and a bearing that made me almost tremble with apprehension that he was going to give me my *coup de grâce*. His eye seemed, not figuratively but actually, to flash fire. There was a fierceness in his glance which, I fancied, betokened me no good. He had no sooner, however, come near me, and observed my helpless and almost hopeless condition, than he sheathed his drawn sword—relaxed his distended nostril—opened his close-set lips—gave me a look of benevolent sympathy—drew from out his side-pocket a silver flask of brandy, and applied it to my parched lips. As I drank, I felt the life-blood tingling again in my veins. He took off his cloak from his broad shoulders, and wrapped it round me; and, with the tenderness of a sister, raised me in his arms and hoisted me against a gun-carriage. He left me for a second or two, to seek a knapsack; which, when found, he placed under the nape of my neck. Then, once more applying the cordial to my mouth, he stroked my cheek, and left me with these consolatory words: "You'll do now, friend. You were only suffering from loss of blood, and want of a little timely cordial. God bless you!" It was not long before our regimental surgeon came to me. While he was tending my wound, I had sufficient strength to tell him what had befallen me. "Ah," said he, "you would have soon sunk from loss of blood and want of stimulus, but for the timely succour of your good Samaritan."'

Sir William, who through the narrative had fidgetted restlessly on his chair, asked Sir John if he had ever

discovered who the person was that had come to his help? 'Never,' was the answer; 'I wish to heaven I could.' 'Well,' said his interrogator, 'I know him, and can tell you his name. It was one William Napier.' Age, frightful suffering, and the growth of a white beard and moustache had made such a change in the looks of his benefactor, that Wilson had failed to recognize him. On the other hand, the whole scene, as painted by Sir John, had risen vividly before the mind's eye of his auditor. One may more easily imagine than describe the emotion of Sir John Wilson on discovering that the very man to whom he was telling his story was its hero.

1852. September 15. Lunched at Mr. George Wagner's, at St. Leonards, with Chevalier Bunsen. I was proud of the opportunity of meeting him. Poor Frederick Robertson told me he would rather know him than any man on earth. He has the rosy-tinted complexion of a little child; a countenance replete with *bonhommie*, candour, sweetness, and resolution; and a skull that would not have discredited Shakspeare. Though differing in religious and political opinion from Gladstone widely, he spoke of him with admiration and affection too. They correspond, I find.

1852. October 13. When living at Fairlight, near Hastings, I was, one fine day, in my grounds, thinning out a belt of fir-plantations, by the road-side, when the tread of horses' feet took off my attention from my work. I peeped through the trees, to see if the riders looked like visitors to the Rectory, and observed a lady and two gentlemen, walking their horses

after a sharp gallop up the long hill from Hastings. On nearer approach, I had no difficulty in recognizing Lord Fitzroy Somerset, his son, Captain Somerset, and one of his daughters. As I was in anything but presentable trim—my trowsers being torn by the jagged boughs of young trees which I had been felling, a huge adze in my hands, and shabby hedging gloves on them—I retired under cover of my firs, until they had gone by. The moment they had, I leaned on the stile which led to the high-road, and was remarking with admiration the military seat and fine bridle-hand of the one-armed hero, when he turned round in his saddle, to point out to his son some distant feature in the landscape which had caught his eye, and detected me. I was about to beat a hasty retreat, when his lordship hailed me, and asked me if he were not addressing Mr. Young. On my pleading guilty to the name, he rode back, his companions doing the same, and told me that he was on his way to call on me, as he had been assured by Lady Harriet Paget, that I should be willing to show him the splendid view which was to be seen from a point in, or adjoining, my grounds. Of course I was proud to escort him. He, and his son and daughter, rode down to the Rectory, stabled their steeds, and, after admiring the prospect from our drawing-room windows, repaired with me to the spot referred to by Lady Harriet, and known in the immediate vicinity by the ambitious appellation of 'the Mountains.' This was a table-land of short, verdant turf, surmounted by four or five old weather-beaten but picturesque Scotch firs, their stems,

on the sea side, nearly denuded of lateral branches, from the action of the prevalent sea-breezes; but landwards, stretching out their long arms towards Romney Marsh, and Pet, and Guestling, and the more woody and undulating country about Etchingham and Ticehurst. Towards the east was a long expanse of sands, dotted about at intervals with martello towers, and reaching out towards Dungeness Point. Dover cliffs bounded our view in that direction. On the day alluded to, the atmosphere was so clear, that one could see with the naked eye the fringe of the coastline between Calais and Boulogne. Under the vivid sunlight, the white chalk cliffs of Dover, relieved by contrast with the blue sky, sparkled and glistened, like the marble quarries of Carrara. The sea was as unruffled as an inland lake on a summer's day: and the rising smoke from the steamer, as it put forth from Calais on its return to Dover, was distinctly perceptible. I was telling Lord F. Somerset, that Sidney Lear, the artist, told me, that when he first set foot on the spot where we were, he could have fancied himself looking upon Marathon, so closely did the configuration of the land, and its relative position to the plain below, remind him of it, when Lord F. Somerset interrupted me by questions which proved that he had not ridden over to Fairlight merely in search of the picturesque, but rather to make a sort of official survey of the country as Master-General of the Ordnance.

Lord F. S. 'Where, pray, is Winchelsea?'

J. C. Y. 'Yonder, my lord,' pointing to it.

Lord F. S. 'Where is Rye?'

J. C. Y. 'There, my lord; where you see smoke rising.'

Lord F. S. 'Where does the river debouch?'

I pointed to its mouth.

Lord F. S. 'Is there any other road from Dover to London by the coast, except through Winchelsea, Icklesham, and Pet?'

J. C. Y. 'Not unless the narrow lane, which winds up the side of the hill on which we now stand, is to be dignified by the title of "road."'

We then returned to one of the fields overhanging my house.

Lord F. S. 'How many of those martello towers are there in your parish?'

J. C. Y. 'Thirteen, my lord, and useless lumber they are.'

Lord F. S. 'Not so. We should, certainly, never think of erecting them in these days; but now that they are there, we must think twice before we pull them down. In case of need, and for defensive purposes, we might turn them to very fair account.'

J. C. Y. 'And yet, my lord, those who live in them tell me that there is not one of them which is bomb-proof, and that a common shell thrown into one would reduce it to powder.'

Lord F. S. 'Indeed! indeed! This must be looked to.'

After looking at the lie of the ground, and making himself master of certain localities, and the distance between them, Lord F. Somerset turned to me, and smilingly said, 'Well, Mr. Young, if the French should pay us a visit, this is one of the first places we should

make for. We should have to trespass on your glebe.'

J. C. Y. 'Then, from that remark, my lord, I may assume that you do not altogether regard an invasion as improbable?'

Lord F. S. 'As most improbable! I do not say impossible. Why you yourself, though no military man, must surely see the improbability of an invading force, with all its *matériel*, its cavalry, infantry, artillery, and ammunition, collecting on the opposite side of the Channel without our knowledge.'

J. C. Y. 'And yet, my lord, there are the published opinions of the Duke of Wellington, Sir John Burgoyne, Admiral Bowles, and the two Sir Charles Napiers, at variance with yours. Might not a hostile force easily be landed under cover of night, or in a dense fog, before we could collect strength enough to prevent them? I have heard of a very plausible plan of invading us at three of the most vulnerable parts of our seaboard simultaneously, which has been designed by those who disdain the difficulties alleged.'

He listened courteously to what I said, but, naturally enough, attached no weight whatever to it.

Conversation afterwards became more desultory. In speaking of the changes which would be effected in future warfare, not only by the improvements in arms of precision, &c. &c., but by the introduction of railways and telegraphs, I mentioned that the Emperor of the French had telegraphic wires in his cabinet in the Tuileries, radiating from all the principal courts of Europe and centring in one focus. He expressed a

doubt of that fact, but his son, then Secretary to the King of Hanover, confirmed my statement. Shortly after, the trio returned to the Rectory, remounted their horses, and returned to St. Leonard's, where they were residing for the benefit of Lady F. Somerset's health.

On the 20th October, I received an invitation from Lady Harriet Paget to dine with her next day *en petite comité*, to meet Lord F. Somerset. I accepted it gladly, guessing that it had been sent at his lordship's instance. As soon as dinner was over, and the ladies had withdrawn, Lord F. Somerset asked me to come and sit by him. The ensuing dialogue took place.

Lord F. S. 'When I last saw you, Mr. Young, you dropped obscure hints as to certain facts having come to your knowledge, which, you seemed to think, justified your fears as to the future intentions of France towards this country. I confess I did not, at the time, pay as much heed to what you said, as, perhaps, I ought to have done; for I thought that you, in common with many others, had lent too ready an ear to some alarmist, whose reports were, ten to one, the imaginary phantoms of his own invention. On more mature consideration, however, I am disposed to think I may have been too precipitate in forming such conclusion; for you spoke with such assured confidence, that my curiosity is piqued, and I shall be really obliged to you if you will justify it; that is to say, if you can do it without being guilty of a breach of faith.'

Y. C. Y. 'My lord, such information as I have to give I am as anxious to communicate to you, as you can be to receive it.

'It is not, then, many weeks ago that, in the course of my pastoral visits to the members of the Preventive Body stationed at H——, I learned that their captain had been removed and been succeeded by another officer, whom they described as smart and strict, but just and amiable. I called on him the same day, and was greatly prepossessed by his appearance and manners. I found him lively, agreeable, well-read, and, though not a party man, earnest in his political opinions. I offered to lend him newspapers and periodicals to relieve the tedium of a life spent in so secluded a spot. He soon gave me to understand that he had resources of his own which made him independent of such adventitious aids. It was not long before I paid him another visit. In the course of conversation I was bold enough to say, that, delighted as I was to number among my flock so respectable a body of men as those he commanded, I could not but wonder that a government pledged to retrenchment, should still maintain a force which the adoption of free-trade principles must have rendered useless. He asked me, in reply, if I did not think it on the cards that the coast might need protection against the introduction of foreign foes as much as against the introduction of contraband goods. He declared that, in his opinion, it would be suicidal on the part of any government who should attempt to disband so useful, experienced, and picked a body of men, at the very time when their services might be more needed than at any previous period in England's history.

'"Oh! then," said I, "I am glad to find that you are

not one of those who curl their nostrils at the idea of a French invasion."

'"I am the very last man in the world," he replied, "to do so; I know too much."

'The next time I visited him I reverted to the same theme; and, thinking it might interest him, I drew from my pocket a complete list of the then strength of the French navy; the number of frigates; the number of corvettes of the first and second class; of screwships, and their guns and horse-power; of paddle-wheel steamers on foreign service; of merchant steamers, and of ships on the stocks then building. I then showed him the comparative strength of our own naval resources, as shown in Murray's List, a work sanctioned by our Admiralty. As soon as he saw that I was a good deal occupied with this subject, he regarded me as a kindred spirit, and at once threw off all reserve. He then informed me that he had been for many years living in the south of France; that, while there, he had become intimate with the more prominent members of the Henri V party; that, subsequently, he was compelled by force of circumstances to reside at Brussels, where he had become well acquainted with Changarnier, who, though politically in antagonism with the Bourbon faction, yet sympathized with them in their detestation of Louis Napoleon. He told me that from Changarnier he had obtained copies of three plans drawn up by the hand of Napoleon, when President, for the invasion of this country. For his own part, he declared he had perfect confidence in the Emperor's loyalty and good-will towards England; he believed he would never, *suo proprio*

motu, take up arms against her; but that, if an irresistible pressure were put upon him by the country, and that the alternative were to be the humbling of England, or the being humbled himself by the overthrow of his dynasty, there could be little doubt as to his choice. It was in dread anticipation of such a contingency arising, at the time when we heard so much of the threats of certain colonels, that his mind was constantly occupied with concocting plans for the invasion of our island.'

Lord F. S. 'Do I understand you to say that your informant professed to have seen these plans with his own eyes?'

J. C. Y. 'Certainly.'

Lord F. S. 'The value of any information, I need not tell you, depends on the credibility of the informant. Do you think your friend could produce satisfactory testimony to character?'

J. C. Y. 'I have no doubt of it.'

Lord F. S. 'I wish you would see him and ascertain that fact.'

In compliance with this desire I rode over next day to my acquaintance, and was authorized by him to refer his lordship to Lord —— and Sir —— ——.

When a few days had gone by, I received a note from Lord F. Somerset requesting me to call on him. I did so, and the instant I entered his room he threw me across the table two notes from the two referees, in every respect satisfactory to his lordship, and creditable to their subject.

'After the receipt of two such letters as those,' said Lord F. Somerset, 'it is important that I should see

your acquaintance. Ask him to call on me to-morrow.'

A day or two after, I heard from his lordship that he had sent him up to the proper authority with a letter of introduction.

I was wondering, some days after, that I had had no tidings of the success or failure of my friend's mission, when he entered my study, caught hold of both my hands, and told me I had rendered him an essential service in bringing him to the notice of the Master-General of the Ordnance; for that, through his kind representations, and in recognition of the importance of the information he had rendered to Government, an eligible appointment had been conferred on him in a part of the world with which he was familiar, and to which he was partial.

Eight years after, I received a curious confirmation of the truth of the above facts from the lips of a zealous member of the then Administration.

In the year 1860, I arrived, one evening, about eight o'clock, at Gibb's Hotel, Prince's Street, Edinburgh. On entering the upstairs coffee-room, I observed that there was but one person in the room. His back was turned to me, and his attention divided between the mastication of a chop, and the digestion of an article in the 'National Review.' As I walked up towards the fireplace, the gentleman raised his eyes from his book to look at the intruder. To my surprise, I found it was the Right Hon. James Wilson, from 1853 to 1858 the indefatigable Financial Secretary of the Treasury, and afterwards Financial Member of the Council in

India, where he fell a victim to hard work and an unhealthy climate. After the ordinary touch-and-go gossip, which arises between people who know but little of each other, and have not met for some time, Mr. Wilson told me he had been reading a very interesting article on (I think—I am not sure) 'France and her Policy.' This led us insensibly to talk of our national defences. Finding that this was a subject to which he had given attention, I told him what I have here been telling. While I was speaking, I saw a smile on his countenance, which led me to say, 'Are you incredulous?' 'Why do you ask that?' said he. 'Because you smile!' 'Ah! then you misinterpret my smile,' he rejoined. 'I was smiling to think that you, a country clergyman, should have known what you do, and have mastered your details so accurately.' 'What!' said I; 'am I to understand you already knew what I have been telling you?' 'Yes,' was his answer; 'and I will tell you how I came to know anything about it. When the Conservatives went out of office, Lord —— behaved most honourably towards us. He put Lord Palmerston in complete possession of all that he knew on the subject, alleging as his reason for doing so, that the question involved was not a party but a patriotic one. Palmerston himself considered the issues pendent on the truth or falsity of the statement of such vital import, that he despatched your humble servant to Paris, to see if he could gather any further intelligence on the subject from reliable sources. As far as Paris was concerned, my investigations were fruitless. But, on my return homewards through Brussels,

where I had some business of my own, I was thrown into the company of Changarnier, who verified every syllable we had been told, and assured me that, when he was in office, and Louis Napoleon was President, hardly a day went by without his being sent for to his cabinet, to give him his opinion as to the feasibility of divers of his schemes for the invasion of England.'

Of course, if Louis Napoleon, instead of being a captive at Wilhelmshohe, were still on the throne of France, the circumstances I have mentioned would have a far greater interest for the reader than they can have now. Still, they ought not to be lightly passed over; for they convey a moral: and it is this—What one foreign government may have contemplated, another may think feasible. In these disastrous days, when 'havoc' is the cry, and 'the dogs of war' are 'let slip,' it is a matter of great moment to this country, who are masters of the coast on the other side of the Channel, and what their dispositions towards this country. In a letter from the military correspondent of the 'Times,' dated Orleans, December 28, 1870, and published on Tuesday, January 3, 1871, I read these words: 'Both at Orleans and Versailles, the invasion of England is the favourite topic, with its probabilities of success and means of accomplishment. Let not Englishmen imagine that the minds of Prussian strategists are altogether taken up with the French, or warfare upon land. What will people think at home of no less gigantic an idea than a bridge of boats from Calais to Dover, or thereabout; not, of course, as the means of a first landing,

but to pass over the reinforcements to a small army landed first, and protected by field works? The Channel would thus be treated as a huge river; and it is considered that an army once across could live uncommonly well by requisitions. Ammunition would be needed, it is true; but there is no fortified place to stop the direct march upon London in four days.'

The idea of a bridge of boats, twenty miles in length, connecting Calais with Dover, sounds chimerical enough. But who that reflects on the extent of our seaboard, and the impossibility, with our present limited resources, of defending its vulnerable points, either by artillery, soldiery, fortresses, or earthworks, can deny that, if two powers such as America and Russia, with their powerful navies, were to unite in attacking us simultaneously, at three points, such as Rye, Torbay, and Harwich, they would so convulse the whole of England, —create such panic in Lombard Street and the Stock Exchange,—so impair our prestige, so paralyse our commerce, so unhinge our colonies—that it would take a generation to recover from the consequences? It is easy to launch the bolt of ridicule against those who regard the idea of our impregnability as an exploded delusion, and to call them alarmists. Be it so. It is high time there should be some to sound the alarm. When we remember that we are as much isolated, morally and politically, from almost all Europe, as we are physically insulated by our position; when we see the two most civilised nations of the earth engaged in the most barbarous and sanguinary warfare; when we know that we are hated, not only by France

and Prussia, but by America and Russia, to say nothing of India and China,—is it too much to say—awful scandal to Christianity as such nefarious shedding of human blood is—that it is high time that England should awake from her sleep of false security, and at once put herself, in the language of the prophet Joel, 'as a strong people in battle array'?

NOTE. 1871. January. I have felt some compunction in giving publicity to the above statement, as I am aware it is not calculated to raise the ex-Emperor of the French in the estimation of John Bull: and it seems ungenerous to write anything to his disparagement which is calculated to intensify the humiliation of his fall. But my scruples melted away like snow beneath the sun's rays when I asked myself this question:—

For which ought one to have the more sensitive regard—the character of an individual jeopardized by the disclosure of certain facts, or the security of a great nation compromised by their reservation?

That the friendships of Prince Louis Napoleon formed in this country were faithfully adhered to by the Emperor Louis Napoleon, is a matter of notoriety; and that, in the days of his prosperity, he should never have lost an opportunity of requiting attentions shown him in adversity, speaks well for his heart. But, putting his personal qualities altogether out of court, we must admit that, by his public acts, he has deserved well of this country. For instance, he turned a deaf ear to the menacing suggestions of his vapouring colonels, when they were directed against *perfide Albion*. He was loyal to us in the hour of our weakness, and his opportunity,

during the Indian Mutiny; and, on other occasions of less moment, he has evinced an amount of good-will towards us which justifies the belief that he would have avoided a rupture with us under any circumstances, unless there was extraordinary provocation, or temptation irresistible. Nevertheless, to suppose that, having attained the one great object of his ambition — the supreme power in France — he would rest satisfied, were to contradict human nature and the experience of history.

No doubt he wished for Belgium, because he knew the hearts of his people were set upon it. And why did not he try to aggrandize them by its acquisition? Because he valued the English alliance, and knew the invasion of Belgium would have dissolved it, and involved him in a war with England. No doubt, that one of the first objects to which he directed the special attention of his Minister of Marine, after he had assumed the reins of power, was the development of his navy, because he knew it would gratify the national vanity of his subjects if he gave them a fleet which might compete with ours. But why did he never dispute with us the empire of the seas? Because he recoiled from the idea of engaging in hostilities with the country which had sheltered him in exile. At his time of life, and in his shattered state of health, he could hardly have had any craving to 'seek the bubble reputation e'en at the cannon's mouth,' in this recent war with Germany, if he had not been goaded into it by the army and his countrymen.

Having presumed to say thus much, I must add, that, though we have no valid ground for surmising that Louis

Napoleon ever wished to break the peace with us, on his own account, we cannot doubt, if his dethronement or our destruction had been the alternative, which he would have chosen. And no blame to him either; for, from his standpoint, it would have been culpable insanity not to have preferred the interests of his own country to ours; and not to have been infinitely more solicitous to confirm the stability of the Napoleonic dynasty, than to consolidate an *entente cordiale* with our government.

Ever since the disclosures of the correspondence found in the Tuileries, there has been a disposition, on this side of the British Channel, to condemn the captive Emperor for aggressions contemplated by him as possible contingencies, as if they had been accomplished facts.

In fairness, we ought to remember, that, into whatever course he might have drifted, he was more likely to be carried off his feet by the prevalent national sentiment, than by the dictation of a pliant cabinet. His acts ought not to be weighed as the acts of an irresponsible despot, inheriting by divine right, but as those of one elected by popular suffrage, and retaining his position mainly by virtue of an historic name. Titularly an emperor, he was virtually a representative monarch, holding his tenure of power at the will of those who raised him to it. Had, therefore, a strong pressure been put upon him for the invasion of Belgium, or even England herself, however averse from such a step himself, he would have been compelled to bend to it, or abdicate.

Derogatory as the illustration may be, there appears to have been the same sort of distinction between the

position of the Emperor of the French and the Emperor of the Russias, as there is between the status of a clergyman of the Established Church of England and that of a dissenting minister under the voluntary system. The one is independent of his flock, and set over them: the other is dependent on, and in the power of, his flock. The one has unlimited authority to proclaim truth without fear or favour: the other, in self-defence, is obliged to trim his sails according to the caprices of his people, or run the risk of forfeiting their countenance. His personal interests conflict with his professional duty; for he naturally dreads to offend those who appointed him, who pay him, and can dismiss him. In like manner, the ex-Emperor, instead of being able to say to his subjects 'Sic volo sic jubeo,' was forced to lavish gold on sordid supporters, to succumb to priests and peasants and soldiery in turn; and ultimately, with the purpose of diverting the minds of the *bourgeoisie* from the study of politics, to introduce a levity of manners, a latitude of luxury, and a profundity of profligacy, for which this bitter war was perhaps needed as a wholesome and a needful alterative. But I am forgetting myself—'Ne sutor ultra crepidam.'

1852. November 6. Called on Lord F. Somerset, and sat a considerable time with him. In the course of conversation, I told him a story I had heard about the Duke of Wellington, and asked him if it were true. He said—'I doubt it, for I was hardly ever from the Duke's side, and I think I should have heard of it if it were. Even on the very night of the day on which I lost my arm, the Duke insisted on

having his bed transferred to my room, and slept there.' The Duke has sometimes been charged with coldness of heart. This last fact, as proving his affectionate anxiety for Lord F. Somerset's well-doing, refutes the imputation. Sir Henry Webster told me that he was present when Lord F. Somerset's arm was amputated, and that he never saw such a display of fortitude in his life. He declared that he never uttered a sound, but merely clenched his teeth tightly together; and, though pale and faint after, he was yet cheerful and self-possessed enough to say to the operator, as he laid his arm upon the table, 'Come, come, Doctor! Hang it—let me have my rings.'

Lord F. Somerset told me of a very ingenious method, adopted during the Peninsular War by our spies, of giving secret information concerning the position, numbers, and movements of our enemies. A priest, who had a remarkable talent for condensing intelligence in a small space, used, with a crow quill, to write what he had to tell on a space of silver paper no bigger than a sixpence, crumple it up so as to resemble the pith of a pen, and insert it in one of some hundred quills, which he used to hawk about to both armies for sale. Having made his observations while in the French lines, he would, under cover of night —sometimes even in daytime—enter ours, make his way to head-quarters, and offer the Duke his pens, calling his attention to a particular lot, and drawing out from a packet of a quarter of a hundred, one as a sample to try. The Duke, knowing his man, would retire within his tent; and, when alone, with his pen-

knife would pick out the sham pith from the interior, and with the help of his magnifying-glass, decypher the writing.

In the course of conversation, I asked Lord Fitzroy Somerset if he knew Prince Louis Napoleon. 'Yes, slightly,' was his reply; 'I met him once at dinner, at my nephew Worcester's, at a cottage he had near Virginia Water; and sometimes when I have been riding in Rotten Row with my daughters, he has joined us.' That is all I know of him. 'Did your lordship ever hear him give an account of his escape from Ham?' 'No: but Eglintoun, who was a great friend of his, told me of a visit he paid him there, and of a curious incident he witnessed. It seems that he had obtained permission from Duchalet, Minister of the Interior, to visit him, in the same way that poor old Archie Macdonald was allowed to stay a day or two there with his brother-in-law, Prince Polignac. Eglintoun told me that, after talking long on persons and on subjects in which they had a common interest, he asked the Prince if he had any hope of soon gaining his liberty. "Yes," was the answer, "whenever my plans are matured. I could walk out to-night, but the pear is not ripe." On his visitor displaying incredulity on the subject, and reminding him of the rigid surveillance exercised over him, he smiled, and told him to place himself out of sight behind one of the window-curtains, and judge whether the sentinels set over him were playing Louis Philippe's game or his. Louis Napoleon then threw up the window, and uttered a loud "hem!" Instantly the sentry halted, faced about to the right,

and put himself in the attitude of "Attention." The Prince then communicated with him by talking with his fingers. The sentry, resting the stock of his gun on the wrist of one hand, with the other immediately replied. The Prince told Lord Eglintoun that he had taught many of the sentries to hold communication with him by these means, adding—"So much, you see, for the prestige of my name with the army."'

1852. December 1. It may interest the admirers of the late Duke of Wellington to be told that, about nine or ten years ago, my father was writing in the library at the Hoo, in the presence of Lord Dacre and Earl Grey, when the latter nobleman, who had long been absorbed in the perusal of a large octavo volume, suddenly closed it emphatically, and with a warmth of manner unusual to him, said to his host, 'Well, Brand (calling him by his family name), I have at last finished Wellington's Despatches, and what conclusion do you think I have arrived at?—Why, that when I regard him, first, as a general, and think of his promptitude, prudence, and presence of mind, in unforeseen difficulties; his powers of organization, his thought for his soldiers, his attention to the commissariat: then secondly, as a Minister; the lofty sense of duty by which he was always actuated, his readiness to lay aside his own prejudices where he thought the public welfare was at stake: and thirdly, as a man; his truthfulness, simplicity, and absence of conceit under such an accumulation of honours, as never yet fell to the lot of a subject, and would have turned the heads of most men—I pronounce him the greatest man, ancient or modern, that ever lived.'

Such an ungrudging, unqualified tribute of respect to the moral and intellectual eminence of *Le Vainqueur du Vainqueur du monde*, from the lips of the most formidable and consistent opponent the Duke ever had, reflects infinite honour on the integrity, candour, and magnanimity of Lord Grey. From conviction (whether mistaken or not) he had opposed him, in his early military and in his later civil capacity: from conviction he reversed his judgment.

1852. December 7. At the Duke's funeral, last month, the little child of a friend of mine was standing with her mother at Lord Ashburton's window to see the mournful pageant. During the passage of the procession she made no remark, until the Duke's horse was led by, its saddle empty, and his boots reversed in the stirrups, when she looked up into her mother's face and said, 'Mamma, when we die, will there be nothing left of us but boots?'

1853. April 19. I went up to London this day for the purpose of consulting my lawyers on a subject of some importance to myself, and having heard much of a Mrs. Haydon, an American lady, as a spiritual medium, I resolved, as I was in town, to discover her whereabouts, and judge of her gifts for myself. Accidentally meeting an old friend, Mr. H——, I asked him if he could give me her address. He told me that it was 22 Queen Ann Street, Cavendish Square. As he had never been in her company, and had a great wish to see her, and yet was unwilling to pay his guinea for the treat, I offered to frank him, if he would go with me. He did so gladly. Spirit-rapping has been so common

since 1853, that I should only irritate my reader's patience by describing the conventional mode of communicating between the living and the dead. Since the above date I have seen very much of spirit-rapping, and though my organs of wonder are largely developed, and I have a weakness for the mystic and supernatural, yet I cannot say that I have ever witnessed any spiritual phenomena which were not explicable on natural grounds, except in the instance I am about to give, in which collusion appeared to be out of the question—the friend who accompanied me never having seen Mrs. Haydon, and she knowing neither his name nor mine. The following dialogue took place between Mrs. H. and myself:—

Mrs. H. 'Have you, Sir, any wish to communicate with the spirit of any departed friend?'

J. C. Y. 'Yes.'

Mrs. H. 'Be pleased then to ask your questions in the manner prescribed by the formula, and I daresay you will get satisfactory replies.'

J. C. Y. (addressing himself to one invisible, yet supposed to be present.) 'Tell me the name of the person with whom I wish to communicate.' The letters, written down according to the dictation of the taps, when put together, spelt 'George William Young.'

J. C. Y. 'On whom are my thoughts now fixed?'

Answer. 'Frederick Winslow Young.'

J. C. Y. 'What is he suffering from?'

Answer. 'Tic douloureux.'

J. C. Y. 'Can you prescribe anything for him?'

Answer. 'Powerful mesmerism.'

J. C. Y. 'Who should be the administrator?'

Answer. 'Some one who has strong sympathy with the patient.'

J. C. Y. 'Should I succeed?'

Answer. 'No.'

J. C. Y. 'Would my friend, here, succeed?'

Answer. 'No.'

J. C. Y. 'Who would?'

Answer. 'Joseph Ries.' (A gentleman whom my uncle much respected.)

J. C. Y. 'Have I lost any friend lately?'

Answer. 'Yes.'

J. C. Y. 'Who is it?' (I, thinking of a Miss Young, a distant cousin.)

Answer. 'Christiana Lane.'

J. C. Y. 'Can you tell me where I sleep to-night?'

Answer. 'James B——'s, Esq., 9 Clarges Street.'

J. C. Y. 'Where do I sleep to-morrow.'

Answer. 'Colonel Waymouth's, 19 Upper Grosvenor Street.'

I was so astounded by the correctness of the answers I received to my enquiries, that I told the gentleman who was with me that I wanted particularly to ask a question, to the nature of which I did not wish him to be privy, and that I should be obliged to him if he would go into the adjoining room for a few minutes. On his doing so, I resumed my dialogue with Mrs. Haydon.

J. C. Y. 'I have induced my friend to withdraw, because I did not wish him to know the question I want to put; but I am equally anxious that *you*

should not know it either, and yet, if I understand rightly, no answer can be transmitted to me except through you. What is to be done under these circumstances?

Mrs. H. 'Ask your question in such form, that the answer returned shall represent by one word the salient idea in your mind.'

J. C. Y. 'I will try. Will what I am threatened with take place?'

Answer. 'No.'

J. C. Y. 'That is unsatisfactory. It is easy to say "Yes" or "No;" but the value of the affirmation or negation will depend on the conviction I have that you know what I am thinking of. Give me one word which shall show that you have the clue to my thoughts.'

Answer. 'Will.'

Now, a will, by which I had benefited, was threatened to be disputed. I wished to know whether the threat would be carried out. The answer I received was correct.

I could easily enlarge on this topic; for I have had a good deal of experience in spirit-rapping: but I think, and hope, that the public are weary of so unprofitable a subject. In mentioning my visit to Mrs. Haydon, I should be sorry to have it supposed that I attribute her singularly accurate replies to my questions to any supernatural agency. Though *I* cannot unravel the mystery, I am persuaded it *is* explicable. If I visit so expert a conjurer as Herr Frikell, I see him do many things that *I* cannot explain, and yet

I never doubt that *he* could explain them—and others too. All I plead guilty to is *my* inability to account for an American lady—a total stranger, who knew neither my person nor my name—being, not only familiar with the names of my friends and my own movements, but able to tell my thoughts. That there are certain occult physical forces, on which the media trade, I doubt not. And I must say, I think it is a pity that the subject which believers dignify with the title of Spiritualism, has not yet been taken up and investigated with calm impartiality by men of science. About eighteen months after my interview with Mrs. Haydon I told of it to Baron, then Chevalier, Bunsen, and Sir George Rose, at Mr. George Wagner's. They were, at first, disposed to treat the whole affair with ridicule; but, when they had heard all, they both of them declared their determination to visit Mrs. Haydon. Whether they did so or not I never heard; but, unless I have been misinformed, Baron Bunsen, Madame Bunsen, and her brother, became converts to the spiritualistic theory.

1853. July 25. Arrived at Boulogne. Found it wonderfully improved since I was here one-and-twenty years ago. The *trottoirs* are admirable. They are composed of flags arranged in diamond fashion. The fronts of the shops are much beautified. The streets are better lighted, while they are lengthened in some places and widened in others. There is more stir and movement in the thoroughfares than there used to be. As its only reliable source of revenue is fishing, the prosperity of the place must be mainly attributable to the

residence of some seven thousand English. I met to-day with a very intelligent American gentleman, who talked much on mesmerism, which he will not allow has anything to do with spiritualism, but believes to be purely the effect of mental electricity. He spoke of the comparative merits of English and American ship-building. I asked him if he could explain to me how it was that, though the Americans got their shipbuilders from our dockyards, they managed to build faster-sailing ships than we did. His answer was, 'Because we have chosen a more felicitous type of vessel than you have. Your ships are built after the model of the salmon, whose head and shoulders are convex: ours are built after the model of the pike, whose head and shoulders are concave. It stands to reason that a ship whose stem is convex must dislodge a greater body of water than one whose stem is concave, and therefore its progress through the water must be slower.

1853. July 27. Left Boulogne for Paris. Put up at the Hotel Windsor, Rue Rivoli, next door to Meurice's. We could get no apartments lower than the *troisième étage;* and though this entailed upon us the tax of a hundred and twenty-one steps, once landed, the cleanliness of the rooms, and the view over the gardens of the Tuileries, recompensed us for the exertion.

1853. July 29. Went to breakfast at Versailles; saw over it once more, and then took a carriage to Satory. The ground seemed to be better suited to the operations of cavalry than Chobham, being a perfectly level plain. In acreage, it is not as exten-

sive; and in picturesqueness of situation is not to be compared to Chobham. The tents were not as prettily disposed as ours; and the want of undulation in the ground detracted materially from the effect of the numbers present. Their twenty thousand men did not make more show than our ten. The uniforms, in my opinion, were not as gay, nor the dye of their scarlet as bright as ours; the men, though fully as active, were not as well set-up, and in general appearance not to be compared, either in point of bulk or muscle, with the Austrian and the Prussian troops. They were very much bronzed with the sun, perhaps of Algiers; very dirty in face; slouching, round-shouldered, and unbraced in bearing. I am speaking of the line. The Zouaves, however, are magnificent fellows, with whom we have nothing to compare. The Chasseurs de Vincennes disappointed me. They are not as well accoutred as our rifles, nor are they as smart-looking; but their step is most inspiring. It reminded me of the Italian Bersaglieri. Their band played running (trying for wind instruments!), and they ran too in good time and almost rhythmically. I was delighted with the lightness and portability of their standards. They were simply poles, a little longer than a mopstick, surmounted with the gilded eagle. I never could appreciate the propriety of encumbering our young ensigns with crushing ponderous flags. How I have pitied them, even at a review, as they have staggered under their weight on a windy day. The sword-bayonet, struck me as an improvement upon ours.

As a military spectacle, all prejudice apart, I thought it inferior to what I had seen at Chobham. The movements *en echelon* struck my unprofessional eye as very bad; and at the *pas accelerée* they did not step together, and their bayonets, when affixed to their guns, were sloping in every direction. Their horses, too, were vastly inferior to ours. As we drove off the ground we preceded the troops, some twenty thousand strong, to Versailles, to which place they all repaired to receive the Emperor on his return from La Chasse.

1853. July 30. I have been much amused by my *valet de place*, who is evidently a keen politician. I do not believe half he tells me; and yet, for the sake of the residuum of truth there may be in his statements, I chronicle them. He says, then, that the *ancienne noblesse* and all the Faubourg St. Germain turn their backs upon the Emperor; and that he is equally disliked by the commercial and the middle classes: that, the officers of the army, the soldiery, the priesthood, and the peasantry are to a man, for him. The officers, he says, approve him, because he pays them well, promotes them rapidly, and dedicates both time and attention to them. The soldiers, he says, approve him, because they like sausages and champagne, and *fêtes*, of which he gives them abundance. The priests approve him, because he acknowledges that, in centuries of change, the Church has been the only stable institution; and, therefore, it has been his policy to caress them, and load them with favour and preferment. The peasantry, approve him, because they are superstitious, and take their cue from the clergy, who are his devoted

humble servants, and can influence many thousand votes. English visitors, approve him, because he takes notice of many of them, and those who have no access to his person, derive exalted notions of his genius and munificence, from the great public works which have been inaugurated during his reign; for the designing of which he gains the credit, though the cost of all the alterations and improvements which have been effected since 1832—the Boulevards, the new theatres, the restoration of the Louvre and the Tuileries, the lowering of the Rue Rivoli three feet, the construction of the great sewer, and all those other architectural developments which have made Paris the admiration of every capitol in Europe—devolves on the municipality of Paris.

They have already borrowed millions of the government, whose security is the increased rent put upon the old houses, and the exorbitant one levied on the new.

The same communicative companion tells me, that more attempts have been made on the Emperor's life than is known by the public; and that yet more would be made, but that the country is sick of bloodshed, the expatriation of friends, and the paralysation of trade; and on the other hand, it is unprepared with any better substitute for what it has got. I listen to all this with suspicion, for my friend, methinks, 'doth protest too much,' and has shown too plainly the cloven hoof of rancorous partisanship.

1853. July 31. Went to a very imposing function at the Madeleine, paid calls on two or three friends,

dined at 5.30 p. m., and at 8 p. m. left by express train for Dijon, where we arrived at 2.45 on the morning of

August 1. Jumped into the *coupé*, the three places of which I had secured in Paris for myself and son, arrived at Geneva at 5.45 p. m., and took up our quarters at the Hotel des Bergues. With the exception of a certain *inquiétude des jambes*, and eyes tired by want of sleep, the journey was a very easy one. The first part of the route, viz. that weary district between Paris and Dijon, is passed over quickly and smoothly in the dark; and every yard from Poligny to Geneva is a scene of successive enchantment, culminating in what very travelled men declare to be the finest view in the world. On this occasion we saw everything bathed in a fervid sunset. Tom Moore has well described the scene and the hour.

'Twas late—the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, at first
Approaching scenes where they are told
Such glories on their eyes shall burst
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

* * * * * *

'Twas at this instant—while there glow'd
This last intensest gleam of light—
Suddenly, through the opening road,
The valley burst upon my sight.
That glorious valley, with its lake
And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.'

Moore derived his impressions from the very spot, and almost at the very hour (for he told me so) at which our diligence halted for ten minutes. Nothing could be more beautifully and truthfully delineated than the whole scene is, in his 'Rhymes on the Road.' I have seen that enchanting view four times, taking care each time it should be at a different hour of the day; and, gorgeous as was the picture he saw, I think his poetical imagination would have been even more excited if he had beheld the same scene at early morn, and under the circumstances under which I saw it in the year 1838. My wife and I were travelling in a carriage we had hired at Champagnolle, on purpose that we might linger as, and where, we liked. We had been told—it was our first visit to Switzerland—that, by the route we were going, we should see an unrivalled view: but of the exact spot, from whence we were to expect it, we had no idea. On arriving at the last custom-house on the French frontier, we gave up our passport to the gens d'arme who demanded it: and while he was viséing it, we descended from our carriage, in order to stretch our legs. We desired our postboy to follow us: but had not proceeded two hundred yards, when farther progress was barred by dense clouds of vapour rolling to our feet, and stopping there; as if in obedience to orders from the Great Controller of the elements, 'Thus far shall ye go, and no farther.' On looking back, along the road we had travelled, we could see distinctly, for full a mile, the forests of splendid pines which decorated, and seemed, with their bristling javelin points, to guard,

the sides. The sky above was bright and clear. But before us we could not see a yard. Nothing was visible but a chaos of successive volumes of fleecy vapour. As much bewildered by what we saw, as by what we did not see, we raised our eyes upwards, and then beheld, far above the bounded level of our view — we knew not what! Had we been familiar with the phantasms of mountain districts, or accustomed to see regions of vapour exhaled from fertile valleys by the action of the sun's rays, we should not have been petrified with wonder as we were. But we had never beheld anything of the kind; and therefore were lost in wonder, when we looked on a range of snowy glaciers of varied form and colossal magnitude, dyed with tints of roseate hue, piercing with their jagged points the bluest of blue skies, and perched on ethereal billows of cold white vapour. It really seemed as if we had been caught up into the third heavens, and had been vouchsafed a glimpse of the outworks or portals of the better land. One could not help thinking of the heavenly Jerusalem, and of the twelve gates, which were twelve pearls, every several gate of one pearl. We stayed, and stared in solemn silence, with thoughts that lay 'too deep for tears': not so much the slaves of our imagination, as awed in spirit. We were waiting and watching for a revelation: and by degrees it came; for, as the sun gained power, the mist, the offspring of the night, lifted and rolled away; the cloudy curtain between earth and heaven rose; and then there burst upon our enraptured gaze, first, a verdant slope of emerald green, then a large cluster of almond and

walnut trees, then a sparkling villa, then a grey old convent, then a long glassy mirror. We found it was the tranquil water of Lake Leman and the Pays de Vaud that we were looking on, and that the celestial vision which had so stirred our veneration was Mont Blanc and his attendant satellites. Mont Blanc, the monarch of mountains! seated on his throne of rocks, in his robe of cloud, with his diadem of snow!

One could not but feel the force and truth of Moore's beautiful lines; which I dare say I should have quoted, if I could have spoken at all.

'And should my spirit's hope grow weak;
Should I, O God, ere doubt Thy power,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour:
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever reared to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine
And feel my immortality.'

We were whirled down at a rattling pace to Geneva: and, until we arrived there, never opened our lips. We sat dumb, with hands clenched, teeth hard set, and tearful eyes, until we were handed out of our carriage, and reduced to the level of common life by the obsequious attentions of a very mundane waiter at the Hotel Sécheron.

1853. August 3. We started in a carriage for Chamouni at eight a.m., and reached it at a quarter past eight p.m., in time for the late *table-d'hôte*. The drive to Bonneville was pretty, but that from Sallenche exquisite. I walked in advance of the carriage for three hours. The attitude, scale, and varied outline of the

mountains; the red, brown, green, and grey colour of the rocks, which were so distant from the hills, and of such magnitude as to make me wish for Pengelly or Vivian to tell me how they got there; the wonderful fertility of the valleys, where they were not hemmed in or interfered with by masses of granite, basalt, and porphyry; the abundance of fruit-trees by the road-side, apple, and pear, and cherry, and chestnut, and walnut; the numerous grasses, and mosses, and lichens, and ferns; the barberries, and filberts, and whirtleberries, and sloes, and savine; the glaciers, and cloud-capped and snow-clad mountains; the infinity of geological and botanical specimens; the sombre forests of firs; the comfortless but picturesque chalets; the unsophisticated manners of the peasantry, the men doffing their hats, the women curtseying; the unexpected but picturesque appearance of maidens with blue petticoats, and scarlet umbrellas beneath their arms; the men, with great loaves of brown bread two feet long, and slung musket-fashion at their backs, driving herds of lean kine, or still leaner pigs, from some neighbouring market; the reverential baring of the head, and bending of the knee, and crossing of the breast, at the sight of church or chapel or wayside cross; and, above everything else, the companionship of an excited, brawling, bubbling, frothing, fuming, dashing, splashing river, racing past me, and impetuously chasing something or somebody, — so amused my mind and exhilarated it that, sorry pedestrian as I am, ten miles made no more impression on my walking powers than if I had walked ten yards. On reaching Chamouni, I

felt equal to another ten. I ought to mention, that, during the last four or five miles of my walk, I was overtaken by an intelligent Swiss peasant, with whom I had some conversation. When amicable relations had been established between us, I asked him where the landed gentry of the country resided: for in three or four visits to different parts of Switzerland, I had never seen anything like country seats. 'Well, Sir,' he said, 'in, or in the suburbs of our towns, bankers, and merchants, and professors, and doctors, and lawyers have their campagnes; but, as a rule, we are chiefly a peasantry, and a very poor one.' He surprised me by telling me that the land in the valleys often let for £4 per acre, and even, on the heights, for £2; and asked me, in turn, if it were true that there were no mountains in England, that there was very little blue sky, and that for the most part we lived in smoke? Were not all the English very, very rich? And were not our labourers better off than many of their Syndics? 'Ah! what a country to live in!'

I astonished him by saying, that there was as much poverty to be met with in England as in Switzerland; that there were thousands of English peasants, who would gladly change conditions with him; that there was a large portion of our population who breathed little else but smoke, while many others spent the chief part of their existence in the bowels of the earth. 'Then, think,' I went on to say, 'of the grandeur and beauty of the country in which God has cast your lot. Believe me, if England has more wealth than your country, she has, also, more suffering. Property is more

equally distributed with you than it is with us. You have your hameau, your wood for firing, your plot of ground on which to raise your vegetables and corn, your orchard, your garden for fruit, and your Free Constitution. By the bye, I suppose you hold, in religion, the tenets of Calvin, and call yourself Protestant?' This was an imputation he could not brook at all. He sprang to the far side of the road, and with a face of pious horror put in a very stout disclaimer. 'No, monsieur; I thank le bon Dieu, all in this valley are good Catholics.' Then, suspecting I was a Protestant, and fearing he might have wounded me by the energy with which he repelled my supposition, he shrugged his shoulders, and said in an apologetic tone, 'Mais, monsieur, sans doute, ces Protestants sont de bons gens et — et — certainement, les Anglais sont les hommes les plus courageux et les plus riches du monde.' I asked him what made him think so. He replied, with charming *naïveté*, 'Because they had ascended Mont Blanc oftener than any other nation, and that in itself argued courage: while their being able to pay the charges of the guides, which were extortionate, showed they must have much money at command.'

1853. August 4. At Chamouni. I need say nothing about a place which most people are familiar with. We had not been long in bed, before we were roused by cries of 'Fire!' The house in which we were was in flames; but, thanks to the promptitude of the waiters, and providential torrents of rain, they were soon extinguished, and we were able to sleep in comfort, and with tranquil minds.

1853. August 9. Here we are, once more, at Genoa. We crossed the Col de Bonhomme, slept at Cormayeur, and then proceeded by the Val d' Aosta to Turin, and thence here. We are housed in our old quarters at the Hotel Féder. This morning I descended from my bedroom to the *salle-à-manger*. I opened the jalousies, which are kept religiously closed till sunset, peeped out, and saw below me the Alley, which reminded me of Cranbourne Alley as it was thirty years ago. It was crammed and crowded with men of many countries and costumes. Americans, in nankeen suits, and straw hats covered with white jean; English, with ugly wide-awakes and brown-holland jackets; Algerines, Turks, and Greeks, with fez and turban, some poising samples of corn in the palms of their hands, others making entries in their note-books of bargains just contracted, but all, when looked at together, presenting such a scene of busy commerce as I never saw in the streets of London or Liverpool or Manchester.

On returning to my bedroom, and looking out from the opposite side of the house, I saw beneath me rows of lengthy, oddly-constructed waggons, laden, some with sacks of corn, some with barrels of (I know not what), some with pigs of lead and iron, some with cocoa-nut matting, others with logs of timber, others, again, with dried fish; and, what with the ceaseless din of human voices, pitched in every key, the clang of iron rails as they were flung from the carts to the ground, the blasting of the neighbouring rocks for the fortifications, the braying of mules and donkeys, the tinkling of the bells affixed to their harness, and the cracking of vetturinos'

whips as they whirled their crazy vehicles through the streets, the hammering of iron pots and copper pans, the chanting monotone of the sailors, with their yo-ho! yo-ho! as they raised anchor before leaving harbour, the creaking of cordage, the cries of hucksters as they advertised their wares for sale, and the vibration of all the church bells as they chimed the quarters,—I thought my tympanum must have burst. I say nothing of the fragrant odours drawn forth by the heat of the sun from Parmesan and Gruyere cheese and Bologna sausages; nor will I dwell on the filthy habits of women spitting and men smoking at every turn. In spite of all these drawbacks, the eye enjoys a perpetual feast in the strange dramas acting every minute, and the picturesque groups standing at every corner. The superfluous energy of gesticulation about the veriest trifle, in which almost all classes indulge, would be amusing, were it not fatiguing. It was but now I saw two men, with naked, nervous arms and legs, and swarthy breasts, with no article of clothing on them but cotton drawers, flinging their arms about so wildly, and gabbling at each other with such frantic vehemence, that I expected bloodshed every instant. The ringing laugh which succeeded this redundancy of gesture, taught me that I did not yet understand the national temperament.

I must say that the constant succession of objects in the streets is very diverting. There is variety enough in our own streets, but it is a variety distributed over a large area; whereas in Genoa it is concentrated. I could not help contrasting the crowds of this town with those of our own metropolis. From Charing

Cross to Temple Bar, from Temple Bar to St. Paul's, and from St. Paul's to London Bridge, is not one hemisphere—the route from Charing Cross, through Pall Mall, and St. James' Street, to Kensington, the other—but they are different worlds.

In the East of London, whether you drive or are driven, be you ever so impatient to get to your destination, and be it ever so important that you should sit still, patiently, you must grin and bear the foot's pace to which the flux and reflux of crawling carts, and creeping cabs, and boisterous 'busses condemn you. If, on the other hand, you are a pedestrian, you have to elbow your way through the competing, or opposing, throngs of an excited population, engrossed by the thought of money-making.

The 'running to and fro,' the hurry of the blood, the 'push-along, keep-moving' spirit, which stirs the pulse of Royal Exchange, and Stock Exchange, of bank and warehouse, wholesale and retail shop, wharf, factory, and office, are common characteristics of 'The City.'

But, turn again to the West of London, and here, where there are not the same impediments to traffic, elegant carriages of every form and fashion roll about with ease and smoothness. Here the pace, as well as the countenance of the foot-passenger betrays a striking contrast to the rapid step and feverish look of his Eastern fellow. His face bespeaks no care; and though, now and then, a busy barrister or active attorney may be hurrying anxiously to the courts of law, or an M.P., with hands behind him, and knitted brow, and unconsciously moving lips, may be rehearsing his coming speech,

as he walks down Constitution Hill to the House, yet the general aspect of the majority tells of easy circumstances, light hearts, on social pleasure bent, and minds thinking rather of spending money than of making it. The lady of *ton* gracefully reclining against the back of her well-stuffed carriage; the man of fashion sauntering down to his favourite seat in the club window; paterfamilias cantering down Rotten Row with a daughter on each side of him—all tell the same tale.

But here, in this same Genoa, rich and poor, busy and idle, jostle one another, without distinction, on the highway or in the by-way. And in the very current of commercial enterprise, just as one is springing out of the road, from some diminutive cart with long shafts, and drawn by ten or twelve mules, tandem-fashion, and bedecked with worsted trappings of divers colours, one has to step back again to make way for a richly-gilded black sedan chair, which is noiselessly bobbing its course up and down through the motley crowd, and bearing, as its freight, some stately old marchesa, returning to her palazzo from confession. At the moment that you are meditating a furtive glance at her through the windows of the chair, your attention is called off by a tall, pale-olive-faced lady gliding by, with jet black eyes and eyebrows, hair raven black, nicely cared for, studiously parted, and tightly dragged back from temple and forehead, and a short, crisp, well-gummed curl brought round coquettishly above the ear, curving towards the outer corner of the eye. She skims the surface of the ground with fan in hand, and a white muslin mantilla drooping from the back of her head

to her waist, with all the grace, and less of the self-consciousness of a Spanish dama of high degree.

1853. August 13. After a fifteen hours' voyage reached

August 14. Leghorn. Knowing all its ins and outs blindfold, I lionized my son to his heart's content; and then on to Pisa at one o'clock. Showed him the Campanile, the Campo-Santo, and the Cathedral. Dined at 4.30, then left for Florence, where we arrived at 7 p.m., and put up at the New York Hotel.

August 15, 16, 17. Left Florence; returned to Leghorn; left it at 4 p.m.; reached Civita Vecchia at 7 a.m., after fifteen hours of qualms unutterable.

August 18. Left Civita Vecchia, took the *coupé* to ourselves, and reached Rome at 7 p.m. Put up at Megala's Grande Europe.

August 20. I have been exceedingly amused by the broken English of my *lacquais de place*—Gioanni Braga—the same I employed when last here. The heat is tropical. The Torlonias, the bankers, advised me to get out of Rome as soon as possible, as the cholera is raging here. There are two thousand French soldiers in hospital with it. However, being here, I shall not hurry away. Strict attention to diet, rational precautions against exposure to the sun, and studied avoidance of bad smells, are, I believe, the chief things to observe. My *cicerone* is a bigoted, prejudiced old fellow; still he amuses me, and I must make a note of some of his sayings. In asking him about the King of Naples, the Pope, and the Emperor of the French, he dropped these funny phrases: 'King Naples? d—n rascal! French Emperor?

d—n rascal of de world! Pope? oh! good man! I will pull my life for de Pope. But, for cardinals, dey are de great tiefs in de world. And for dese Jesuit; oh, what stupid fellow! Mon Dieu! vat religion! must eat maigre all days! Tink, Monsieur! no chickens, no muttons, no beefs all de years long! Beest-ly! I no like it; and den, such hugly dress—dey wear vite, bad, common cloth!'

I asked him his opinion on the subject of 'Indulgenza Plenaria,' not from any expectation of getting unprejudiced information from him, but—I blush to confess—from a wish for amusement. 'Oh, really! indid! Indulgenza I know not vat colour it is. Bah! dese indulgence; it is all nonsense. Ver well for to keep de peoples under; dat all. You see, Saar, de governments appoints de priests; and, for de governments wish to keep de peoples blind, de priests teach de poor fellow what please de government. You see, Meester, if it was not for de religion, no emperors, no kings could not live; if it was not for religion, no laws, no justice could not be support; but, if de religious care for de religion, dey care for de laws.'

'Ah!' said I; 'what do you call yourself? If you were a good Catholic, you could not speak as you do of your religion; yet you really seem to have a love for your Pope?' Oh yes! he is a beauty Pope! all de peoples love him. Austria would kill him, if it dare; but, if it did, France would play de debil. Rome looks at him as deir fader; dee cardinals hate him; but it is writ all over dee walls, if one hair of Pope's head touch, all dee cardinals shall be cut to pieces.'

I asked him, when he went to confession, if he

acknowledged how disrespectfully he thought and spoke to Anglicans and Protestants of his ecclesiastical superiors? He shrugged his shoulders. 'I suppose you do confess?' said I. 'Ye-e-es! I con-fess. I *must* twice a year, or I am to prison.'

J. C. Y. 'You seem to speak of confession very lightly; not like a good Catholic. Surely, when you do confess, you open your heart truly, don't you?'

Valet de place. 'Well, I confess some leetle-a-ting which I not done at all; or someting which I 'ave done, but which I not mind about; and dat satisfy dee priest. You tink, Saar, if I kill my broder, I confess, and get my head cut? No, I tank.'

He told me he remembered Napoleon I. perfectly. He saw him every day when he was at Milan.

J. C. Y. 'What did you think of him? Did you not feel as if you were in the presence of a great man?'

Valet de place. 'Great man? Oh no. To look at, it was a poor *leetle* fellows. But Murat! ah, indid, she was a man! Poor Bony, I tink, not have much pleasure. He was always vid hands behind, tink, tink! It (i. e. he) was for too much, and so, en fin, got noting, but a beestly rock[1]!'

1853. August 21. Went early to St: Peter's to witness a 'beatification' of a Jesuit long since defunct. Many years ago he had fallen a sacrifice, in Japan, to his zeal in the propagation of the Gospel. The interior of St. Peter's was illuminated with thousands of wax tapers. The enormous pillars were clothed in red velvet and gold tissue, and covered with trappings and hang-

[1] Meaning, I presume, St. Helena.

ings of all sorts; and over the altar, where usually one saw the figure of the blessed Virgin, was a large picture of the Jesuit in the act of rising to heaven, with arms outstretched, and palm-branch in hand. The two organs and the two choirs were in requisition. A mass had been composed expressly for the occasion. The voices of the Pope's choir were most touching; although, I confess, the operatic passages, exquisitely given as they were, detracted considerably from solemnity and general impressiveness. During the whole ceremony, though there were no doubt simple, true, and fervid hearts engaging earnestly in the service, there was a lamentable want of reverence perceptible among the bulk of those present. One's own countrymen walked to and fro, and interchanged greetings as if on 'Change; and workmen on little boards affixed to a rope, were being raised up and let down, while they lighted the tapers which were suspended over architrave, apse, triforium, clerestory, pilasters, canopy, transepts and side-chapels. There were two or three hundred soldiers with helmets on and guns with fixed bayonets; there were footmen of cardinals carrying red velvet cushions in both hands; there were monks and friars and capuchins taking snuff and spitting on the pavement; there was the white Carthusian robe contrasting with the black gown and white sleeves of the Benedictine. There was the soldato Svizzero, and the Svizzero con Corazza, and French soldiers with their blue jackets and red trousers, and Italian with their green uniforms and black feathers in their hats; there were women with scarlet corsets laced with gold thread, with

fans in their hands, and muslin kerchiefs hanging from the back of their heads; there were some from Albano with crimson jackets, and the white napkin that one sees so often on the heads of Pinelli's females; and others in the old classic Roman dress, fancy jacket, black velvet cassock, edged with gold lace, and a robe of white muslin, and a gold-embroidered black skull-cap. But the most picturesque group of all was one composed of swarthy paupers, with jackets of rags, hanging over one shoulder, and worn with an air as proud as if they were Hungarian pelisses; breasts bare, and brown as sun and exposure could make them; worn-out sandals, and dirty brown-holland breeches and gaiters—kneeling in attitudes of rapt devotion.

In the afternoon, we had our own service together, and then went to St. Peter's to see the Pope at prayers. I heard him read part of the service the other day, and was as much struck with the vigour and melody of his voice, as by the pious gravity of his whole deportment. He gives me the idea, every time I see him, of being a really holy man. The troops along the route through which the Holy Father passed from the Quirinal (where he was staying at the time) to St. Peter's, formed a lane for him. After waiting half an hour inside, during which another lane was formed, the word 'Portate' rang through the building. Instantly the soldiers carried arms—a pause—and then every soldier, and civilian present, dropped on one knee, with hand or hat before their face, while the procession defiled by. There was a long string of papal servants in dress liveries; then cardinals' servants, also in dress liveries, and carrying

cushions of red velvet before them; then secretaries; then the diplomatic body; then priests of all orders and degrees; then monks and friars; then bishops and cardinals; then the bishop titular, with his mitre; and last of all the Pope — a man of sensible, staid, benevolent countenance, about five feet ten inches in height, robust and sturdy. The cardinals were generally decrepit, with one or two exceptions — noble ones. Service concluded, we ran round to a side-entrance of St. Peter's to see the *cortége* retire. There we found the cardinals' carriages, each with four black horses (plentifully bedizened with black and brass harness, and red and blue worsted trappings and tassels); a coachman with cocked-hat and lace, a dark blue coat, violet breeches, and red stockings; with two footmen behind. The Pope's carriage was red and gold, with six black horses, gaily caparisoned; two outriders, a pricker in front, and four footmen hanging on at the back of the carriage — two on the ordinary foot-board, two on an extraordinary one, about nine inches from the ground. As soon as the Pope entered his carriage, we alighted from ours and bowed to him with bared heads. The retinue then moved on through the archway by the side of St. Peter's steps towards the Quirinal, where he returned. The effect of the cavalry, the *guardia nobile*, the carriages and grooms trotting over the Ponte del Angelo, under a glowing sunset, was a very animating spectacle.

The swarming masses covering the noble flight of St. Peter's steps—the booming of cannon from the fortress—the Swiss guards, with their picturesque uniform, designed by Michael Angelo—the bands of Italian troops,

as they marched down the steps to the sound of their own music — the students, in the grave costume of the Propaganda—the old nuns, and the little embryo ones in their white caps—the schools—the *sœurs de charité* ranged along the sides of the streets—the swarms of priests and acolytes, deacons and sacristans—even the cocked hats, the burnished helmets, the dark flowing robes, the crimson cloth gowns of the Scotch College, the Jews from the Ghetto, with their black or brown skull-caps, the lower classes in their holiday garb, in short the endless diversity of costume — presented such brilliant combinations of form and colour, and vivid contrast, as could be seen in Rome alone.

1853. August 24. I continue to be exceedingly entertained by my *valet de place:* his broken English is so droll. As to the justice of his sentiments, I say nothing. If I repeat them, I hope my Roman Catholic friends, of whom I have many, will not give me credit for endorsing them. I have no doubt, if he had been in attendance on them, he would have adapted his language with equal facility to tickle their ears as he did to tickle mine.

I was speaking of the defective accommodation there was for travelling in the Papal States. He shrugged his shoulders and uttered his lamentation in these words:— 'Oh, reverend, dees might be dee first place in dee world; but is not. Is pride to look back—is shame to look at dee now—is fear to tink of dee by and by. We have fine country! fine art! clever peoples! But we are behind in dee race vid oder countries! We are poor, ignorant, because we are priest-ridden. Ah! dem

priest! Dey hate dee Inglis! Vy? Because dey are Protestant, and dey would show up deir nasty trick. Dey hate dee Inglis! Vy? Because dey are commercial, and would spread dee free trade, and give work to dee poor; and dat would make dem more independent. Dey hate dee Inglis! Vy? Because dey are liberal, and dey fear dey would make us so by deir writings and papers. Derefore—for very long time—dey would not allow dee railvay or de coaches, or de books from England, because dey let in too much light, and dey better like dee dark, because dey do not good. Ah! we are slaves, and only to tink you Inglis never come and help us! Everybody for hisself, eh? Vy, I fought, and my wife fought, on dee hills; and if you had sent some clever man, we had been free, and been someting like Ingland.'

1853. August 27. Naples! Saw in the 'Galignani' the death of the gallant Lady Sale, my mother-in-law's first cousin. Saw also, what grieved me much more, the death of Frederick Robertson. Two or three days before his last seizure he was due to us at Fairlight. Apart from his rare intellectual gifts, he was the most chivalrous and noble creature I ever knew.

August 30. At Sorrento. Called on Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris. They were most kind, and begged me to stay with them; but I gratefully declined. Passed a delightful evening with them and Fanny Kemble and Miss Hosmar the American sculptress. Fanny Kemble showed real emotion on hearing of poor Robertson's death. 'Ah!' she said, 'he was a man—a capital man! doing so much good among a class so difficult for the clergy to get at;

and, in the midst of all his useful labours, he is cut off. Mysterious dispensation! How Lady Byron will mourn his loss!'

August 31. Dined with Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris; and took a delightful walk with them. Mrs. Kemble told me of an excellent remark made to her by Washington Irving. The merits of a certain American diplomatist being on the *tapis*, he said, in allusion to his pomposity, 'Ah! he is a great man; and, in his own estimation, a very great man—a man of great weight. When he goes to the west, the east tips up.'

Two or three visitors, French, Italian, and German, dropped in to coffee. I was struck with the ease and grace with which Mrs. Sartoris conversed in the three languages. The Kembles really are a wonderful race! Poor John, my school-fellow, and, much more, Tennyson's college friend (that fact, in itself, a diploma), was not only one of the first Anglo-Saxon scholars, but a man of superabundant talent. Who that has seen Fanny on the stage, or heard her read, or perused her plays and poems and journals, or heard her philosophical analyses of Shakspeare's characters, can deny her genius? And who that has ever boasted intimacy with her generous, genial sister, who has heard her sing, seen her act, and heard her talk—who, I may now ask, in the year 1870, that has read her 'Week in a French Country House'—will deny that she is, every way, worthy of the name she inherits?

CHAPTER XVI.

1853. September 2. Again at Rome. On entering the reading-room at Piale's, I was amused by seeing the following advertisement stuck up in the glass door:—

'Monsieur Piale has the honour to inform the gentlemen subscribed to this Reading Room, that he charges himself gratis, to apply for, and to obtain to them the requisite tickets of admission to the Vatican.'

This reminds me of a printed paper which was thrust into my hands when I was last in Vienna, and which I have now by me.

'The Institute of the Merciful Brothers in the Leopoldstadt prays in the name of the indigent sick persons of all nations and religions to be there entertained gratis by a mild and charitable contribution.'

September 5. Capua. I could say much about this place; but if I did, who, that has a Murray, would read it? My guide, some of whose sayings I have already recorded, was very entertaining on the day I left Naples. I had occasion to scold him for neglecting to meet me at a particular spot agreed upon between us. He acknowledged the justice of my reproof: 'Reverend, I vas wrong. You vas right to blows me up. I am not good memory; and dat is troof (truth). But if I

should be so clever as I was experience, den, I am Sir Robert Peel.'

In hurrying away to the place of rendezvous, he was so dilatory that I got impatient; and then, in his turn, he rebuked me—'Don't you have so much patience.'

When we were settling our accounts, meaning to say we were quits, he preferred saying, 'Now vee are sticks.'

On going on board the steamer, at our departure, I could not find my medicine chest; nor could he for some time. He ran about like one demented. 'Oh, dear, dear, vere in dee world is Reverend's medicine desk? If he not have him, he vill suffer so at water!' When it was found, meaning to express what his sympathy for me would have been, in the event of my not having recovered my loss, he said, 'Ah! Reverend, you no idea so wicked a man I am at sea. I dare say—you—more!

Terracina. Saw Gasparoni and his band of brigands in prison. I dare not say how many persons Gasparoni has confessed to have killed with his own hand. After a couple of hours' rest here, started by land for Sienna, and was obliged to have mounted dragoons with us for six miles, in consequence of the many highway robberies lately committed.

September 11. Left Florence in the *banquette* for Bologna. The first ten miles out of Pistoja is one continuous ascent, without a yard's interval. We walked a considerable part of it, as did the horses every inch. The whole route to Bologna is up or down hill: but the road is excellent, and the country exquisite. It is

the most beautiful part of Tuscany. Although fourteen hours *en route*, on arriving at Bologna at eight p. m. we were not tired, thanks to the sociability of our fellow travellers. There was one gentleman and his lady in the *coupé*, a Dr. Parchappe (Inspecteur-Genéral de 1ere Classe du Service des Aliénes, et du Service Sanitaire des Prisons, 69 Rue de Grenelle, St. Germain, Paris), very amiable and agreeable people. But there was also a Monsieur U—— C——, a Hungarian, from the immediate neighbourhood of Bucharest, who was one of the most benevolent and unselfish men I ever met. He was the intimate friend of Kossuth. He had seen considerable service—had been wounded in more than one place; and carries a ball in his left breast at this moment. He is exceedingly wealthy, and unmarried. His thoughtfulness for others, even for strangers, was most remarkable. I had a tin case lying at my feet, which he thought inconvenienced me: he ordered his courier to put it in the interior. On my trying to deter him from doing so, on the plea of its incommoding others, he said: 'Oh! there is no one inside; I have taken the whole *interieur*.' He tells me it is always his habit to take the entire inside of a diligence when he travels, first, because it enables him to offer accommodation to those he wishes to oblige; and, secondly, because he finds he can travel faster than by posting. In conversation, I happened to say I was going to Vienna, and had a wish to see the Russian army, in consequence of what I had heard of it from a friend, who had just returned from the Caucasus. He said: 'I assure you it is worth seeing. I have fought

with the Russians, and therefore, if I praise them, my testimony may be regarded as impartial. Though *sauvage féroce* to a degree, they are the best-disciplined troops in the world, without any exception. They are inimitable fighting instruments, but they have no heads. All they have to do is implicitly to obey orders. Their officers, as a rule, are intellectually below the average of their rank in any other European army. Now, Sir, I advise you strongly to go to Bucharest from Vienna, where you will find 35,000 Russian troops massed together. If you go, let me give you my card, and a note to my *maitre d'hotel.* You can stay at my house as long as you like; and you shall have attendance, carriages, horses, and shooting, at your pleasure.' On my declining, he pressed me, stoutly, to think twice of missing such a chance: he was pleased to say, 'I like you—I like your sentiments; for though you do not seem to agree with me, I see you are tolerant of other people's opinions, both in faith and politics. I have been exiled for some time. It will be one year and a half more before my period of exile expires. If you will go and see that my servants are in their place, and doing their duty, and will let me hear how you are impressed with what you see and hear, you will confer a favour on me. I can trust no one; for my own friends are not allowed to communicate with me. But you are an Englishman, and therefore to be trusted, and it is to your sympathy, as a nation, that we owe what little we have. If you enter our country, and say you are an Englishman, every peasant will offer you such bread, or wine, or shelter as he

has, and never take a farthing from you. If a Russian go, he will not get the slightest notice from high or low. Now, Sir, our hotels are not like yours. They are ill furnished and ill supplied; and therefore it is the usage of the country for our gentry to proffer hospitality to strangers, who cannot be well housed at public houses of entertainment. Je vous prie donc, Monsieur. Accept my offer.' His courier told me that his chateau was a palace; that there were twenty-two menservants, twelve horses in stall, and a first-rate French cook; and that his brother was living near to the estate. I confess, reluctant as I felt to accept favours from a stranger, I might have been tempted, but for the thought of having to sail four days on the Danube, exposed to all the musquitoes and fleas that infest its shores. He struck up a great friendship with me; and never took his eyes off my son, who he said was the very image of his brother. I suspect it is to that accident I owe his attentions; and yet his liberality is evinced towards every one with whom he comes in contact. Whenever we met with a blind or pitiable object by the roadside, he nodded to his courier, who threw them, always, silver—once or twice gold, pieces. His man told me he never gave to the young or able-bodied, but gave him orders never to pass an afflicted one without giving liberal help. He gave extra tips to the postillions to quicken their pace, till he found that Madame Parchappe got frightened, when he insisted on their going slower. He offered me a large box of exquisite Turkish tobacco, and was hurt at my refusing it. He fee'd the *douaniers*

to pass our luggage, as if we were all members of his family; he sent on his courier, while we were at the *douane,* to secure the best bedrooms in the hotel for Dr. and Madame Parchappe, my son, and myself, and selected the worst for himself.

I must not omit to mention that, for the last two hours our drive was considered to be attended with some danger. For, within the last ten days, the very diligence in which we were had been waylaid three times and plundered. All resistance, the guard (who had on one of these occasions been severely beaten because he had made a show of it) warned us would be worse than useless, as the brigands attacked in mobs of forty or fifty at a time. I am told that every man between Pistoja and Bologna is a professional bandit, and at present, when there is great destitution prevailing, in consequence of the failure of the grapes, potatoes, corn, peaches, and pears, the people, being exasperated and desperate, sympathize with and protect the robbers. It was amusing to see the *conducteur* from time to time leaning towards us, and in palpable apprehension, whispering 'A present! Messieurs, la voila! Voyez vous? ce petit bois? au coin, la, il y a de danger. Cétoit ici que notre voiture etait arretée et volée' Presently, with a reassured tone of voice, and a respiration relieved, he exclaimed 'Ah! Maintenant, n'a-yez pas peur, Messieurs, il-ny-a plus de danger. Voila! Les Murailles de la ville!' All the last half-hour Monsieur U—— C—— had his hand on his poniard, without which he told me he never travelled. The *gens d'armes* are known to be in league

with the robbers, and in their pay; and therefore the Pope, who has been governor of Bologna and knows it well, had called to the aid of the city six hundred picked Austrian soldiers.

I had much conversation with U—— C—— on the position of his own country. He says Kossuth is a man whom it is impossible not to love, when you know him; and that he is the bravest of the brave under fire. Bem he describes as the first artilleryman in Europe. Madame Beck—whom he says is Becki—had the courage of a lioness, and always rode with sword and pistols, in the very thick of the fight, *en plain costume*, at the left of Kossuth. He says, however, she had damaged the Hungarian cause by her indiscreet revelations, made from mercenary motives.

1853. September 12. Lionized for the second time in the Picture Gallery. I hear, on enquiry, that there are not only six hundred Austrians, but six hundred cavalry, eight thousand infantry, and many Papal soldiers quartered here.

September 13. Left Bologna at 10 a.m. in diligence; got to Ferrara at 2.30; visited Ariosto's monument; the marble palace in which Lucrezia Borgia lived and put to death her son; then to the cathedral, where echo answered twenty times; then to Tasso's prison; then to the ducal palace, where we saw the room in which Parasina sat, her boudoir, &c., &c., the room in which the Duke was sitting when he saw what he did, and the very mirror in which the scene was reflected from another hanging outside Parasina's chamber, and the cell in which Ugo was confined. Hers was clean

and tolerably light; his black as Erebus. There were three separate flights with trap-doors, and fearfully strong doors and bolts to each. Saw the tower which led from the Aurora chamber, down which Ugo was precipitated.

1853. September 13. Ferrara is a place more fraught with romantic and melancholy associations than any place I know. It carries one back to the middle ages. The castle contains the room allotted to Calvin by the Duchess Réné, and his chapel leading from it. Saw the window from which Leonora, Duke Alfonso's daughter, could see Tasso, her lover, in his prison. After a six-o'clock dinner left, in diligence, for Padua, where we arrived by the light of the moon at 3.30 a.m. We stopped twice on the road, at the *douane* on the frontiers for an hour and a half; then crossed the Adige in a *pont-volant*, and went to bed at four in the morning at the Stella d'Oro at Padua, where I stayed till 7.30.

1853. September 14. Saw all that was worth seeing; and among other things worth remembering, the Hotel de Ville, in which is a room 300 feet by 85, where we saw the governor of the town distributing prizes to the boys of an academy. Then went to the Botanical Garden, where we saw the coffee and the tea plants, the sugar cane, the Chinese umbrella tree, the bamboo, the sago plant, the vanille plant, the milk fruit, the sensitive plant, and cotton, pepper, caoutchouc, and date plants. At 1.30 left by rail for Venice. Put up at the Hotel de l'Europe.

1853. September 15. Visited the Palazzo Ducale,

Academia di Belli Arti, Duchess de Berri's palace, and, last not least, the Palazzo Grimani, which is now the Austrian Post-office, and is on the Grand Canal; the Palazzo Grimani at San Toma, and the Palazzo Grimani at S. Maria Formosa. The last two are miserable specimens of decayed grandeur. The first-named is a very fine and large palace. I must not forget to say that the first pictures on entering the first room in the Palazzo Ducale are a splendid one by Tintoretto of Marino Grimani, Doge, and another of Antonio Grimani, Doge. Moreover, in the Gran Consiglio there are three pictures of Doges, Grimanis. On each time of my visiting Venice I have had a different guide, and each has told me that there were five Grimanis who had been Doges. I don't know how it is, but I'm always in a hurry to get to Venice, and always in a hurry to get away from it.

1853. September 17. At twelve at night left by steamer for Trieste. Arrived there

September 18. Breakfasted at the Hotel de Ville, an hotel of great pretension and small comfort; then to Church, English—heard a well-delivered and well-considered sermon; much struck with the variety of street costumes—Tyrolese, Turks, Greeks, Albanians, Arabs, Armenians, all in their best.

September 19. Paid a hundred and eleven swanzigers, i. e. about eighty-nine francs, for a small carriage to Laibach. We were promised eight changes of horses, and that we should be eleven hours on the road, exclusively of the time spent at the grotto of Adelsberg. It ended in our having one set of horses, and our being

fourteen hours on the road. Our own driver, a simple, unsophisticated creature, was astonished at the price we had paid. Arrived at Adelsberg at one o'clock; dined there, and visited the grotto; reached Laibach at 11 p.m.; slept at a second-rate inn, but were kindly looked after.

1853. September 20. Left Laibach at 8.15 a.m.; got to Bruck at 8 p.m. by rail. Every yard enchanting; our little inn unpretending, but with all the essentials of comfort. The people, the blue trout, the milk, the bread, the tea—all good.

1853. September 21. Left Bruck at 8 a.m.; got to Vienna by 5.15 p.m. Here are literal transcripts of two advertisements, one of Vienna the other of Trieste:—

'GRAND HOTEL NATIONAL, VIENNA.

'The new pompously reised Hotel, called National Hotel, in Leopold toun, fronting the squaze, possesses many eximious advantages: viz. the stair casses, passages, and chambers are heated and ventilated. On each floor there are Baths of Steam and in Marble Tubs: and a reservoir into which streams fresch water. Meats are prepared by steam. The foul linnen of arrived strangers is cleaned and prepared by steam without delay. Duly care has been taken of sheltering carriages and horses.

'As the demands shall always keep within the limits of moderation, the proprietor does not doubt of his invitations being highly favoured by travellers.'

Again:—

'The Hotel de la Ville at Trieste is the same house lately known by name of Hotel National. It has been

just entirely repaired to provided with all it wanted, including a reading and a billiards salloon on ground floor; so that it would be, as for comfort and decency, an ornament to all capital.'

Saw the Belvidere palace; the new arsenal; Esterhazy and Lichtenstein palaces; riding school; the palace of Schönbrunn; cathedral of St. Stephen's; the Volksgärten. Heard Strauss on the Volksgarten; quite a treat to watch him while playing. Every finger, every muscle, every sinew, every tendon of his frame, vibrated and quivered with musical rapture. His leg, knee, and foot were never still. His mastery over his band is wonderful. It was delightful to see how flirting died a natural death, and officers and dandies, and fine ladies, and nursemaids and children, to the number of hundreds, became silent and attentive as soon as he drew his bow across the strings of his fiddle. Even the waiters, as they deposited on the little marble tables the ices that had been ordered, seemed to walk as if their shoes were of velvet. They even made their charges in whispers. One observes the same respect shown for music at the opera. The whole house is filled before the overture commences; the singing is rarely interrupted by applause: but at the end the successful competitors for popular favour are called forward four or five times over.

1853. September 24. Visited again the King's riding school: the *manége* perfect. Saw the spot where Stapps the student shot at Napoleon I.

September 27. Left Vienna: reached Prague at 8 p. m.

1853. September 28. Left Prague at 10 a. m.: got to Dresden at 5 p. m.

1853. September 29. Visited the armoury. Sobieski's scale armour, Augustus the Strong's. Napoleon's boots and saddle, Peter the Great's hat, Luther's rings and sword, and Melancthon's rings, interested me more than all the rest put together. Went to the Green Vaults, and thence to the Glorious Gallery, where I remained three hours.

1853. September 30. Left Dresden for Leipsic: saw the fair: went to a Kirch's concert in St. Thomas's: obtained an altar platz. It was a concert in honour of a composer many years dead, Schichte. It began with a very long and fine composition by him; then a Cantata by Sebastian Bach; then a Sanctus and Benedictus by Hauptmann; then a lovely Psalm by Mendelssohn. Moscheles was present.

1853. October 1. Started at 5 a. m. for Berlin; arrived at 10.15; put up at the Hotel du Nord unter den Linden; went to opera, and heard Frau Köster; prefer her to Wagner. Visited Krolls; in the Deer Garden, &c. &c.

1853. October 3. Left Berlin for Potsdam; saw Charlottenburg; the Windmill; San Souci; Voltaire's bedroom and the king's. On to Magdeburg; slept there.

1853. October 4. Left Cöln; reached Deutz, Hotel Bellevue, about 10 p. m.

1853. October 6. Left Deutz at 7.30; reached Brussels at 2 p. m.; went to the Bellevue.

1853. October 7. Visited Waterloo, for the second time.

1853. October 8. Left Brussels at 1.30; dined and slept there.

1853. October 9. Left Ghent at 9 a. m.; got to Calais at 3 p. m.; put up at Quillar's; saw lights of Dover from end of pier.

1853. October 10. Dover.

1854. January 27. Brighton, staying with ——. After breakfast had a long and interesting conversation with my kind host on the character of the late Sir Robert Peel. I took the liberty of saying that there was no passage in his life which had been more frequently or severely animadverted on than his conduct to George Canning in 1827. I mentioned that a specific charge had been preferred against him in the House of Commons by the late Lord George Bentinck, to this effect, viz. that, in the year 1825, he had told Lord Liverpool that the Catholic question *ought* to be settled; yet that in 1827, he had refused to act with Canning, because *he* was favourable to such settlement. I then proceeded to say, that I never could discover anything illogical or unseemly in such determination. For, in the first place, when, in a letter to Lord Liverpool, Peel had expressed his opinion that the Catholic claims would have to be conceded, he proposed that 'he himself should retire from office in the meantime.' In the second place, that it did not follow, because Peel acknowledged that the Catholic question would have to be settled, that he should therefore, with the sentiments he had avowed in 1825, be willing to be one of those who helped to carry it. Nor did it follow, in the third place, that because,

in the then state of public opinion, he regarded Catholic Emancipation as a political necessity, he should be disposed voluntarily to undertake a task, in itself sufficiently distasteful, under the leadership of one whom he disliked personally, and politically distrusted, as much as he did Mr. Canning. Fourthly, that when borne down by the heavy pressure put upon him from without, with infinite mortification to himself, and in the hope of averting rebellion, he consented to waive his own convictions at the call of patriotism, he did so under totally different conditions; for it was under the banner of his leader and friend, the Duke of Wellington.

Some such line of argument I was taking with the gentleman at whose house I was staying, on this much vexed question, when he, to whom Sir Robert Peel's character is as dear as his own, soon set me right. The facts of the case he knew from Sir Robert's own lips, and it is with his sanction I retail the substance of his remarks. He said, 'You must know that Peel tendered his resignation without having communicated with any of his colleagues. He had no wish that any of them should embarrass Canning in the formation of his government by following his example.

'So far from entertaining the personal dislike[1] to Canning that you and others attribute to him, I have heard him say, that, setting aside the Catholic ques-

[1] In confirmation of my friend's statement, I am happy to bring forward the attestation of an unexceptionable witness, viz. Mr. Stapleton, who, in page 319 of his Life of George Canning, says, 'Peel's conduct in all these interviews with Canning was, in every respect, honourable and consistent.'

tion, there was no member of Lord Liverpool's government with whom he found it more agreeable to act, or in whose opinions he more generally coincided.

'The great difficulty between them was, that they were leaders of opposite parties; and that circumstance made Peel consider that it would be unbecoming in him to act under Canning, though he had been a party to his admission into the late Cabinet.'

In the course of the conversation I had with this gentleman, he told an anecdote well worth repeating.

When Lord Liverpool was seized with paralysis in February 1827, Mr. Peel, as Secretary for the Home Department, went down to George the Fourth at Brighton, to inform him of that event. He found him confined to bed in the Pavilion by illness, which the communication he had to make did not tend to mitigate. Mr. Peel was anxious, if possible, to return to London that same evening, in order that he might escape the suspicion of taking part in any political intrigue to which Lord Liverpool's illness might give rise; and he made Mrs. Peel's illness an excuse for asking the King's permission to do so. The King, however, would not hear of his leaving him, and desired him to write immediately to Mrs. Peel, and tell her that he was detained at Brighton by indisposition. He promised to despatch the letter by a messenger who was waiting for orders, so that Mrs. Peel's mind might not be disturbed by any unnecessary anxiety on her husband's account. After the letter had been despatched, the King became very nervous, cried like a child, and foresaw difficulties,

which he considered would render the carrying on of the government an impossibility. After some time, Peel succeeded in dispelling these ill-founded apprehensions, and led the King to speak upon other subjects on which he knew him to be interested; and, when the hour for his departure to his room arrived, he left him in good spirits, and willing to admit that he felt relieved both in mind and body. In the course of the night, however, a servant went to the door of the Home Secretary, to beg that he would go down to the King at once, without waiting to dress himself, as His Majesty was again taken seriously ill. Peel promptly obeyed the summons, in his dressing-gown and slippers, and found the King unquestionably worse than he had ever seen him before, and harping upon the difficulties with which he was threatened, out of which, he declared, there was no possibility of escape. He proposed that Peel should write, without a moment's delay, to the Duke of Wellington, and summon him to the Pavilion. Peel assured the King that there was no necessity for such extraordinary hurry, and prevailed upon him to wait till the next day, when he would be more calm, and better able to determine on the most desirable course to adopt under the emergency.

The King consented to this adjournment, and made protestations of unflinching confidence in the Duke of Wellington and Peel, confessing that, with two such ministers by his side, it would be culpable in him to despair. He embraced Peel warmly, and wept upon

his shoulder; when suddenly, in the midst of his excitement and his protestations of attachment and confidence, he broke off, exclaiming, 'Peel, who made your dressing-gown?' Peel confessed his ignorance, and the King his astonishment at it. 'Open that wardrobe,' he said, 'and I will show you what a dressing-gown ought to be.' Peel obeyed, and drew forth an ample *robe-de-chambre*, composed of rich material, and elaborately ornamented, which the King desired him at once to put on. He then requested him to turn himself round before a cheval looking-glass, which was in the room, and judge for himself how much better it became him than the dressing-gown he had been wearing, a ready-made article, but with which he had, for some time, been thoroughly contented. My informant does not feel sure whether the King presented the dressing-gown to his visitor or not, but he told me that he knew he made him wear it for some time, while he sat by the king's side, listening to a string of anecdotes connected with tailoring, which the sight of the dressing-gown had conjured up. Gradually the King, warming with the congenial theme, talked himself into good spirits, said he was sure Peel must be tired, and recommended him, nothing loth, to go back to his chamber. The King took an affectionate leave of him: but allowed him to return the following morning, without expressing any desire for another interview. The very next news that reached him from the Pavilion was, that Canning, who was ill at Brighton at the time, had been conveyed to the Pavilion in a

sedan chair, and had had the interview with George the Fourth which led to his appointment as Prime Minister in Lord Liverpool's place, and to the secession of the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Peel, and their friends from the Government.

1854. February 13. Two curious specimens of elegant letter-writing have been given to me. The first, a note written to the late Bishop of Norwich, Dr. S——, in answer to an invitation given by him:—

'Mr. O——'s private affairs turn out so sadly that he cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon his lordship at his agreeable house on Monday next.

'N. B. His wife is dead.'

The second is a letter sent from a father to his daughter's schoolmistress.

'MADAM.—As I ad a good hedication myself, I am hintirely ashamed for to see wat manner that Lucy his bitt by the buggs. And it is my desire for herr to sleep in the bed that she alway do, and not for to sleep sum-times in wun, and then in annuther for to feed all the buggs in the ouse; for I think that be not right, neither shall she do it—so I remain yours, &c., &c.

1854. March 13. Monday. Yesterday, as I was walking through my shrubbery to church, I was met by a shepherd running to tell me that the Baltic Fleet had rounded Beachy Head, and was expected every moment to pass in sight. All our village had recently been thrown into commotion by an order from the Admiralty for our Coast Guard to join the ships to which they had been nominated at Portsmouth. As

they constituted the very cream of our population, unusually well conducted as it was, we were all greatly excited at the thought of seeing the vessels pass which were freighted with our neighbours. I paused a few minutes in the churchyard, and told the congregation that it would be kind to afford the families of those whose husbands were in the fleet, an opportunity of a parting glance; and that it would be so unusual a sight for all of us, that, with their concurrence, I would put off the service for half-an-hour, if they would promise to follow me afterwards to church, and join with me in public prayer for the outward bound. There was not a dissentient voice. All gladly acceded to the proposal, and accompanied me to the brow of our green-sandstone cliffs. We had not arrived five minutes at the spot, before the fleet appeared in sight, gliding on in splendid array, with sails set, flags flying, chimneys smoking, drums beating, and fifes playing.

Though the effect produced on the minds of the spectators varied with their circumstances, I doubt if there was one there who will ever forget the scene. To some, the ships sailing by 'in all the pomp and circumstance of war,' was a grand spectacle, and nothing more. Some of us reflected with national pride on the high state of discipline, and the spirit of subordination implied in the prompt obedience of our tars to duty's call: while others were shuddering to think that the flower of a nation's strength might ere long be swept away, for no better reason than that one man's biliary ducts were out of order. Yet, though I would undertake

to say there was not one among them who harboured the faintest suspicion that the lustre of the British name could be tarnished by cowardice or disaffection, one did not fail to see many a bitter tear shed, or to hear many a convulsive sob heaved from heavy hearts, as mothers held up their babes, or waved their shawls or kerchiefs towards the ships which were wafting far away from them those they might never see again. It did not much mend matters to reflect that, if they did return, they might come back so maimed and mutilated as to be disabled from further service. It was affecting to hearken to the conjectures of the little children, as to whether their 'daddies' saw them or not. They knew right well they could get a peep at the tower of their village church, and the chimneys of their 'Station' homes. Indeed they might have heard the sound of the church-going bells; for they continued their peal until the stern of the hindmost vessel had disappeared. Would they could have known that, shortly after they were out of sight, their neighbours, relatives, and friends, with one accord were invoking God's blessing on their persons and their arms.

1854. April 10. Heard to-day that John Wilson, author of the 'Isle of Palms,' 'Noctes Ambrosianæ,' &c., died on the 3rd of April. I knew him, but very slightly. I was first introduced to him in Blackwood's shop in Edinburgh. He had the head and locks of a Jupiter Tonans. He was the most dashing and athletic of sportsmen, the most uncompromising of Tories, and the most playful and benevolent of companions. For his versatility as an author, let his works speak.

1854. May 4. On the 24th of April last, the present Sir Robert Peel, accompanied by his friend Mr. Sansom, was returning from Italy to France. Sir Robert had originally intended going by land; but was over-persuaded by Mr. Sansom and his courier to go on to Marseilles by sea in a vessel called the 'Ercolano.' It was a passenger steamboat; and there were several English families on board. After they had put to sea, Sir Robert, though a man of nerve, was so possessed with the idea of some impending misfortune, that he begged his friend to go to the captain, and, in his name, offer him £200 to put back to Genoa. Mr. Sansom ridiculed the proposition, adding, that though the night was dark, and the sea running high, yet that there was no danger of a storm; and that, at all events, they were in no worse predicament than all the women and children on board. These arguments, though they silenced Sir Robert, did not dispel his apprehensions; and it was in no very enviable frame of mind that he got into the carriage he had on deck, determined to pass the night in it alone. At eleven o'clock Mr. Sansom went to the carriage window and asked him if he would not go down and have some coffee. Fortunately he declined. Mr. Sansom himself, however, went down into the saloon and took some refreshment; but, unable to endure the smoke, quickly returned upstairs. As he was pacing up and down the quarter-deck, he noticed, to his great surprise, that there were neither watchmen on the outlook, nor any on deck except himself and the man at the helm. This struck him as unusual laxity; but before he had time to remonstrate with

any one, his attention was distracted by a portentously black and angry cloud. While looking at it, he fancied he could distinguish light emerging from its midst. At first he took it for a Pharo; but, on observing it more closely, he ascertained it to be the danger signal of another vessel which was bearing rapidly down upon them. He immediately gave the alarm in French, and shouted it out with all the power of his lungs. The captain was below, and the helmsman was equally deaf to his cries, and unmoved by his gesticulations. In another second the 'Ercolano' was run into by the 'Sicilia' with the force of a ram. She was cleft in two to the very water's edge, and began to settle down at once in deep water. Booms, hencoops, spars, masts, tackle, and the great chimney, all went overboard. Some of these things served to keep the struggling passengers and crew afloat: by them others were even saved; but by far the greater part were engulfed in the trough of the sea. Among the victims was my old acquaintance, Tom Halsey, M.P. for Herts, his wife, his boy, and his two servants. It is a curious fact, that Sir Robert Peel, though athletic in person, and very manly in his pursuits, could not swim. The moment the collision between the two vessels took place, he leaped overboard, and fortunately struck against the mainmast, to which he clung with all the tenacity of despair. While on one end of it, he was made conscious that there was some one else at the other. He did not long remain in doubt about his companion; for he recognized the voice of his own servant, who had been forty years in the family, moaning forth these

words in broken-hearted accents, 'Oh! ma pauvre fille.' Sir Robert had just time to tell him not to be unhappy on her account, as he had provided for her in his will, when the old man dropped into the water, never to rise again. So spent was Sir Robert with his efforts to hold on, and so chilled with the cold, that he felt certain that he should soon follow the fate of his man; when his hand suddenly touched a chain attached to the mast. He tried to thrust his fingers through the links; and, finding he had not strength to do so, deliberately tried to break one of his finger joints, with the idea of giving himself a better chance of hooking on to the mast; but in vain. He became insensible; and, in that condition, was picked up by one of the boats of the 'Sicilia,' and put on board of her. From the time of Mr. Sansom's going to the side of Sir Robert's carriage, to the moment when he had himself arrived in safety at Lyons, he knew nothing of his friend's fate till he received a telegraphic despatch from him, announcing his health and safety at Genoa. On board the 'Sicilia,' Sir Robert was treated with every consideration. His feet, which had become black with cold and exposure, were rubbed till circulation was at last restored. On the 26th, he was sufficiently recovered to be able to go to church at Genoa. It was the Day of Humiliation; and on the Sunday following, by a providential coincidence, he had the happiness of returning thanks for his merciful preservation in the very church in Geneva which he had been chiefly instrumental in having built. With the broad outline of this tragedy the public are sufficiently familiar; the details, I suspect, are known to few.

What I am about to supplement is known to fewer still.

In the year 1856, and on the 30th of October, my wife and I were staying in Turin, at the Hotel Féder, for two or three days, on our road to the south of Italy. We knew that there was residing in the town a very old friend of my wife's family, Mlle. Sophie de la Pierre, sister, I think, of the Princess of Monaco. Mrs. Young being anxious to see her, we called, found her at home, talked over old Hampton Court friends, and Hampton Court days; and, among other names that rose to the surface were those of the Moores and the Moore Halseys.

I said, 'I suppose you heard of the awful calamity which befell the poor Halseys?' 'Of course,' she replied. 'Why, the Halseys, on their road to Genoa, halted here, purposely, to see me. The instant they arrived, they sent me a note to say that they were dining, after some hours' fatiguing travel, and that they hoped I would go to them as soon as I could, and take tea with them. I found them in the same hotel in which you are, with a charming suite of rooms on the first floor. Out of their *salon* there was a splendid bedroom in which Mr. and Mrs. Halsey slept, and in which they had had a small tent-bed put that they might have their little boy near them. We had so much to ask of each other, and to tell, that it was twelve o'clock before I got home. But, at about ten minutes past eleven, while I was presiding, at the request of my entertainers, over the tea-table, we heard a piercing shriek from the inner chamber. We ran in,

and found the little boy sitting up in his bed, shivering, crying bitterly, and gasping with terror. It was some time before his mother could pacify him, or learn from him the cause of his agitation. At last, gaining courage from seeing his parents by his side, he told us that he had dreamed that his papa, mamma, and himself were all drowned in the salt sea.

'His parents were not much disturbed by the incident, as they attributed it to the child's nervous dread of the coming voyage. If they had been less matter-of-fact, and a little more superstitious, and had accepted their boy's presentiment as an omen, they might have been alive to this day: whereas, next night, at the very time when the boy had had these shadows of "coming events" cast over his dreams the night before, the child, his parents, and their servants, *were* swallowed up in the salt sea.'

1854. August 4. The late Mr. Nightingale was telling Horace Smith of his having given a late royal duke an account of an accident he had met with when he had been run away with, and of the duke's exclaiming aloud to himself, when he heard he had jumped out of the carriage, 'Fool! fool!' 'Now,' said the narrator to his auditor, 'it's all very well for him to call me a fool; but I can't conceive why he should. Can you?' 'No,' replied the wag, as if reflecting, 'No, I can't; because he could not suppose you ignorant of the fact.'

The same gentleman, Mr. Nightingale, walked one day into the shop of Saunders and Otley, and began to tell one of the persons behind the counter that he considered himself very ill used; for that he had subscribed

for years to their library, and yet never could get any of the new works that came out: whereas, friends of his, who had not subscribed twelve-months, were accommodated with all the best books of the season. On hearing the angry tone and language of Mr. N., a highly-respectable gentleman came from the inner shop, and said, that 'if Mr. N. were dissatisfied, he had his redress in his own hands; he had better withdraw his name from the list of subscribers.' On this the old gentleman became exceeding wroth, winding up a somewhat intemperate speech with these words:—'There, Sir! now you know my mind as to your conduct. I think I have spoken pretty plainly; and, in case I have not—I don't know who you are—but, if you are Saunders—hang Otley! and if you are Otley—hang Saunders!'

1854. October 13. Mrs. Morris, a lodging-house-keeper, in speaking to my friend, Alfred Westwood, of the late celebrated ladies of Llangollen, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, extolled their virtues in the following antithesis. 'I must say, Sir, after all, they was very charitable and cantankerous—they did a deal o' good, and never forgave an injury.'

1854. November 24. On this day John Lockhart died. It is a strange coincidence that, in the same year, he, as well as his great ally and *collaboratcur*, John Wilson, should have been called to rest. Able as a novelist and poet, and dreaded as a reviewer, he was, in spite of personal beauty and a winning address, very unpopular in his own country from the sarcastic propensity of his mind, the *hautcur* of his bearing, and his

social exclusiveness. But he had warm affections; and a kinder husband, a more devoted son-in-law, or a more indulgent father could not be.

1854. December 22. Dr. Routh, the President of Magdalen College, Oxford, died, in his hundredth year. A year or two before his death, the late Lord Campbell visited Oxford, and was anxious to make the acquaintance of a man so remarkable as the learned author of the Opuscula. Independently of his high distinction as a scholar, he was venerable from his age, and interesting from his extensive experience of life: for he had known Dr. Theophilus Leigh, the Master of Balliol, the contemporary of Addison; and had been shown by him the situation of Addison's rooms. He had seen Sam Johnson, in his brown wig, mounting the steps of University College; and had been told by a lady, of her aunt having seen Charles II. and his lap-dogs walking round the Parks at Oxford, when the Parliament was held there, and the plague was raging in the Metropolis.

The Rev. John W. Burgon, of Oriel, Rector of St. Mary's, a man beloved of all who know him—accomplished, erudite, a great biblical scholar, and an earnest and fearless defender of the faith; a man of great sanctity, and yet with a most acute perception of the ludicrous, was a great favourite of the late President of Magdalen. On one occasion, when Dr. Routh had been saying many kind and encouraging things to him, he asked him to give him some advice which might stay by him, and be of use to him in his future life. 'Always verify citations,' was his answer.

I have said that Lord Campbell, when in Oxford, was very anxious to know Dr. Routh. Such a consummation was soon managed by the help of mutual friends. 'Greek met Greek,' Whig met Tory, and then came the 'tug of war.' Though they had much warm argument together, and of course differed widely in their views on all points, historical, ecclesiastical, and political, they did so amicably, and like gentlemen. On parting, Campbell was infinitely amused by Routh's farewell speech to him. 'My Lord, I have had pleasure in making your acquaintance, and in exchanging minds with you. I hope it will not be many years before we meet again.' 'Did he think,' said Lord Campbell,' he and I were going to live for ever?'

1855. March 28. The following story was told me by Lady S——, who heard it from Mr. M——, a gentleman of considerable note, and one not at all given to romancing:—

'Mr. M——, a well-known lawyer, went to stay with Mr. T——, in the county of ——. In the course of their first evening together, Mr. M—— learned that, among his host's neighbours, was an old friend of his own, for whom he had great regard; but of whom he had lost sight since college days. The next morning Mr. M—— asked the gentleman of the house if he would forgive him if he walked over to see his old friend; adding a request that if he were asked to dinner, he might be allowed to accept the invitation.

On being assured that he might do whatever was most agreeable to himself, he went to make his call—

not on foot, as he had proposed, but in his friend's dog-cart. As he anticipated, the gentleman he went to see insisted on his staying to dinner. He consented, and sent the groom back with the dog-cart, with a message to his master to say that, as it would be a fine moonlight night, he should prefer walking home. After having passed a very agreeable day with his old fellow collegian, he bade him good-bye; and, fortified with a couple of cigars, sallied forth on his return. On his way he had to pass through the pleasant town of ————, and on coming to the church in the main street, he leaned against the iron railings of the churchyard while he struck a match and lighted his second cigar. At that moment the church clock began to strike. As he had left his watch behind him, and did not feel certain whether it were ten o'clock or eleven, he stayed to count, and to his amazement found it twelve. He was about to hurry on, and make up for lost time, when his curiosity was pricked, and the stillness of the night broken, by the sound of carriage wheels on the road, moving at a snail's pace, and coming up the side street directly facing the spot where he was standing. The carriage proved to be a mourning-coach, which, on turning at right angles out of the street in which Mr. M—— first saw it, pulled up at the door of a large red brick house. Not being used to see mourning-coaches out at such an unusual hour, and wondering to see this one returning at such a funereal pace, he thought he would stay and observe what happened. The instant the coach drew up at the house, the carriage door opened, then

the street door, and then a tall man, deadly pale, in a suit of sables, descended the carriage steps, and walked into the house. The coach drove on, and Mr. M—— resumed his walk. On reaching his quarters, he found the whole household in bed, with the exception of the servant, who had received orders to stay up for him.

The next morning, at breakfast, after he had given the host and hostess an account of his doings on the previous day, he turned to the husband and asked him the name of the person who lived in the large red brick house directly opposite the churchyard. 'Who lives in it? Mr. P——, the lawyer!' 'Do you know him?' 'Yes; but not at all intimately. We usually exchange visits of ceremony about once a year, I think.'

Mr. M. 'Does any one live with him? Is he married?'

Answer. No. Two maiden sisters live with him. He is a bachelor, and likely to remain one; for, poor fellow, he is a sad invalid. If I am not mistaken, he is abroad at this moment, on account of his health.'

Mr. M—— then mentioned his motive for asking these questions. When he had told of his adventure, he proposed that, after lunch, they should drive to —— and call on the ladies, and see if, by their help, they could not unravel the mystery. Full of their object, they paid their visit, and after the usual interchange of commonplace platitudes, the sisters were asked if they had heard lately of their brother. They said, 'No; not for weeks: and felt rather uneasy in

consequence.' Mr. M——, surprised at not seeing them in mourning, asked them if they had not lately sustained a great loss. 'No,' they replied: 'why do you ask such a question?' 'Oh,' said Mr. M—— 'because of the mourning-coach I saw, with some gentleman of this family in it, returning from a funeral so late last night.' 'I think, Sir,' said one of the ladies, 'you must have mistaken this house for some other.' He shook his head confidently. At their request, he then told them what had happened. They said it was impossible that their street door could have been opened at that hour, for that every servant, as well as themselves, were in bed. The more the subject was canvassed, the farther they seemed from arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. The ladies, rather nettled at the obstinacy of his assertions, examined the servants, individually and collectively, but with no better result. Mr. M—— and his host eventually withdrew. On their drive home, Mr. M——'s friend quizzed him, and reminded him that when he saw the apparition he had dined, and dined late, and had sat long over his friend's old port. But Mr. M——, though he submitted to the badinage good-humouredly, remained 'of the same opinion still.'

A week after, when Mr. M—— was in his chambers in London, his friend from the country burst in upon him, and said, 'I know you are much engaged, but I could not resist running in to tell you that the two ladies we called on last week, three or four days after our visit received a letter, telling them that their brother, "a tall, pale man," had died at Malta, at twelve o'clock

on the very night you saw the mourning-coach and the person in it at their door.'

1855. March 29. The following story was told me by a gentleman whom I met in Wiltshire, and whom I have never seen since. I do not pretend to tell it in his words: I only answer for the facts as well as I remember them.

A widowed lady was fortunate enough to obtain for her only son, a boy not yet eighteen years of age, while at Harrow, a commission without purchase. A few weeks after receiving it, his regiment was ordered out to the Crimea, in 1854. Many weeks elapsed, during which the mother was a prey to anxiety, in consequence of never having received a line from him. The first intimation she got was from a letter published in one of the newspapers, and written by an amateur who had witnessed the first engagement, at the Alma, between the Russians and the allied forces.

After giving sundry details of the battle, he mentioned instances of individual heroism he had seen, and among the number wrote with enthusiasm of the intrepidity of a lad of eighteen. This lad turned out to be the widow's son. In her pride of heart, she wrote to him in the glowing terms of praise natural to a mother, and called him her 'hero boy.' The letter she received from him in answer was characterized by candour and modesty. I cannot pretend to repeat with any degree of verbal accuracy a letter I never saw, and only heard recited second-hand: but this was in substance its purport:—

'Now, dear mother, that your fears about my safety are allayed, and that you have been cheered by favourable intelligence of me, I must undeceive you as to my having any right to the epithet you applied to me in your letter.

'I must confess to you, that, when first I saw the Russian guns opening fire, and saw the smoke wreathing itself upon the heights, I felt disposed to run away as fast as my legs could carry me. I was not without thoughts of undutiful reproach against you for putting me into a profession for which I was physically disqualified. I felt I was a born coward! My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth: my heart beat against my ribs like a sledge-hammer: my knees knocked together; and I doubted whether my ancle-joints would not refuse to perform their office. I found myself unable to resist looking over my left shoulder to see how the land lay behind me; when, suddenly, I was conscious of a strong hand between my shoulder blades, and of a kindly voice, in good broad Scotch, saying to me, "Come, laddie — forward, mon — forward! Duty, aye duty!" At that moment, had I been twitted by him or any coxcomb of an officer, with what must have been plain to read in my ashen face and shrinking step, I should assuredly have run away. But there was something so encouraging in the tone of friendly expostulation, coupled with the brave bearing of our old serjeant-major, that I felt renerved, and as if I had had a fresh backbone put into me. On I went with redoubled courage for some little time, till, as I drew closer to the scene of action, and saw more of the hideous effects of shot and shell, I found myself once more looking over to the left; when again my guardian angel placed

the same firm hand to my back, and repeated the same kind words in my ears. "Eh, sirs, Come, come, laddie; ye 've done vera weel. Forward, then! Duty's the word — aye duty. Come, then; I 'm just proud o' ye." Inspired with fresh ambition to deserve his good opinion, and the more so because of his generosity and forbearance, I put forth all the energy and resolution I could muster, until the man on my right and the other on my left were shot down by my side. This was too much for my coward heart. Nature asserted herself, and I actually turned round to fly; when both my shoulders were seized in an iron grip, and these words were hissed in my ears: "Fie, fie, laddie! Think o' yer mither!" Then it was that, stung with self-reproach and a sense of shame unutterable, and wrought up to resolution by the magic power of that dear name, I remember springing forward, rushing into the very thick of the *melée*, throwing fear to the winds, ceasing to be a craven, and, I hope, bearing myself as a soldier should.'

1855. July 11. A person, who shall be nameless, goes to purchase a horse of an Irish dealer,

Buyer. 'Have you got a clever horse to show me.'

Seller. 'I have that, Sir.'

Buyer (looking at a horse that is brought out for inspection). 'Is he a good hunter?'

Seller. 'Is it a hunter, Sir? Why, then, Sir, I 'll be open with ye. He 's a craving oss, but he 's what I call a flippant lepper (leaper). I might say, he 's the most *intrickate*-lept oss in the south of Ireland.'

Buyer. 'Is he a good hack?'

Seller. 'Is it a hack you mane, Sir? Well, Sir, I'll be fair with ye. He could not, convaniently to himself, trot under sixteen miles the hour.'

Buyer. 'And whereabouts is the figure?'

Seller. 'Is it the figure, Sir? Then, I'll tell you, by the virtue of my oath, I should consider it my duty to go a hundred miles to call *anny* man out who would preshume to offer me less than £80 for him.'

Buyer. 'Is he good at water?'

Seller. 'Is it wather, bedad?' (looking round, and standing up in his stirrups, and surveying the country, as if he were a stranger in those parts.) 'Boys, is there anny canals about?'

1856. May 29. This day peace was celebrated. At Miss B. Coutts' to witness the illuminations and fireworks. I went up to the roof of the house with the Rev. Mr. Barlow and Faraday. It was a splendid position, for from its elevation one could see not only over the Green Park, but St. James's Park, Hyde Park, Primrose Hill, Highgate, and Hampstead. I was exceedingly amused by the childlike enjoyment of the fireworks shown by Faraday. He seemed to know the ingredients used in all the pyrotechnic wonders, and halloaed out, with wonderful vivacity, 'There goes magnesium,' 'There's potassium,' &c. &c.

CHAPTER XVII.

1859. February. Mr. C——d called and sat with us, and told the following story. I have considerably expanded it, by drawing on my imagination in the way of description; but the essential facts are as he told them.

'Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, when the Continent was thrown open to the English traveller, a friend of mine started on a two years' tour. Well-born and well-connected, he carried with him letters of introduction to all the courts of Europe. When sated with the dissipation of Paris, and with all he cared to see in the way of art at Berlin, Dresden, and Prague, he proceeded on his route to Vienna. On leaving his letters at the door of Count and Countess G——[1], he was at once invited, during his stay, to take up his quarters at their house.

'The Austrian court at that time was inflexible in its rule of aristocratic exclusiveness. No one was admissible into its *penetralia* who could not show at least sixteen quarterings on his armorial shield. This condition Mr. B—— was in a position to fulfil; so that, under the auspices of his noble entertainers, he soon found himself mixing familiarly with the *créme de la créme* of Viennese society.

'Conspicuous among the most fashionable was a cer-

[1] The initials used in the story are feigned.

tain Count Albert A——, who, though he had seen some forty summers, eclipsed all competitors by the beauty of his person, the grace of his manners, and the diversity of his accomplishments.. Nature and fortune seemed to have combined to shower on him their choicest gifts; for, in addition to his physical attributes, his descent was noble, and his possessions vast: he spoke four or five languages with ease, and was regarded by the fair sex as such a Crichton, that no party had a chance of being considered successful unless he were present.

'One morning, after one of the most brilliant balls of the season, as Mr. B——, at breakfast with his host and hostess, was talking of it, he expressed much surprise at the absence, on the previous night, of the indispensable Count. Countess G—— allowed his remark at the time to drop without comment, and, by her manner, seemed to evade the subject. A few days after, however, when she and my friend were alone together, she referred to what he had said, and told him that she had not liked dwelling on the subject in the presence of her husband, inasmuch as it was distasteful to him. "You expressed," she said, "surprise at the absence of Count Albert A—— from the L—— ball. It is true he was not there when we arrived, for, if you remember, we went unusually late; but he had been there before our arrival, and had left, against his own will, and under mysterious circumstances. He had been dancing with more than his usual spirit, and was leaning against the wall of the room, while his partner recovered her breath, during a pause in the waltz;

when, happening to turn his head in the direction of a group of persons standing in the gangway, he noticed a tall person, in a long military cloak, beckoning to him, with an air of authority. Having handed his partner to her seat at the end of the dance, he obeyed the summons. As soon as he had reached the stairhead, two men, at a signal from the man in the cloak, seized him by each arm, dragged him down the steps, thrust him into a chaise drawn by four horses, took their places by his side, put fetters on his wrists, and, without assigning any reason for his arrest, told him that his future residence would be the fortress of Spielberg, along whose corridors the same feet were never known to retrace their steps.

'"You will naturally be curious to learn what possible justification there could be for the adoption of measures so severe against such a man. The public at large will, possibly, never know. But you shall, on one condition; viz. that you never divulge what I shall tell until I am dead. The strange facts which I have been told by my husband, he never could have known, had he not been appointed by the Emperor a member of the Aulic council, whose jurisdiction, you are aware, is universal in the Austrian dominions, and is without appeal."

'My friend having promised to preserve the secret inviolate as long as she lived, the Countess thus continued her narrative:—

'"To understand my tale, you must transport yourself back in imagination some five-and-thirty years.

'"In Upper Styria, of which Judenberg is the capital, there is a very large but sparsely-peopled district, which, at the period I allude to, was in the exclusive possession of three landowners. Part of the region was mountainous; the mountains containing in their bowels mines of silver, lead, copper, and iron. Part consisted of valleys, richly-cultivated, yielding abundant crops of grain, and possessing a fine breed of large cattle. The other part was wild moorland, frequented by the chamois, and varied in its features by dark pine forests and lakes teeming with fish and wild fowl of all kinds.

'"Baron P——, a benevolent old bachelor, was the owner of the largest of these three properties. His estate was bounded on one side by Madame D——'s and on the other by Gräffin E——'s. Both of these ladies were widows; both were nearly the same age; each had an only child. Madame D——'s was a boy, two years older than Gräffin E——'s little girl.

'"Similarity of circumstance, proximity, sequestration from the world, community of sorrow, knitted them together by strong ties of sympathy and friendship. On the other hand, while the gentleness of their neighbour, the old baron, endeared him to them both, his judgment caused them to refer to him for advice on all matters of importance.

'"The constant interchange of kindly offices among the three families helped to cement their intimacy so closely, that they were hardly ever separate. They alternated visits at each other's houses of many months' duration.

'"In the mean time the boy and girl grew up together as brother and sister. They read together, they romped

together, they rode together, they fished on the lake together. On meeting at morn, and on parting at night, they embraced each other with as much unrestricted freedom as if they were the children of the same parents.

'"In this innocent and unalloyed confidence did these three families continue, until the girl was nearly seventeen, when the old baron proposed for her to her mother, in some such words as these:—

'"With your sanction, dear friend, I shall offer to your girl my hand, my heart, and my fortune. I am emboldened to do so, first, because, in consequence of the seclusion in which she has been reared, I know her affections to be disengaged; secondly, because, though not so vain as to fancy that, at my years, I can hope to inspire her with a romantic attachment, I yet believe she loves me better than any one in the world, except yourself. If you, then, will ratify our union, I will look to you to explain to her that matrimony, in her case, will entail no abridgment of her liberty. In all the pleasures and pursuits natural to her age, she will still have her friend Albert for her companion; and it will be an unspeakable satisfaction to me, as long as I live, to reflect that, when I die, our two estates will centre in the person of one who loves the poor alike on both, and whom the peasantry themselves adore.

'"*Marriages de convenance* were so common at that time throughout Germany and Hungary, that the disparity of age between the contracting parties in no degree lessened the advantages of the alliance in the estimation of the tenantry.

'"All the preliminary arrangements, as to settlements, &c. &c., having been quickly disposed of, the marriage was duly solemnized, though with little display or pomp; and the three families, who might be said to enjoy all things in common, dwelt for many a month under the Baron's roof in blissful, if monotonous, harmony; when an incident occurred which threatened to jeopardize its perpetuity.

'"About three or four miles from the baronial residence there was a small town, consisting of some four thousand inhabitants, in which there was an opera house—an institution almost essential to the happiness of a people nationally so musical as the Germans. Of course the scenery, dresses, and decorations were not very imposing, and the corps itself but second rate; yet, occasionally, some of the more celebrated metropolitan singers would take the little town in their provincial route, and attract crowded audiences to hear them. Ernestine and Albert were equally devoted to music, and generally attended the opera three nights a week; their mothers keeping company with the Baron at home, until he retired to his study, his meerschaum, and his bed. After two years of wedded life, the Baroness, without having any ostensible grounds of complaint against her husband, fancied that there was a slight diminution of tenderness in his manner towards her. The more narrowly she watched his demeanour, the more strongly persuaded she became that she had, somehow or other, given him umbrage. She told him frankly of her fears. He begged her to dispel them, as they were groundless. After some time, however, when

she returned to the charge, and urged him to tell her if she had, in any way, fallen short of her duty as a wife, he was obliged to confess that, much as he liked her to amuse herself, and grateful as he felt to Albert for escorting her to entertainments for which he had no longer any relish himself, he yet thought she had evinced some little want of consideration for the order and regularity and comfort of his establishment in staying out so late at night. Surely, my darling, said he, it is not important for you, who are such an *habituée* of the opera, always to stay till the very end of the entertainment. It is usually morning before the coachman has groomed and fed and bedded his horses. The whole household is on the alert when it ought to be at rest. Some of my old servants, who have been used to my early hours, have complained to me of the change; and, as for myself, although we occupy separate apartments, I never can close an eye till I know you have returned home in safety. I daresay, therefore, I may have unconsciously betrayed some dissatisfaction. I am glad, dear, we have had this candid explanation, because I know you will now take pleasure in conforming to my wishes for the future.

'"Instead of gracefully acceding to her husband's hint, she bantered him on his old-fashioned punctilios, and asked him if he could be cruel enough to wish her to quit the opera, and disturb the house by doing so, even when the piece were not concluded. Much more she said in the same vein, showing plainly that she thought his objections frivolous and overstrained; and proceeded, with the petulance of a spoiled

child, to say, that it was evident he cared more for his servants' comfort than for her gratification. With self-enforced calmness he interrupted her with these words: — Ernestine, I have religiously observed the promise I made your mother before our marriage. I have allowed you uncontrolled latitude of action. You do what you like; you go where you like; you spend what you like. Your every wish it has been my study to gratify. I am therefore, I own, disappointed to see how little you care to humour my harmless whims and prejudices. Until this moment you have never heard an angry expression pass my lips. But for once—and, I trust, only for once—I change my tone. As I see how lightly my wishes weigh with you, and how entirely engrossed with your own you are, I give you warning. He then turned towards her a face livid with anger, and spoke in a tone the more alarming from its unwonted asperity, these memorable words—Go, madam; go every night of your life, if it please you, to the opera. Leave every night of your life, if it please you, your old husband to the care of others and to the solace of his books. But remember, if henceforward you present yourself at the park gates after midnight, they will be closed on you for ever.

'"The young wife, who, in spite of a little giddiness, was an amiable and affectionate creature, and fondly attached to her husband, was appalled by his ferocity. Overwhelmed with self-reproach, she flung herself at his feet, professed the profoundest contrition for her selfishness, and the utmost readiness to submit to any

humiliation rather than forfeit his affection. As he felt her tears drop on his hands, and witnessed her penitence, the angry cloud on his brow cleared off; the thunder which had gathered over his spirit rolled by; the sunshine of his better nature again broke forth; and once more she was basking in the smile of reconciliation.

'"For a long time she adhered rigidly to her promise. On a particular night, however, a new opera was to be represented for the first time by a brilliant company from Vienna. Albert and Ernestine had their coffee, and went earlier than usual, that they might not miss a single bar of the overture. At the end of the second act the Baroness complained to her companion that the interest of the piece dragged heavily.—It hangs fire sadly, she said, I wonder how long the act has lasted. Just look at your watch and see; I am sure it has been unusually long.

'"Albert looked, and found it to be close on ten o'clock. At the instant that he returned his watch to his pocket, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. Smiting his forehead impatiently, he exclaimed,—Good heavens! your asking me the hour has reminded me of what I had forgotten, viz. my appointment with Herr von S——, the avocat. I told you of it a week ago.

'"Oh, never mind, she replied; write him an apology to-morrow.—To-morrow, said he, will be too late. The farm I wanted for our old friend H—— will be given away, unless I negotiate for it to-night. Besides, my lawyer is such a touchy old fellow, that if I break faith with him now, I shall find

it no easy matter to appease him afterwards. You won't mind my leaving you for half-an-hour, will you? I shall not be longer.—Certainly not, if your engagement be as important as you say it is. No one will interfere with me. Every one knows me well. And, if I had any cause for fear, I have only to lock the door of my box while you are away. He left her hurriedly, promising to return as quickly as he could.

'"In the meantime the opera proceeded; and the Baroness became so absorbed in the interest of the plot, and so enchanted with the singing of the prima donna, that she forgot the flight of time, until, on the falling of the curtain, Albert re-entered the box, and expressed his regret at his detention, telling her it was ten minutes to twelve o'clock. On hearing this, Ernestine evinced the most poignant distress, rushed to her carriage, told the coachman to gallop his horses the whole way home; and, as she took her seat by Albert's side, burst into a flood of tears, delaring that she was irretrievably ruined; and that he, who knew but one side of her husband's character, could form no conception of the violence of his temper, or the obstinacy of his resolution, when once it was really provoked, and that she was sure she should find him inexorable. In vain he tried to reassure her; in vain he told her, that in proportion as anger was vehement was it apt to be short-lived—that the storm once over, it would be succeeded by a great calm—and that all would be well again. She refused to be comforted.

'"On arriving at the park lodge, the keeper, who was

in the habit, when he heard the tread of the carriage horses on the road, of springing forward to clear the way for them, was nowhere to be seen. Not till after many angry words from Albert did the old man present himself. And when he did, he respectfully but firmly declined to open the gates, saying, in justification for doing so, that more than twelve months ago his master had told him never to open them to any one after twelve o'clock, on pain of instant dismissal. It goes to my heart, my lady, to refuse you, he said; for you have always been kind to me: but I must think of my wife and children; for what would become of us if we were turned off without a shirt to our backs, or a roof over our heads.—If you will only open the gates, she replied, I will take all the blame; and if my intercession with your master fail, you know I am myself quite able to save you from want, and save you I will.

'"On the strength of this assurance, though with fear and trembling, he admitted the carriage. The instant the Baroness had entered the house she repaired to her husband's chamber, resolved to throw herself on his mercy, and assure him that it was from no spirit of wilful disobedience, but from an unavoidable accident, that she had transgressed. She tapped diffidently at his door, and obtaining no answer, concluded that he was either asleep or in no mood to be disturbed. She thought it would be more prudent to wait till the morning. Early next day she repaired to his door, rapping two or three times, but with no better success. Ah! she thought to herself, I daresay he has been chafing

all night with anger against me; and has, may be, only just dropped asleep, after a wakeful vigil. It will be impolitic to try and rouse him now. About ten o'clock she once more ventured to his door, and loudly and beseechingly entreated him to let her in. No notice being taken of her appeal, she went for Albert, who first shouted lustily, and then shook the door impatiently. Still no answer. Becoming, both of them, seriously alarmed, they had his door broken open; and, on rushing to his bed, found the ghastly corpse of the old man stretched upon it, and weltering in its blood. While the young widow rent the air with her shrieks, and her own and Albert's mother were running to see what was the matter, Albert hastened to the stables, saddled a horse with his own hands, and scoured the country far and wide, in hope of falling on the track of the murderer. For three days he was absent, never relaxing in his exertions, until, baffled and disheartened by failure, he returned to the inmates of the castle, to give vent to the sorrow he had managed in the excitement of action to repress. The country, of course, was rife with ingenious but erroneous conjectures as to the motive of the murder; for no money was missing, and no provocation could have been given to anybody by one leading a life so benevolent, peaceful, and retiring as the Baron's. The perpetrator of the deed was never guessed. The only man who ever approached him, except his servants, who had lived with him for years, was the young Count Albert: but he was known to have idol-

ized him from his childhood, and to have been treated by him like a father.

'"In course of time curiosity and indignation died out. The country folk subsided into their ordinary habits, firmly convinced that a special revelation from heaven alone could unravel the mystery of the murder. After a while the family lawyer was sent for, and the will read. It was found that everything the good old man had died possessed of was bequeathed without reservation to his widow.

'"The administration of such extensive estates made it more than ever important that the now wealthy Baroness should have a man of probity and capacity at her elbow. Albert's presence was therefore essential to her: and, at the pressing solicitation of Ernestine, he and his mother consented to break up their own establishment, leave their house and estate in charge of a steward, and take up their quarters with their widowed friend.

'"The recollection of her husband's boundless confidence in her, confirmed by the terms of his will, and the tender thoughtfulness for her welfare which he had ever shown her during his life, filled his childless widow with self-reproach. The only compensation she could make his memory would be by carrying out to the letter every idea she had ever heard him express for the good of his tenantry. Dedication to the call of duty, with a high sense of her responsibilities, gradually restored her to herself, and reconciled her to her lot. When the days of her mourning were ended, and she had consented to discard her weeds, one of her favourite

occupations was visiting every corner of the property, and devising with Albert projects for the greater comfort and wellbeing of the labouring poor.

'"In one of these joint expeditions, Ernestine observed that Albert seemed out of spirits—that he was absent and silent, and hung his head pensively, as if oppressed by bitter fancies. She rallied him on the subject, and asked him what ailed him. Any one who was a stranger to you would suppose you were in love, to see you thus.—And what if I were, was his rejoinder, would you not pity me? Were I to ask you, Ernestine, if you were in love, you would answer, No. But if I asked you if you loved *me*, you would answer promptly, Yes, as a sister loves a brother. What will you, then, think of me, when I tell you I do not return that love? I say, not *that* love. The love I have garnered in my heart of hearts for you has never been the love of friendship, or of blood; but the love of passion, maddening, bewildering, intoxicating passion! You have never been to me a sister, but my light, my joy, my life, since I could lisp your name. For your dear sake it has been that I have despised the glitter of court life, to which I have been more than once invited. For your sake I have relinquished the dreams of fond ambition. For your sake I have refused to enter the army, a profession which I love. Hitherto I have counted all these sacrifices as dross, because I have never been away from your side. Hitherto my existence has been a joyous one, for I have breathed your atmosphere. Whether henceforth it shall not be a bitter and a blighted one, rests with you. Unless you give me the right to claim

you as my own, we must soon be severed. I have demolished my household gods for you, and at your request. I have no sooner done so than I find a censorious world—not our little world, but the great one of the metropolis—condemning us for an intimacy which at one time my youth, at another the presence of your husband, fully explained and excused. You are shocked, I see, at the substance and the abruptness of my disclosure. Of my love you had heard long, long ago, had I conceived it possible your mother would ever have consented to your contracting a marriage while you were so young. When first I was told of your betrothal, I felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen on me. I was speechless, paralysed with grief. Anger I could not feel; for my bitterest rival was my truest benefactor. But enough of this. The dear old man is removed. Oh, let me supply his vacant place. Though you may think, at present, that the affection you feel for me is not the affection a wife should feel for her husband—yet is it, let me ask, less warm than that you felt for him you scrupled not to marry? Are not our years more suited to each other? Are not our tastes more in harmony? Have we not more pursuits in common?—Stay! stay! Before you answer, and seal my fate and your own, let me tell you my alternative, in the event of a refusal. If you will not be mine, I leave this spot for ever, never to see your face again. Are you, then, prepared to lose the companionship and sympathy of the friend of your childhood—the depositary of the secrets of your womanhood? I wait your answer.

'"His importunity, and the dawning sense of her equivocal position in the eyes of the world, prevailed, at last, over her natural repugnance to wed with one whom she had always treated with the familiarity of a near relation. In a word, his wooing won her, and they married. What the course of their conjugal life was, I know not. Whether it were smooth or ruffled my informant did not tell me. But certain it was, that after the Baroness had borne him three children, he was always more *recherché* in the gay circles of Vienna than any one else, while she was never seen there.

'"And now, to return to the eventful evening of Albert's capture.

'"The very day before it, an audience of the Emperor had been solicited by one who begged to withhold his name until he had stated the object for which he asked the interview. This unusual request being granted, a man of wan, anxious, almost cadaverous aspect, flung himself at the feet of his sovereign; and, in much agitation, asked his Majesty if he remembered a notorious murder which had taken place some years before—the murder of old Baron ——

'"Full well, said the Emperor; who can forget it? Have you anything to tell which can lead to the detection of its wretched author?

'"I have, Sire; I know the man, and so does your Majesty. I have come to denounce him.

'"*I* know a murderer? Have a care, man. Who is it?

'"Albert, Count A——, whom, if I mistake not,

your Majesty has honoured with your confidence and favour.

'"Villain! You calumniate an honourable man. You mention the most deservedly popular of our nobility. You will have cause to rue your temerity, unless you substantiate your charge. What, tell me, is the evidence you offer?

'"The evidence, Sire, of my own senses. May it please your Imperial Majesty, it is not under the spur of malignity, but under the sting of remorse; and in dread of a higher tribunal than yours, Sire, that I beg you to be my priest as well as my king; and to receive the confession of a wretch who has just been told by three medical men that his hours are numbered. Their verdict has, I own, taken me by surprise, though I knew a malignant malady was preying on my vitals. I fear death: but that which comes after death I fear still more. The sins of my past life, within the last few minutes, have come before me in all their aggravation. I can make no atonement for them myself. But I will at least try to do justice to an injured woman, and bring down condign punishment on the wicked man who has wronged her. I charge, then, Count Albert A—— with having murdered his best friend; not from mercenary or vindictive motives, but from an impatience to sweep away the great impediment in the way of his union with one he loved too madly. Alas! while I denounce him, what can I say for myself? I was base enough to accept a bribe for assuming the priestly garb and office, and thus to desecrate the Sacrament of Marriage by performing an unreal cere-

mony. His motive for this crime I never have been able to fathom: for, assuredly, he loved sincerely. Possibly he had some one in his eye whom he wished, eventually, to marry. But that is mere conjecture, after all.

'"The counterfeit priest was allowed to go to his own quarters. A guard was set over him; and within a few hours he died, swearing to the guilt of Count Albert A——.

'"The unhappy man was hardly dead before Ernestine requested audience of the Emperor, conjured him to see her righted, and told him that she had been apprised of her husband's treachery by his own lips. He listened to her prayer, and promised that she should be married legally, and her children be legitimatized. It was after her interview with the Emperor that her husband was taken from the ball-room on the night referred to, and transferred to his cell in Spielberg. The next night took place a scene highly dramatic in situation and affecting in fact. As the castle bell tolled twelve, in a dismal corridor beneath the Danube, midway between the outer and the inner entrance to the prisoner's cell, a temporary altar had been erected, covered with black cloth. Across the centre was a grille. At the head stood a priest; and while from the outer entrance there appeared the injured Ernestine, with head averted, and faltering step, from the opposite end came Albert, also with averted head, but with resolute tread and unblushing front, escorted by halberdiers, and lighted by torch-bearers. As they reached the altar, the ceremony commenced: their hands, through the

interposing grille, were joined together; the ring again was given, and they returned from whence they came, each without casting a look at the other, or exchanging a single word."'

1858. October. A clergyman, a friend of my excellent friend B——n, was exceedingly annoyed by the intemperate freaks and excesses of certain Baptists who invaded his parish, and estranged many of his flock from him. He was surprised and hurt to find an old lady, a farmer's wife, had allowed them to dip their converts in her pond. On his remonstrating with her, she declared that they had done it entirely without her consent, or even her knowledge, but vowed they should never do so again. 'I aint no idea of their coming and leaving all their nasty sins behind them in my water.'

1861. May 4. While at Batsford, the slight and subtle distinction which exists between the instinct of some brutes and the reason of some human beings, came on the *tapis*. I happened to quote from Pope these two lines—

'Reason serves, when pressed,
But honest instinct comes a volunteer,'

when Miss K—— M—— told me the following story:—

Her father, the great Sir John, in one of his Indian campaigns, was abruptly made to halt on the march by a subadahr running to tell him that a strong detachment of the enemy had been joined by certain predatory hordes, and had taken up such a formidable position on a neighbouring height, as to defy the efforts of infantry to dislodge them. Sir John immediately

ordered up the artillery. The first gun sent for was one of unusual magnitude and calibre. The elephant attached to it, being too hard pressed by his driver, floundered headlong into a deep morass, and carried the great gun with him. It had been as much as the poor brute could do to drag it on the plain: but to extricate it from the bog into which it had been plunged was quite beyond his powers. In this dilemma the choicest of the breed were selected. Each strained every nerve to drag out the cannon, but without success. At last, one of the staff said to Sir John, "We shall never succeed unless —— will lend us his," naming a particular native, the owner of an elephant of extraordinary power, which was generally employed as a sumpter. The proprietor and his beast were instantly sent for. The man, reluctant as he was to put undue stress on his favourite, nevertheless appreciated the emergency; and stripping off the howdah from his back, and harnessing him to the gun, signed to him to pull it out of the bog into which it was sunk two feet deep. The willing creature tugged, and tugged, but failed to move it. His master, who had reared, and nourished, and lived with it on the same terms of familiarity on which the Irish cottier lives with his pig or cow, appealed to him by every term of endearment he could think of, to put out his strength; calling on him by name, and adjuring him, as he wished success to their arms, to do his very best. The animal, at first, showed signs of distress, then remained impassive, his instinct telling him that the task required of him was beyond his strength. At last, however,

on his master's caressing him, and appealing to him as if he were a rational being, saying, 'Come, dear, if you love me, pull,' the fond brute, casting a reproachful glance at him, bellowed forth a prodigious snort of remonstrance, made a tremendous effort, and succeeded in tugging the gun on to *terra firma*, and then dropped dead at his master's feet, a martyr to fidelity. The poor man, conceiving himself the slayer of his best friend, under a momentary impulse stabbed himself to the heart, and gasped his last upon his body.

Extravagant as it may appear to those who have never been in the East to be told that dumb animals can understand the significance of man's language, those familiar with the ways of elephants to whom I have repeated the above, yield implicit credence to it.

I have heard from persons who have lived much in Ceylon, that a woman lying with her two infants on the sea-shore in company with an elephant, having to leave her children, for reasons of her own, has been seen to consign them to its care, with as much confidence as that with which a lady in our country would leave her little ones to the charge of a confidential nurse. All she does is, with a sugar cane, to describe a large circle round them in the sand, and intimate to the elephant, after her own fashion, her wish that they should not be allowed, during her absence, to stray beyond the line; and she leaves them without fear, certain that they will not be suffered to break bounds. I rather think that the late Bishop Heber mentions some such anecdote in his published journal, and that

an elephant, under similar circumstances, was seen extended to his full length on the sand, apparently asleep, the little ones playing around him without fear; but, that the moment they overstepped the prescribed line, the guardian would show he was wide awake by stretching forth his proboscis, and gently drawing them back within the fold prescribed.

1862. Count D'Orsay was at a party one night at which Professor O—— was. The latter crept quietly behind the beau, and plucked a hair from his head, and holding up his spoil in triumph, cried out to the company 'Look, ladies and gentlemen, one grey hair.' D'Orsay remained unmoved. Later in the evening *he* went behind the grey-haired geologist, twitched out a hair from his head, held it to the candle, and exclaimed 'Ladies, look here. Here is, positively, one black hair.'

1863. February 10. At Rome. Went to the reception of the Duke de Saldanha, the Portuguese ambassador, a capital type of his order; a handsome and dignified old aristocrat. Right well he did the honours. In his suit of green and gold, his broad chest covered with stars and crosses and orders, he really cut a very imposing figure. The palace in which he gave his entertainment was everything that could be desired, both in point of magnitude and magnificence. It might have been the residence of a caliph: it had been the residence of a cardinal, viz. our own Wolsey, when cardinal *à latere*. The suite of reception rooms was regal. In front and outside of the palace had been erected a platform, of three tiers, one above the other, containing three bands of wind instrumentalists, who played alternately

from 10 p.m. till 3 a.m., so as to relieve each other and ensure an unbroken continuity of music.

I regretted not having been in the courtyard to see the arrivals; for I was told that the cardinals, on descending from their carriages, were preceeded by twelve liveried servants, who carried lighted flambeaux up the great staircase, and then descended, filing off six on each side. Those cardinals whom I saw, and whom I had expected to find apparelled in their scarlet hat and robes, and point lace aprons, were more simply dressed than any one there, except the English. They wore black coats, with a star on the breast, black knee-breeches, black silk stockings, and pumps.

What with the myriads of wax candles, the blaze of jewelry, the brilliancy of the ladies' dress, and the variety of men's uniforms—Austrian, Hungarian, Russian, Prussian, Neapolitan, Albanian, Polish, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, French, American, and English—I was fairly dazed and dazzled. The costume of the Austrians, Poles, and Hungarians, struck me as gorgeous, the *bijouterie* extending even to the ivory handles of their swords, and the crimson velvet of their scabbards. As to diamonds, except in the green vaults at Dresden, I never beheld anything comparable to the display. It was painful to witness the vulgar curiosity which tempted many strangers to mob the Roman princesses (as they sat ranged against the wall), and to scrutinize the jewelry on their busts with as little regard for delicacy as if it had been exposed for sale in the bay windows of the Palais Royal.

I shall not soon forget my sheepish sensations,

after listening to the *ore rotundo* delivery of the proud patrician titles 'Il Principe Borghese,' 'Il Principe Ruspigliosi,' 'Il Principe Andrea Doria,' to catch the sound of my own plebeian name 'Il signor Yoong-é.' I own I felt very small and out of place, and impatient—as soon as I had seen all I cared for, and had exchanged greetings with my friends—to shrink into my natural insignificance, and steal off to bed.

1863. February 11. Monsignor Talbot, some time ago, volunteered his services in obtaining a private audience for myself and family with the Pope. To-day, a mounted dragoon brought us the following formal notice:—

DALL 'ANTICAMERA PONTIFICIA.

Vaticano, 11 *Febbrajo*, 1863.

L'Odienza si tiene nella Galleria degli Arazzi, ascendendo per la Scala della Sagrestia della Capella Sistina.

Le Signore in abito Nero, e velo in testa: I Signore in Uniforme, e non avendone l'uso, in frack nero, cravatta bianca, e scarpa.

E pregato di esibire il presente biglietto.

Si previn l'Illmo Signor Young, che Sica Santità si degnerà ammetterlo all' Udienza Venerdì 13, corrente alle ore 3¾ pom^{dny} insieme alla sua Consorte e Compagnia.

Il Maestro di Camera di S. S.,

J. B——.

1863. February 19. The day after we received this notice the Pope was taken ill; and our presentation in consequence was postponed. Had his Holiness been well on the day first named, we were to have had what we should never have asked for, viz. a private audience. To-day, however, by the advice of his medical attendants, and to our infinite relief, there were several English and Americans with us. The different gradations of respect entertained for the person and office of the Holy Father might be easily measured by the deportment of those admitted to his presence. Some knelt humbly before him; some prostrated themselves enthusiastically at his feet, kissing his slipper; others were barely respectful in their grudging obeisance. One can understand a Protestant Anglican imagining his consistency to be compromised by the semblance of homage rendered to the sovereign Pontiff of the Roman Church; but, in such case, it is hardly becoming that, for the mere gratification of a vulgar curiosity, he should wound the feelings of conscientious Romanists by his want of deference to the great head of their Church on earth.

There is, assuredly, everything in the Pope's person and manners to inspire an unprejudiced mind with respect. Whenever I have seen him take part in the services of the sanctuary, I have been struck as much with his deep devotion, as touched by the inflections of his melodious voice. The expression of his countenance is mild, benevolent, and grave. On his entering in the chamber in which we awaited him, two monsignores preceded him backwards, and then knelt before him, a

signal which most of us obeyed. He was habited in a white silk cassock, without either rochet or mantle, and spoke to every one in turn, pausing to enquire after our families, and ordinary place of residence, &c., &c., and then, in French, addressed us thus, collectively: 'It gives me pleasure to see you, and to give you all, without exception, a father's blessing. I know that some of you are Catholics, still more of you Protestants. But, whether Catholics or Protestants, whether you recognize me or not as your spiritual father, I welcome you as my dear children: for all the baptized are in the number of my children, though not, alas! of my household. Truant children, I open the gates of my house even to you. Gladly would I open my arms to you as well. I assure you I cease not to offer up daily prayers, that light may be granted you to see the error of your ways, and induce you to return to the true fold. If you do so, you will find it to be your truest happiness. On the Catholics here present I pronounce my benediction with joy. On the Protestants I pronounce my benediction in hope.'

The dear old man seems to be in a precarious state of health. Like Julius Cæsar, 'he hath the falling sickness,' he has an open erysipelatous wound in his leg, and is otherwise in very delicate health. He is said to live a holy and blameless life, though he has passed through a very eventful one. As Il Conde Mattai Ferreti, he was originally a soldier, and in the Guarde Nobile; but was compelled to quit the army in consequence of his epileptic tendencies. Pope Pius the Sixth, who was aware of his infirmity, urged his enter-

ing holy orders: but for a long time he hesitated doing so, thinking his malady would as much disqualify him for the active duties of the sacred as of the military profession; until his adviser overcame his objections by counselling him 'to pray to God to release him from these visitations, nothing doubting'; and, unless I am to discredit the assurance of an excellent Roman Catholic of high reputation, 'he has never had a fit since.'

I confess I have heard this disputed, but my informant adheres stoutly to his assertion.

I am told that, with few exceptions, the Roman noblesse and the mob are as much in favour of the maintenance of the Pope's temporal power as the priests themselves can be: but that the shopkeepers, the innkeepers, the lawyers, the doctors, bankers, waiters, *valets-de-place*, and even the underlings of the Vatican, who eat the Holy Father's bread, are opposed not only to the temporal, but even to the spiritual power.

1863. February 21. I spent the morning with Gibson, in his studio, hearing him descant most learnedly on art, especially on that of Greece. He is a veritable enthusiast, and a loveable man, but he has recondite theories of his own, which I cannot comprehend; for instance, here is one which he sent me in the evening, by way of making more intelligible to me what he perceived I had been puzzled with in our morning's chat.

'Democritus wrote a book entitled "Tritogenia," to prove that all human things consist of Three.

'Of Plato after his death.

'The magi at Athens sacrificed to him, as conceiving

him more than man, who fulfilled the most perfect number—nine multiplied into itself.

'The triangle is three in one, one in three. It contains the proportions of man, who was made after God's own image. This was not discovered by the magi at Athens, but by a worshipper of the Greeks at Rome.

Yours sincerely, dear Young,

JOHN GIBSON.

To the Rev. Julian Young.'

1863. May 12. A farmer in the North Riding of Yorkshire, who had been for years at open variance with his brother, was persuaded by his minister, in consequence of the dangerous state of his health, to send for him and be reconciled to him. After they had met and exchanged greetings, if not cordial, at least amicable, the clergyman, fearing too much agitation for the patient, suggested to the visitor once more to shake hands and go. He did so; but as he was departing, the invalid cried out to him, 'I say, Bill, we've made it up, you know, because they think as I be going to die; but if I should not die after all, then, remember, we 're to be as we war afore.'

1863. July 3. A certain diplomatist, of whose name and rank in the service I am equally ignorant, was, many years ago, despatched by our government on an embassy extraordinary to one of the continental courts, where his handsome person and the urbanity of his manners made him a general favourite. On his departure, the sovereign to whom he was accredited, presented him with a snuff-box of unusual value, as a mark of his esteem. It had on its lid a miniature of

the king, set in brilliants of great beauty. When he had retired from public life, and happened to give a dinner to any of his friends, he was fond of producing it at the dessert, as it afforded him an opportunity of descanting on the king's appreciation of his services. On one of these occasions, after the ladies had withdrawn, the inevitable snuff-box was brought forth, and handed by the butler to the master, who, after taking a pinch himself, passed it on to his next neighbour. The same civility was observed in turn till it had gone the circuit of the table. The last person through whose hands it went, was an old general, grey in his country's service; but who, from the failure of certain investments, was known to be in embarrassed circumstances. The beauty of the box as a work of art having been generally admired, the merits of the royal donor having been duly expatiated on, and the diplomatic tact of the recipient tacitly implied, coffee was handed round, and the conversation became general. In due course of time all rose to join the ladies: and in doing so, the owner of the snuff-box looked round the table for it, that he might replace it in its usual receptacle. Not seeing it, and thinking it possible that some one present in a fit of absence might have put it in his pocket, he asked them all to be kind enough to feel in their coats and trowsers for it. Every one denied knowing anything about it, though one or two declared that the old general was the last person in whose hands they remembered to have seen it. He, on the other hand, vowed with warmth that he had so often before examined it, that he had merely

bestowed a cursory glance upon it, and put it down in the centre of the dinner-table. The strictest search was at once instituted. Every possible and impossible place was dived into, with no satisfactory result. 'Come, come,' said the owner of the missing box; 'a joke is a joke, but this is one which is anything but amusing. I will not be trifled with any longer. All of you allow that a few minutes ago the missing article was here: as none of you have left the room, it could not have made itself wings and fled away; therefore in this room it must be. I suspect no one; and that I may have no cause to do so—painful as it is to me to insist on such a step—I must ask you to let me search you all without distinction.'

Two or three gentlemen laughed at the idea, and submitted good-humouredly to the operation; two or three others, not wishing to create a disturbance, yet not relishing the notion of undergoing such an ordeal, made for the door, intending to steal out quietly; but they were anticipated by their entertainer, who put his back against it, and refused them egress till they had been searched. At that instant the general came forward, buttoned up his coat over his chest, and said with a loud voice to the host, 'Sir, do you mean to insult us, because we have drunk your wine? I don't know what these gentlemen may think of your conduct; but if they are content tamely to submit to such indignity, I am not. If any one dare to oppose my exit from this room, I shall call him to account.' He then pushed haughtily and defiantly

past those near the door, and left the room and the house. The fact of his being the only man who had actively resented the investigation; of his leaving the house without showing his face to the ladies; and of his being known to be in needy circumstances, seemed to warrant the worst suspicions. Seriously annoyed as the gentleman was at losing an article on which he set much store, he nevertheless intreated for his own sake, and out of respect to the general's profession, that they would keep a profound secret all that had transpired.

Somehow or other the facts oozed out, and the consequence was, that the general was cut by his oldest friends, and looked shyly on by every one who heard the tale.

Many months after, another dinner was given at the same house. When the ladies were out of the room, and the gentlemen were by themselves, one of them begged their entertainer to favour them with the veritable version of the circumstances under which his snuff-box had been lost, as contradictory accounts were afloat. He began to do so, when the butler entered the room with coffee. Before the master had become aware of his presence, he had dropped enough to make his servant understand what he was talking of. He interrupted him. 'I beg your pardon, Sir; did I hear you say that ever since our last dinner you had missed your snuff-box?' 'Yes!' 'Oh, dear me, Sir! I wish you had told me about it; I could have saved you a deal of uneasiness. It is not lost. It is where it has been ever since the evening alluded to. If

you remember, Sir, you and all the party were very interested in something or other you were talking about; and, as the footman was going round with the tray, you said to me, "Let him put down the tray on the table; we will help ourselves." In clearing among the centre ornaments and decanters and glasses a space on which to set the tray, I quietly took up your snuff-box, which was in the way, and restored it to the little drawer at the end of the sideboard, where you generally used to keep it.' He went instantly to the spot, and, to the amazement of the company and the delight of his master, brought forth the box.

Overjoyed as the owner was to see his treasure once again, his satisfaction was materially damped by the recollection of the cruel wrong he had inflicted on an innocent man.

As soon as he had swallowed a hasty breakfast, next morning, he betook himself to the house of his quondam friend, explained the circumstances of the case, and made him the amplest apology one man could tender to another. He assured him, that he would not suffer his eyes to sleep, nor his eyelids to slumber, until he had made every reparation in his power, by reinstating him in the respect of all who had been estranged from him by a groundless suspicion.

The apology was accepted without a moment's hesitation, but not without considerable embarrassment. The old gentleman confessed that appearances had militated strongly against him; and that, though he was guiltless of the charge imputed to him, yet that, for other reasons, he had deserved all he had suffered.

Before leaving, his visitor said to him—'My dear General, I have neither right nor desire to know to what you refer. But do permit me to ask what was the reason which caused you so resolutely to refuse search when you must have known your own innocence, and when every one else, however reluctantly, submitted to the indignity?'

'Alas!' replied the old man, his head drooping, his eyes cast down and filling with tears; 'I refused to be searched, because, though I had not stolen your snuff-box, I had stolen your food. When your kind invitation came, my first impulse was, from false pride, to refuse it, because I knew I could not return your hospitality. My second was to swallow my pride, and accept it, out of consideration for those I loved. I blush, Sir, to own, that the greater part of every morsel put upon my plate was transferred to my pocket handkerchief (spread upon my knee beneath the table), and taken home to a starving wife and family.'

1863. The following story was told me at Rome by one of the persons present on the occasion referred to. I have his permission to repeat it here.

Sir Robert Peel, during the parliamentary recess, had been entertaining, at Drayton Manor, a large party of personal friends and political adherents. Towards the end of a week they gradually melted away, till their numbers were reduced to three, whom Sir Robert persuaded to prolong their stay. These three were the late Lord Talbot, formerly Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; the late Lord Hatherton, who, as Mr. Lyttelton, had been Chief Secretary for Ireland;

and Mr. Archdeacon Huxtable, whose remarkable skill and success in the application of chemistry to agriculture had won him the notice and respect of his host.

The large party, which for some days had filled the house, being reduced to dimensions more moderate, Sir Robert had the horseshoe table introduced; and, as they all drew near the fire, observed, 'It is not often that out of four men met together in England, one should have been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and two others Chief Secretaries. But such being the case, I propose we confine ourselves to Ireland as our topic.'

A lengthy, and animated, and instructive conversation then sprang up on the past history, the present condition, and the future prospects of that country. The many practical difficulties attending the government of it; the disposition of its church property; the employment of the peasantry; the policy or inexpediency of encouraging emigration, &c. &c., were all freely canvassed; till, gradually, in dilating on the more social aspect of the people of all classes, two anecdotes, illustrative of the native wit of the higher and lower orders were told.

Lord Talbot said, 'I will give you an instance of the wit of a common car-driver. Five years after I had quitted Ireland, having been induced to purchase a small property in Galway, under "The Encumbered Estates Act," and feeling some little curiosity about it, I thought I might as well take a run across the Channel and have a look at it. I took no servant

with me; and the moment I stepped on land, muffled up in an old cloak, with my little valise in my hand, I jumped into the first car I saw, satisfied in my own mind that in such humble guise no one would recognize the former Lord Lieutenant. I had no sooner taken my seat, than the vicious, half-starved horse that drew the crazy vehicle, bolted off at a terrific pace, then stopped dead short, and took to kicking. As soon as I saw an opportunity for jumping out with safety, I did so; and, when on *terra firma*, rated the driver soundly for putting such a horse into a public conveyance, thereby exposing the limbs and lives of Her Majesty's liege subjects to imminent peril. All the time I was scolding, he was smiling; and by his answer showed me that he had recognized me. "Ah, my lord," said he, "you are the last man in the world that ought to spake slighting of the hoss. The fact is, my lord," bending his head down towards me, and dropping his voice to the level of a whisper, "the poor cratur has never been quite himself since your lordship left Ireland."'

Sir Robert, after a hearty laugh, said, 'Well, now I will give you an instance of wit in the higher orders of that remarkable people. When the old Duke of Richmond was Lord Lieutenant, and I was his Chief Secretary, the mayor of Dublin, a wine merchant, better known by the familiar appellation of "Claret Sneyd," invited his Grace, Lord Chief Justice Bush, myself, and other rather conspicuous public functionaries to a banquet. When the cloth was removed, and the wine had circulated very freely, six servants

entered the room and placed on the table twelve bottles of undecanted claret—the original corks being drawn and silver-topped ones substituted in their place. "Now," said the mayor, "I beg to tell your Grace and the other gentlemen who honour me with their company, that those are the last bottles in my cellar of the finest claret vintage ever known; and I hope not a soul will think of rising till they are emptied." You should be told that, during and after the dinner, the Duke had been making merry at the expense of Chief Justice Bush, who was a Roman Catholic; twitting him on the absurdities, as he was pleased to call them, of some of the dogmas of his Church. His Grace's good-humoured banter was borne with philosophic equanimity by its subject.

'It so fell out, that the first person in the party to succumb to the juice of the grape was the worthy mayor himself, who fell prostrate below the table. The Duke, who could carry a great quantity of wine himself without being affected by it, and was physically a very powerful man, leaned over his chair, caught hold of the collar of the mayor's coat, and, with a little help from me, hoisted him up, and planted him upright again in his armchair. Bush, on witnessing this exhibition of strength, thus retorted on the Duke: "Your Grace has amused yourself a good deal this evening by joking me on my religion. But, after what I have just witnessed, I am persuaded that all you said in discredit of my faith was said in mere badinage, and that you are yourself a far more advanced Catholic than I am."

'*Duke of Richmond* (*loq.*) "How do you make that out, Bush?"

'*Chief Justice.* "Because I have seen you do that which I should never have had the temerity or irreverence to do. I have seen your Grace assist in the elevation of the Host."'

1863. November 8. When Tennyson entered the Oxford Theatre to receive his honorary degree of D.C.L., his locks hanging in admired disorder on his shoulders, dishevelled and unkempt, a voice from the gallery was heard crying out to him, 'Did your mother call you early, dear?'

1864. February. The following ghost story was originally told me by the Honourable Captain J. V——. Details have since been supplied me from other sources. The phraseology my informant is not responsible for. That is my own. Authentication of the broad facts I have received from three or four sources.

When the great Napoleon was taken prisoner to St. Helena, he landed at James Town. It was on the evening of October 17, 1815. The first night he passed at the house of Mr. P——; the next at a place called 'The Briars,' a country house, about a mile and a half from James Town, the property of a Mr. B——, of the firm of B——, C——, and Co. This gentleman, who afterwards was appointed purveyor to the establishment at Longwood, when Napoleon took up his final residence there, seems to have been a favourite of the Emperor's. Indeed, Forsyth, in his work entitled, 'Napoleon at St. Helena,' describes the great man, during the two months he was at 'The

Briars,' as being on the most familiar terms with the whole family, even condescending to play at romps with its junior members.

On the 5th of May, 1821, Napoleon the First died. When Mrs. B——, a very handsome lady, was no more; and one of her daughters had married a gentleman of the name of A——, Mr. B——, accompanied by his unmarried daughter and his two sons, emigrated to New South Wales, and purchased a sheep farm a few miles from Sydney.

One of their nearest neighbours was a Mr. G——, a bachelor. He had a manservant of the name of H——, who had been a convict in Botany Bay; but who had completed his time of punishment, and had redeemed his character with his master by several years' tried fidelity and integrity.

The elder of the two Mr. B——s rode over one day to call on Mr. G——. On asking for him at his door, he was told by H—— that he had only that very morning started for England. In utter amazement Mr. B—— asked, 'What on earth could have occasioned his leaving so very hastily?' H—— professed entire ignorance of the cause; but told him that he had received letters from England the day before, which seemed to disturb him greatly; and he presumed that the intelligence conveyed in them must have caused his precipitate departure.

Mr. B—— rode away from his friend's door, chagrined at his want of good-feeling in neither sending him intimation of his purpose nor offering to carry any message or parcel for him to his correspondents,

and rather disconcerted by the embarrassed looks and reluctant answers given by the servant to his questions. He returned home, and broke the intelligence to his father, brother, and sister, who, though they evinced infinite surprise, did not hesitate to express their suspicions that all was not quite right. The younger brother, having to go into Sydney on business, expressed his intention of going to the water's side, and making rigid inquiry of the shipping agents as to the truth of Mr. G——'s departure. He returned in the evening none the wiser for his self-imposed mission. In consequence of long prevalent storms, hardly a berth had been secured till within a few hours of the advertised departure of the vessel in which H—— said his master had sailed; when, in consequence of a favourable change in the weather, there was a rush for accommodation by people who had not previously given in their names. It was, therefore, quite possible that G—— had been among the number.

For two or three weeks the B——s remained in considerable suspense about their friend. Diligent enquiries were made of every ship that entered the harbour, whether any letter had been sent explanatory of the cause of his sudden journey. Not a word had been received by anybody.

A few days after, the elder brother went into Sydney to keep an engagement with a friend, and was induced to stay and dine with him, and to remain to a later hour than usual. Mr. B——'s family was in the habit of retiring early to rest. The father and brother, therefore, went to their beds, but the sister sat up to let

her brother in. He was so late in returning that she had begun to feel uneasy about him; and, as the night was bright and clear, she put on her cloak and bonnet, intending to sally forth a few yards, in hope of catching the sound of his horse's footsteps, when, as she opened the front door, he brushed past her, asking her impatiently, 'Why she was sitting up so late?' 'Because I was nervous about you,' she replied; 'I never knew you out so late before.' Laughing at her for her timidity, he hung up his hat and coat in the passage, and begged her to go to bed at once. Instead of attempting to do so, she deliberately resumed her seat by the lamp, and insisted on knowing what had occurred to render his cheeks so pale, and to give such a scared expression to his countenance. 'I know your face too well to be deceived by your assumption of indifference. You have been greatly disturbed by something; and you won't succeed in allaying my uneasiness by evasion and reserve.' He submitted to her questioning with so bad a grace, that he was forced, at last, in spite of himself, to admit that something unusual had occurred, and to promise that, if she would but restrain her curiosity until the same hour the following night, he would then tell her what had upset him. In the faith of that assurance she withdrew to her bedchamber without further parley. When the family were gathered round the breakfast-table next morning, the elder brother said to the younger, 'Our friend —— wants you and me to dine with him to-day. I shall go, and I hope that you will. And if he does, my dear sister, and we should be out as late as

I was last night, I hope that you will not be as frightened as you then were, seeing that there are two of us, each well able to protect himself, and that the moon renders the night, at present, as light as the day.' She promised they should have no cause to complain of a repetition of such weakness. The day passed on: the brothers went to their dinner party; the father went to his bed at his usual hour; the sister remained up, curious, but no longer anxious —endeavouring to kill the intervening time, and divert her thoughts until her brothers' return. About eleven o'clock a hurried ring at the bell announced their arrival. On opening the door to them, the two brothers entered the room together, both betraying the same agitation, evidently produced by the same cause. As they sat down, the elder one proceeded to ratify his promise of the previous night in these startling words:—

'Last night, as I was riding home alone at a brisk trot, I was nearly thrown over my horse's head by his stopping dead short in the middle of the road. He broke out into a profuse sweat; his mane became erect, his nostrils snorted, his flanks heaved and palpitated with terror. On recovering my balance, my first impression was that he had seen a snake, to which all horses have an innate antipathy. I patted him caressingly on the right side of his shoulder to give him confidence, and leaned over, at the same moment, to see if there were any signs of a reptile on the ground. Observing nothing, I raised my head from my saddle-bow, and then beheld a sight which so shook my very

being to its centre, that, under a sense of awe which almost froze my blood, I dug my spurs into my horse's sides, and gallopped from the spot like one distraught. As my heart began to resume its ordinary pulsations, I resorted to the usual expedients of whistling and singing aloud, in the hope of drowning reflection and bracing up my unstrung nerves. At first, I thought my brain had been over-stimulated with wine; then, that I had eaten something which had disturbed my digestion. But, the more disposed I was to ascribe the shock I had sustained to physical causes, the more persuaded I became, that it was attributable to supernatural ones. When I saw you last night, I had not courage to conjure up again before my imagination the hideous phantom, I had partially succeeded in laying, by alluding to it. Nor was I willing to expose myself to the ridicule I knew I should incur by doing so. I was delighted to think I should have the company of my brother to-night, in travelling the same road. I made up my mind not to forewarn him of what might happen, for fear it might bias his impressions. I thought if, perchance, he should see what I had seen, and experience the same eerie sensations I had felt, I should be fortified in my belief that it was no mental hallucination under which I had laboured, but that the finger of the Most High was pointing out to us the only means of discovering an atrocious crime. Well, what I saw last night I have again seen to-night; and, what is of more importance, your brother —— has seen it too. All our experiences have been the same. There has been no variation whatever be-

tween the phenomena of the two nights. In giving you my testimony of last night, I give you our brother's also of to-night.

'Know then, that when my horse exhibited the alarm I have described to you, I turned my head in the direction from whence the poor brute kept cringing away, in spite alike of spur and pat, and saw, to my ineffable horror, seated on the rail which fences off the fields from the high road, the ghastly figure of G—— in his night gear, with his throat cut, and, with woeful expression of countenance, pointing to a spot in the field behind him. When our brother's horse, to-night, caught sight of this hideous object, he uttered a neigh of almost human terror, and darted off, as if possessed, and never stopped till he reached his stable door.

'Now, I know not what you may think of all this. But we two, at all events, have determined on our course of action. We consider we have received a specific 'call' to leave no stone unturned to discover the perpetrator of this heinous murder.'

Next morning, in prosecution of their purpose, they jumped into their dog-cart, and drove to a hut inhabited by Boshmen, a sort of human bloodhound, singularly gifted with the faculty of smell. They engaged the services of one, and took him with them. They gave him no clue to the object of their search. But, when within some two hundred yards of the haunted spot, they dropped him out of the carriage, and told him to inform them if he noticed anything particular in their neighbourhood. He started off at a jog trot; but, as he drew near to the railings on which G——'s

ghost had been seen, he quickened his pace, smelt at the wooden fence, and, turning round, cried out with evident satisfaction, 'Ah! ah! Man! man! man!' Then, vaulting over the railings into the adjoining field, he made his way to the very locality which had been mysteriously indicated by the finger of the apparition. He plunged, feet foremost, into a circular sheep-pond of considerable circumference, but no great depth, stooped down, and passed his hand lightly over the surface of the water, like one skimming cream from a milk-bowl. Applying it to his lips, with eyes gleaming with animal excitement, he cried out, 'Fat of man! Fat of man!' thrust his spear into some object beneath the water, and wriggled, and struggled, as if tugging at some inanimate object too heavy for him to lift. Finding he could not raise it with his spear, he stooped down, and presently brought up from the bottom, in his arms, the decomposed body of the missing G—— in his night dress—his throat cut from ear to ear. The brothers helped to lift the body into the dog-cart, then drove to G——'s house; and, as soon as H—— made his appearance, laid hands on him, showed him the mutilated body of his late master, and directly charged him with the murder. Taken thus unawares, he made no attempt to defend himself, but obstinately held his tongue. He was tried, condemned, and hanged; primarily, through the instrumentality of the apparition; secondarily, through the circumstantial evidence produced against him.

Not long after I had heard this story, the truth of the main facts of which has been corroborated by two

friends of my own, who were in Sydney at the time when H—— was executed, I met at lunch, at the table of a most valued friend, the late F. N——, M. P. for Hastings, a gentleman who told this very story in my presence. I said to him, 'I have heard and repeated that story myself. But you speak as if you had known of the facts personally.' 'And so I did,' was the reply. 'I was the chief and oldest magistrate at Sydney, before whom the depositions against the culprit were taken.' This gentleman I found to be Mr. McA——, the oldest and one of the most respected settlers in New South Wales.

Since committing this story to paper, I have been told it has already been published; but from no one can I learn by whom, or wherein it is to be found; and therefore I venture still to send it to press. The late Admiral M—— told me that he knew the B—— family well; and, indeed, had known them since June 18, 1815, when, as flag-captain to Sir P. M——, he was presented to Napoleon.

I know two gentlemen who, though they were not present at the trial, remember hearing of it, shortly after it took place, when in Sidney; and the testimony of such a man as Mr. McA—— is reputed to be, I should think, would dispose any unprejudiced mind to believe the material facts.

1864. April 30. Being often surprised, before the schoolmaster was abroad, at the want of intelligence displayed by the peasantry in our rural districts, whose mental powers had been allowed to run to seed, I used sometimes to try how far, by clear description, I could

make them comprehend the purport of a map, or even of a simple drawing, and never was able to succeed with any.

I remember showing a manservant of mine, who was well acquainted with old Jeffries, the sketch I made of him (vide vol. ii. p. 64), and asking him if he recognized it. After studying it for some time attentively, he said he 'supposed it was meant for Mrs. Young, or one of the young gentlemen.'

I have known country lads and lasses, at a theatre, laugh and applaud with apparent discrimination, who, on being asked about the subject-matter of the play, have shown, by their answers, that they had been merely infected by the example of those around them, and really had not understood anything they had either seen or heard.

Last week I had my house full to repletion, it being the week of the Shakspeare Tercentenary at Stratford-on-Avon. When my visitors had left me, as some return to my servants for their zeal and attention, I one night treated them to the theatre, a place they had none of them ever been in before. The play was 'Othello.'

The next day I asked my butler, one of the most respectable and trustworthy of men, but staid and demure withal, how he had liked what he had seen. All I could elicit from him, and this in the most cautious and deliberate manner, was the following tribute to the merit of the actors. 'Well — Sir — thank you, Sir, for the treat. The performers —— performed —— the performance —— which they had to perform

——excellent well——'specially the female performers ——in the performance!'

I then went to the stables and asked my coachman, an honest, simple creature, but not over-burdened with imagination, how he had been impressed with what he had seen. Grinning from ear to ear with pleasurable reminiscences, he replied, with infinitely more alacrity than his predecessor—'Twas raally beautiful, Sir. I liked it onaccountable!'

The cheerful face clouded over as I asked him what it was about.

'I don't ezactly know, Sir!'

'Do you mean to say that you saw the play of "Othello," and can't tell me what it was about?'

'Well, Sir, if you'll belave me, I don't rightly know the maaning on't; but it was very pretty—that it were!' (Then, after a moment's reflection, as if he had recalled the thread of the tragic tale)—'Oh! I know, Sir, now; I know. *It ran upon sweethearting!* Aye that it did. And there was two gennelmen, one was in white, and the other was in black; and, what was more, both o' these gents was sweet on the same gal.'

This reminds me that, when I was living at Lyneham, in Wiltshire, I sent a favourite old gardener of mine, and his wife, to the theatre at Bristol, whose answers to my questions were much of the same character as those I have just mentioned.

'Well, Robert, what did you see last night?'

(No answer, but a look of bewilderment and annoyance at the question). 'Well, Sir' (after a pause), 'I see what you sent me to see.'

'And what was that?'

'Why the play, in course!'

'Was it a tragedy or a comedy?'

'I don't know what you mane. I can't say no more than I have said, nor no fairer! All I know is, there was a precious lot on 'em on the theayter stage; and there they was, *in and out, and out and in again!*'

Somewhat discomfited by such a meagre account, I turned to his wife, and asked *her* if she had seen more than one piece.

'Ah dear! yes, Sir; we had the pantrynine (pantomime); and what I liked best in it was, where the foolfellar stooped down and grinned at we through his legs!'

1865. I have had a document given me which I value greatly. Perhaps there is no feature in the Duke of Wellington's epic character on which his enemies have been more prone to put their finger, as a blemish, than his apparent indifference to the fate of Ney. His non-interference in his behalf has been animadverted on as almost a crime. The following paper, never before published, as I believe, will, I think, fully explain his reasons for having maintained in the matter a rigid neutrality.

The Duke of Wellington, in a *tête-à-tête* conversation with the late Lord Alvanley, at Walmer Castle, spoke to him as follows, with regard to his not having interfered to save Marshal Ney's life.

'I daresay you have often heard me blamed for not having asked Louis XVIII to spare Ney's life. Now I will tell *you* what happened, and leave you to judge whether I could have done anything at such a time. I

must first say that, in my opinion, Ney had no ground whatever for complaint; and, in strict justice, deserved his fate. Whether it was wise or generous to put him to death is quite another question. He was not included in the Convention of Paris; and I knew that he ran a great risk by remaining there. He knew, at the same time, that he could get a false passport, and that his escape would be connived at; but he chose to stay and take his chance.

'A little while before he was shot, I went, one evening to the Tuileries, and, on advancing to the King, was surprised by his turning me a cold shoulder. As I am not given to take offence, I thought I was, perhaps, mistaken: so I walked up to him again, and again he threw me the cold shoulder. Upon this I immediately left the palace, feeling very angry, and saying to myself, "I'll be hanged if I come here again to be insulted by the King, or any other man;" for there were others, members of his government, who were unusually cold and distant to me that evening. I kept to my resolution; and, considering myself and my sovereign, in my person, insulted, I did not, for a good while, go near the King or any of the government. *It was during this estrangement that Ney was executed.* Now, I ask you whether, under such circumstances, I *could* have interfered? Ney's treason was undeniable; and therefore there was nothing, on the score of justice, to be urged in his behalf. If there had been, I might have demanded his life. But, as it was, I could only have asked it as a personal favour to myself; and, when I had just been insulted in this manner, and was not on terms

with the King, how could I think of asking favours of him?

'My belief is, that they had offended me on purpose to drive me away, that I might not interfere to prevent Ney's death; for not long after it was accomplished, the King sent the Comte d'Artois to me to express great regret at my long absence, hoping that I was not dissatisfied, and had not been offended in any way. I said, "Monseigneur, j'ai l'honneur d'avoir la confiance de plusieurs Empereurs et Rois de l'Europe. J'ai commandé l'armée qui à remis votre frère sur le trône. Je l'ai commandé actuellement: mais, plus que ça, Monseigneur, je suis gentilhomme Anglais, et personne ne m'insultera impuniment." Upon this, the Comte seized both my hand, burst into tears, and assured me, with all sorts of protestations, that his brother felt the greatest gratitude to me, and could not possibly mean to insult me, &c.—all of which I received very coldly. He then entreated me to return to the palace, which, at last, I consented to do.'

As I am writing about the Duke, I may as well insert, in this place, what I was told at the Earl of S——'s, many years ago, by the Hon. W. B——, the present Earl B——. The Duke was, one day, hunting with the late Tom Assheton Smith, when the hounds, on reaching the banks of a small river, lost their fox. Smith, always on his mettle when the Duke was out with him, and mortified at the prospect of having found him indifferent sport, rode up to him and said, apologetically, 'I'm afraid, your Grace, our fun is over. The dogs can't pick up the scent.' 'Ten to one,' said the Duke, 'the

fox has crossed to the other side.' 'Not very likely, my Lord,' was the rejoinder, 'a fox hates the water.' 'Aye, aye,' once more urged the Duke, 'but he may have crossed over by some bridge or other.' 'I don't believe there is such a thing,' replied the master of the hounds. 'Well,' pursued the Duke, 'unless you know to the contrary, though I never was here before, I will wager a trifle you will find one within a mile or two.' Smith, anxious to fall in with his Grace's wishes, though devoid of faith in his prediction, pushed on; and, sure enough, about three quarters of a mile off, he came upon a rudely-constructed bridge of timber. The dogs had no sooner crossed it, than they took up the scent again, ran the fox in the open, and killed in the open.'

The noble lord who told me this anecdote in illustration of Wellington's intuitive sagacity, asked him, in riding home with him, how, if he were not familiar with that part of the country, he came to guess there was a bridge in the neighbourhood. 'Why,' was the answer, 'I saw three or four cottages clustered together on each bank of the river, though at considerable distance from each other; and I considered that the social principle common to men would be sure to tempt those who lived in them to contrive some means or other for convenient communication with each other. That same speculation of mine won me one of my Indian battles.'

1865. November 2. Henry M——, Q.C., now perhaps the wittiest man of the day, found himself entering the same railway-carriage with Lord W—— when he was Lord Chancellor. 'Why, M——, what a

size you have grown! You are as fat as a porpoise! I'm almost ashamed to be seen with you.' 'I don't know why you should, my Lord. Nothing is more natural than for the porpoise to be in company with *the Great Seal!*'

CHAPTER XVIII.

1866. November 15. On a visit to Lord and Lady F——. A party in the house. A charming place, and most cultivated people. Mr. Lee, the artist, was there. He gave me a very interesting account of a fortnight's stay at Caprera with Garibaldi. He told me, also, a delicious story of Constable, the artist. On one of the days previous to the opening of the Royal Academy, when Royal Academicians have the privilege of touching up their pictures, Constable went to look what Stanfield was doing. He praised the picture on which he happened to be engaged, and took particular notice of the sky as boldly and originally treated. Shortly after, he went up to Reinagle and asked him what he thought of Stanfield's picture.

'I have not seen it,' said Reinagle.

'Then go and see it, I beg of you,' continued Constable. 'You never saw such a thing. Pray take notice of the sky. It is just like putty.'

Presently Reinagle walked up in front of Stanfield's picture, and, as he looked at it, quite taken by surprise, exclaimed aloud, 'Why! *I* like the sky.'

'What do you mean,' asked Stanfield, 'by expressing

yourself in that tone? Why should you not like the sky?'

'Oh! I was off my guard when I spoke in that way,' replied Reinagle; 'but the fact is, that I was told it was like putty.'

'Who told you so?' said the wounded painter.

'Constable,' was the answer.

Stanfield, stung to the quick by hearing of this depreciatory criticism from such a quarter, goes up to the author of it, and says, 'Constable, you are a humbug! You came up to my picture just now and praised it. I never asked your opinion about it; but you said, particularly, that you *liked* the sky; and then you go off to Reinagle and tell him that it is like putty!'

'Well,' was the reply, 'what of it? I like putty!'

1866. November 20. After a delightful visit, left with Lord F—— and Lady S—— for H——, Sir L. P——'s. The house, on first approaching it, is imposing. Its elevation is good, and it stands in a well-timbered and undulating park. There are in it some of the finest ilexes I ever saw; and when first I visited here, there were also several fine cedars, but the rough winds of heaven visited them too roughly, and destroyed the grandest. The land around the house and in the valley is rich pasture. From the top of the hill, eight hundred feet above the sea, where you come upon fine moorland, you see Exeter, Lympstone, Topsham, Exmouth, the mouth of the Exe, Pouderham, Mamhead, Mount Ratford, and Nutwell Court. A large party in the house, for pheasant shooting. By the bye, I find the grandfather of the

present baronet, who represented the County of Devon in parliament, first returned Lord Lyndhurst, when Mr. Copley, for his borough of Ashburton.

1866. November 21. I walked with Hicks to see the sport. One hundred and seventy pheasants fell to the guns of Lord F——, Sir J. D——, Sir L. P——, Mr. H——, and Lord M——. At one moment during the *battue*, Mr. H——, in firing at a hare, very nearly peppered Hicks. The shot actually did rattle against his coat-tail. He supposed himself that he was hit; and springing off the ground a good ten or twelve inches, and clapping his hand behind him to ascertain that he was unharmed, said, with a tremulous voice, 'I say—I say—this comes of firing with *breech*-loaders.'

1866. November 23. During dinner, yesterday, Hicks mentioned an extraordinary circumstance as having recently occurred in Exeter. He fancied that I thought he was romancing: so that, on hearing me to-day ask Lady P——'s leave to go into Exeter with her daughters, when they went in for their dancing lesson, as I had some shopping to do, he begged leave to accompany us.

After setting down the young ladies at Madame R——'s dancing-room, he asked me to go with him to a well-known hosier's. Although I could not divine his motive in wishing me to go there, still, as I had plenty of time on my hands, I went. We had no sooner entered the shop, than he said to the head of the establishment, 'The story you told me the other day about your mother, I told Mr. Young and others yester-

day; and he and they evidently regard my statement as apocryphal. I am anxious, therefore, that he should hear it from your own lips.'

The man then assured me that, while his mother was eating her dinner, a fish-bone stuck in her gullet; and that, in her convulsive efforts to get rid of it, she became blue in the face, and appeared to be on the very verge of suffocation. Seriously alarmed, he despatched the young men of the shop in different directions, with injunctions to lose no time, but to bring back the first medical man they met. They had no sooner started on their errand, than a stranger, passing by, looking in at the shop, and seeing an unusual commotion within, and the dangerous situation of the old lady, with great promptitude and presence of mind took the case into his own hands. He ran up to the sufferer, twitched her cap off her head, slapped her smartly on both cheeks, blew up her nostrils, took her nose between his teeth, and wrung it as if he meant to bite it off. The poor old lady, in her violent and spasmodic efforts to extricate herself from the jaws of her self-elected doctor, struggled and fought, and roared and kicked, till, in her intolerable agony, she brought up the fish-bone.

The son was about to express his grateful acknowledgments to the skilful operator, when two keepers from the Exeter Lunatic Asylum entered and took him into custody and carried him off to his proper quarters, from which he had escaped. In a sudden access of mania, superinduced by no assignable cause, he had been instrumental in saving the old lady's life.

Hicks said that, when first he was told the story, he

could not refrain from expressing his astonishment that the son could have stood calmly by, and seen a stranger treat his mother with such brutal violence. The answer was, 'You see, I knew it was a case of extremity, and was therefore prepared to expect extreme measures, and disposed to believe that, whatever remedial means were used, they must be decisive; and really the gentleman showed such energy in his way of proceeding, that I reposed blind confidence in him, satisfied in my own mind that he was a medical practitioner.'

1866. November 24. Hicks, at church at Bodmin, heard the Rev. Mr. Grylls, the rector, publish the banns of marriage between JOB WALL and MARY BEST. He wrote these lines off-hand, and sent them to the officiating clergyman:—

'Job, wanting a partner, thought he'd be blest,
If, of all womankind, he selected the Best;
For, said he, of all evils that compass the globe,
A bad wife would most try the patience of Job.
The Best, then, he chose, and made bone of his bone,
Though 'twas clear to his friends she'd be Best left alone;
For, though Best of her sex, she's the weakest of all,
If 'tis true that the weakest must go to the Wall.'

On another similar occasion, Mr. Lot, the hatter of Bodmin, was married to a Miss Salter; when he wrote the following lines:—

'Because on her way she chose to halt,
Lot's wife, in the Scriptures, was turn'd into salt;
But, though in her course *she* ne'er did falter,
This young Lot's wife, strange to say, was Salter.'

Hicks and Thackeray, walking together, stopped opposite a doorway, over which were inscribed in gold

letters these words, 'Mutual Loan Office.' They both seemed equally puzzled. 'What on earth can that mean?' asked Hicks. 'I don't know,' answered Thackeray; 'unless it mean, that two men who have nothing, agree to lend it to each other.'

Hicks was in court, at Bodmin Assizes, when a Mr. Bickle was tried for breach of promise of marriage to a Miss Salter. A certain eminent counsel who was engaged in the suit, threw across the table to Hicks these lines on a slip of paper—

'Oh! Mr. Bickle,
You're in a pickle
For being fickle!'

Hicks threw back the paper with this answer—

'Tis true that he did falter
In going to the altar;
But he's *not* in a *pickle*,
For he did not get *Salter*.'

My friend the late Sam Phillips, the author of 'Essays from the Times,' one day met Douglas Jerrold, and told him that he had seen, the day before, Payne Collier, looking wonderfully young and well—quite an evergreen. 'Ah,' said Jerrold, 'he may be ever green, but he's never red (read).'

On my repeating this to Hicks, he smiled and said, 'Now, that's what I call "ready wit."'

Hicks went one day, in company with Mr. Robert Lowe, to look over a school. He asked one of the boys the following question:—

'Well, my boy, what have you been learning to-day?'

Answer. 'Please, Sir, to turn head-over-heels.'

Mr. Lowe, laughing heartily, Hicks asked him—'In such a case, what would you pay for results?'

Hicks was going into the City in an omnibus. Next to him sat a Frenchman, who turned round to him, and thus addressed him: 'Pardon Monsieur!—Vill you be so kind to tell me —— how mosh? (meaning how much he had to pay.) 'Sixpence,' was the answer. 'I tank. I t'ought so.'

Hicks observed that he instantly inserted his forefinger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket, and produced from it what he supposed to be sixpence, but which was really only a threepenny-bit. The Frenchman had been told at his hotel that sixpence was the smallest silver coin (the fourpenny- and threepenny-bits having been forgotten by his informant); so that, on descending the steps of the 'bus at the Bank, and offering the conductor his threepenny-bit, the man—unusually civil for one of his order—touched his hat and said, 'No, Sir; beg your parding—this won't do.'

'Oh yes, my friend, 'twill do ver well.'

'No, Sir; the fare is sixpence.'

'Yes, I know zet ver well. I give you sixpence. I am not so fool than I look.'

The Frenchman, confident that the man wanted to impose on him, tried to get away. And, for a minute or two, the passengers were amused by watching the civil remonstrances of the conductor and the irritable gesticulations of the passenger; till at last the patience of the outsides became exhausted, and they insisted on going on without the conductor if he were resolved to continue his altercation. The poor fellow, worn out by

the obstinacy of the Frenchman, dragged him back to the door of the 'bus by the lapel of his coat, took off his hat, and looking into the interior, respectfully appealed to the passengers in these coarse but characteristic words—

'Will some lady or gentleman be kind enough to tell me what is French for "bloody fool"?'

At the Derby, once, Hicks, who was short and very fat, was wedged in tightly in the heart of a crowd watching the running. He felt that he was standing very uncomfortably, and thought his heels were on some lump of earth or grass, which caused him to tip forward. At last, a little Frenchman behind him, who must have been the very quintessence of politeness, whispered, in a voice of mingled deference, expostulation, and torture, 'Mille pardons, Monsieur, mais—I cannot stand longer with your feet.' Hicks found that he, with his enormous weight of seventeen stone, had been standing on the little man's toes.

Hicks told me that the children of the National Infant School at (I think) Swansea, are taught very much by sign: the hand of the teacher sloped, signifying 'oblique'; the hand held flat, 'horizontal'; the hand upright, 'perpendicular.' One of the Welsh bishops was preaching one day in behalf of the school, when, observing several children whispering together, he held his hand upright in a warning manner, meaning thereby to impose silence, on which almost the whole school, in the midst of his sermon, halloed out, 'Perpendicular!'

A gentleman of very great talent, but of rather extravagant habits, was going to a dance; and knowing

Hicks to have a very handsome pin, which had been presented to him, he asked him if he would lend it him. 'What for?' said Hicks. 'Oh, if you must know, I want to take it to the ball.' 'Pooh, pooh! Don't tell me. You want to take it to the three balls,' was the answer.

Hicks was talking to Thackeray of a certain gentleman's strange addiction to beer. "It's a great pity,' said Hicks, 'that he does not keep a check rein on himself, for he is a marvellous fellow, otherwise—I mean for talent. I hardly know his equal.' 'No,' retorted Thackeray, 'he is a remarkable man. Take him for half-and-half we ne'er shall look upon his like again.'

NOTE. 1870. September. At this date the Yorick of the West has ceased to be. 'He was a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy. Where be his gibes now? his gambols? his songs? his flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar?' It will be long before one will arise fit to tread in his shoes. In wit, he was inferior to Theodore Hook; in humour he could not compare with Sidney Smith: but in the union of both qualities, and in geniality of disposition, he was second to none. As a *raconteur*, he was unapproachable. In the perception of character and in its embodiment, and in his mastery of the Cornish and Devonshire dialects, he was unrivalled. I have heard more than one tell his stories after him, but none ever tell them like him. 'The Jury,' 'The Coach Wheel,' 'The Rheumatic Old Woman' who was ordered to take exercise, and could only take it round her own armchair, 'Will Rabley,' 'The Two

Deacons,' and 'The Bed at Saltram,' 'The Blind Man, his Wife, and his Dog Lion,' 'The Dead March in Saul with base accompaniments,' were perfect gems deep set in humour. His face was a comedy; his figure 'a figure of fun'; and, though his features were plain, his whole physiognomy was so charged with waggery and benevolence, that all who valued those gifts were irresistibly drawn to him. Keenly alive as he was to the ludicrous in others, he was by no means insensible to the vulnerable points in himself. For instance, before taking the chair as chief magistrate at a great dinner at Bodmin, being pompously announced by some subordinate functionary as 'The Mayor'; in the same tone as his herald, and clapping his hands to his fat sides, he added, 'and Corporation.' Those, however, who only knew Hicks as a droll of the first magnitude, had a very inadequate conception of his merits. As a magistrate, and as the head of the establishment over which he presided, his great ability was abundantly recognised by the prominent families of his county; and on some of the nicest and most intricate questions in political economy—on such subjects as the rating of the poor, capital, rent, wages, taxation, demand and supply—he was quite an authority.

1866. November 24. Lady P—— drove me into Exeter, to the station. Left for Hagley, Lord L——'s. A party in the house, and a *recherché* one.

1866. November 27. Left Hagley for Stratton Street, on a visit to Miss C——. On arriving there, found Miss C——'s carriage waiting to take me on to Holly Lodge, where she and Mrs. B—— were staying quite alone.

1866. November 30. Accompanied Miss C—— to Whitelands, to see her distribute the prizes to the children. Canon T—— and Mr. B—— both spoke, very feelingly; but the speech, *par excellence*, was Miss C——'s. Her address was admirable for its tone, for its sterling good sense, for the practical familiarity with the subject of education it displayed, for the sympathy with the young it evinced, for the felicity of its phraseology, and for the self-possession and suavity of her deportment.

1866. December 3. The day of the great and greatly-dreaded Reform demonstration. We were, with Miss C—— and three or four of her intimate friends, at the bay window of the great downstair drawing-room, looking up Piccadilly for the first approach of the monster gathering. The *trottoirs* were densely crowded with spectators, who stood for hours patiently awaiting its advent. The middle of the street was kept clear by mounted police, so as to secure an uninterrupted thoroughfare for the procession. The sides of the road were reserved for equestrians and vehicles of all kinds. It had been given out by the leaders of the Reform movement that there would not be less than 100,000 men, who would march to Lord Ranelagh's. Those actually present were a fourth of that number. Still, 25,000 men is a very formidable body. Mr. J. A. S—— timed them as they marched by; and, though they stepped smartly and quickly, they were between two hours and a half and three hours before they passed out of sight. They walked with arms linked together, six or eight abreast, and in columns. As they

came opposite Stratton Street, though Miss C—— stood more out of sight than any of us, they caught a glimpse of her well-known face; and in one instant a shout was raised, not only by the members of the procession, but by all the bystanders, 'Three cheers for Miss C——,' which was taken up again and again as each rank filed by, and never intermitted till all the crowds had dispersed. I never witnessed anything like the popular enthusiasm. Every hat was raised, every arm was unlinked, every eye was directed to her, every face gleamed and glistened with pleasure, as, with unaffected simplicity and a gentle movement of her head, she returned the universal greetings. For upwards of two hours and a half the air rang with reiterated huzzahs—huzzahs unanimous and heartfelt, and as if representing a national sentiment. It was very remarkable to think that such a tribute should have been paid to a subject, and that subject an untitled gentlewoman. It is not often that it has fallen to the lot of a philanthropist to be so rewarded by contemporary approbation. Here were we eye-witnesses of the spontaneous homage of respect, admiration, and gratitude, which welled out impulsively from the hearts of the classes whom it has been the study of her life to elevate and benefit. Not that the demonstration of attachment was limited to the artisan or labouring classes; for gentlemen who had secured seats on the outside of omnibusses or inside cabs, that they might see the sight without personal inconvenience, readily caught the epidemic, and were as vociferous in their plaudits as the multitude. I am sure that if any foreigner had

been standing at that well-known bay window, and had been asked what he supposed to be the cause of so much hubbub, he would have replied, 'Oh! I see plainly what it means. It is the people's ovation in honour of the great philanthropist Miss C——.' It was more than pleasing to see her meekness under her blushing honours, and her extraordinary self-control. The only dry eye in the circle of her friends around her was her own.

We heard afterwards that many of those who had joined the procession at starting, tailed off through the Parks, and never went as far as Lord Ranelagh's. But, at eight o'clock, p.m., while we were at dinner, we heard detachments returning from the meeting, and, when opposite the house, calling for Miss C——, and huzzaing as vociferously as in the morning.

1867. July 13. On a visit at East Horsley Towers, the seat of the Earl of Lovelace. In many respects it is a very curious and interesting place. In the library I saw John Locke's original manuscripts. Lord Lovelace told me a curious circumstance. One day, when a boy of five years of age, he was sitting in the room with his mother, Lady King, when Lord Onslow, who was paying her a morning visit, mentioned, in the course of conversation, that he had often dined at his father's house in company with one of the sentinels who had been on guard and present on the scaffold at the execution of Charles the First. The man's name was Augustin. He died in the year 1740, at the age of a 110. Lady King was so struck by what she heard, that she made her boy

instantly write it down; and, when he had done so, she pasted it into Hume's History of England. Lady Lovelace, to whom I afterwards wrote for a written confirmation, was kind enough to copy it for me. She tells me it still stands in their volume of Hume which describes Charles the First's last moments, and that it is written in the large straggling hand of a child.

What would Sir George Cornewall Lewis have said to this had he been alive?

1867. July 22. On my return from a visit at Elcot House, to the two sisters of the late Percy Bysshe Shelley, dined and spent a night at Aldermaston Court, with Mr. and Mrs. Higford Burr. Her drawings and paintings are wonderful. At dinner there I met the Rev. James Gerald Joyce, Rector of Strathsfieldsaye, who said he perfectly recollected, as a boy of fifteen, to have talked with one Ann Green, 113 years of age, who, among other of her recollections, asserted that she could well remember her own mother telling her that, when she was a child, she saw Oliver Cromwell's soldiers enter their house, go into the kitchen, and walk off with 'the griddled bread from the hearth.' What, once more, would Sir George Cornewall Lewis have said to this, had he heard it? If he had alleged that these instances were only idle traditions unattested, one might still have retorted that, in each of the cases cited, unless the parties told deliberate lies, they could not have witnessed what they asserted they did, unless they were as old as they represented themselves to be.

Sir George, who no doubt was a learned and a conscientious investigator of facts, used to assert that, for

many centuries, there had not been any instance of a human being living to a hundred years. With all deference to such authority, I am quite sure that, with a very little trouble, many instances of well-authenticated centenarians might be brought forward. There lies before me a certificate from the Register of Burials in the parish of Staple Fitzpaine, county Somerset, to this effect:—

'Grace Bale was buried the 23rd of June, 1834, aged 101 years.

F. B. PORTMAN, Rector.'

Again, there lies before me a letter from Lady Lambe, the widow of the late Sir Charles Lambe, of Beauport, telling me that my charming old friend, the late Mrs. Constable, of Cowfold, died in her 103rd year. The baptismal register in this case has been carefully examined.

Dr. Hugh Totty, the late Rector of Fairlight and Etchingham—a man I knew well—died also in his 103rd year. Here, again, his baptismal register was searched.

Once more, it appears from the baptismal registry of the parish of Down St. Mary that, on January 14, 1767, was baptized—

'Christian, daughter of George and Jane Gregory.

W. T. A. RADFORD,
Curate of Down St. Mary.

'The above is a true copy from the paper given to Christian Gregory by Mr. Radford.

EDWARD WOLVER,
Rector of Zeal Monachorum.'

Miss C——, who gave me the above, says the old lady was to keep her 101st birthday on the Tuesday following the day on which I received the copy of her registry.

Again, Agnes Baillie, Joanna's sister, lived to be 102.

NOTE. 1870. December. There is now alive in Brighton a man in his 105th year. I forget his name; but all the print-shops have his photograph in their windows.

1867. July 26. At Miss C——'s, at Holly Lodge, to witness the entertainment given by her to the Belgians. A noble thought, and nobly executed!

1867. September 9. At Sir L. P——'s, at Haldon, on the coming of age of his eldest son. The house crammed 'from garret to basement' with guests. I was told to-day, that a German of great name, who shall be nameless, when first he came to this country did not speak our language very well, though afterwards he spoke it like a native. He described a slight accident which happened to him in these words, 'I mount upon de horse; he gallop avay ver well. We arrive at, what you call?—oh! a fence. De horse go up, and den, and den,—I do not remain.'

1868. January 5. Every one knows the old story of the curate who had his Sunday dinner invariably with his rector, and who, never having had anything but rabbits served up in different ways, was asked to say grace, and delivered himself of these lines—

'For rabbits hot, for rabbits cold,
For rabbits young, for rabbits old,
For rabbits tender, for rabbits tough,
We thank the Lord we've had enough.'

A very amusing person whom I used to know, but have not seen for years, rendered them into Latin, thus—

ITEM LATINE REDDITUM.

'Pro conibus calidis, conibus frigidis,
Pro conibus mollibus, conibus rigidis,
Pro conibus senibus,
Atque juvenibus,
Grates agimus fatis,
Habuimus satis.'

1868. May 19. The following story was told me by one who had it from the lips of a noble lord, once representing our sovereign at the capital of a great country. Subsequently I had the honour of making his lordship's acquaintance at the Dowager Countess B——'s, and I asked him if it were true. He assured me it was told to him by the brother of the person who is the hero of the tale.

In the year 1783, the town of Messina, in Sicily, was visited by reiterated shocks of earthquake. The splendid crescent of houses which faced the Marina was reduced to ruins, and the narrow streets were choked up with the *débris* of the fallen buildings. Strange to say, though the prebendal residences adjacent to the cathedral were levelled with the dust, the great building itself remained intact, a fact not unnaturally attributed by the people to the direct interposition of Providence.

A certain Chevalier St. Priest, residing at Venice, an eminent archæologist, had long contemplated visiting Messina for the purpose of verifying certain inscriptions, and making drawings of certain monuments in the

cathedral, with which to illustrate a work on which he was engaged.

Alarmed by the frequency of these tremendous convulsions, he determined, without further delay, to put his long-cherished project into execution. On arriving at Messina, his first object was to select suitable quarters for himself; his next, to see the custodian of the sanctuary, tell him the purport of his visit, and propitiate him with a liberal gratuity, so as to obtain permission to examine closely, and copy carefully, the various objects of his curiosity.

One day, weeks after his arrival, he became so keenly engrossed with his work, and so well satisfied with his success, as to forget the flight of time, until reminded of it by the lengthening shadows of the waning day upon his paper. The moment that he was made aware of the lateness of the hour, he closed his portfolio, and made his way to the western gate. To his dismay he found it locked. He then essayed to get out by the door either of the north or south transept, but with no better success. At last, with considerable difficulty, he clambered up to the only window within his reach, and shouted and halloed loudly, in the hope of attracting the notice of passers by; but, owing to the dilapidated condition of the houses in the vicinity, the lateness of the hour, and the seclusion of the spot, he called in vain. Perceiving that there was no alternative but submission to his fate, he 'screwed his courage to the sticking place,' and made up his mind to pass the night within the consecrated walls as best he might. The slight and slender chairs

with which the nave was furnished did not promise much comfort to his weary frame, nor did he anticipate more from a bed extemporized upon a marble tomb. Before long, however, his eye fell on a wooden confessional in one of the side aisles, in the central compartment of which, with the added help of a couple of cane-bottomed chairs, he flattered himself he might succeed in winning sleep.

As the gloaming gradually deepened into darkness, the aspect of the interior of the edifice became strangely weird and ghastly. However, in an hour or two the sombre clouds dispersed, and unveiled the queen of night in all her glory. Save where she shed her pale rays on shafted oriel or emblazoned scutcheon, the nave and aisles were plunged in profoundest shadow. The chancel itself was but partially illumined by the 'dim religious light' reflected from the lamp which burned perpetually before the reserved sacrament.

The hour, the place, the loneliness, the melancholy moaning of the wind, did not tend to diminish the awe which, in spite of his better judgment, would steal over his fevered senses as he closed his eyelids and tried to compose himself to sleep. After troubled and unrefreshing slumber, during which his powers of endurance had been severely tested, he was startled from a spasmodic doze by the clang of the great clock striking the hour in the campanile. With that acute sensibility to sound which is so often the attendant of restlessness, he not only heard but felt the tongue of the bell vibrating through the vaulted roof till it had sounded its warning note eleven times. Instinctively

he opened his eyes, and as he did so, to his horror, saw the figure of a monk in cowl, and beads, and dusky garb issue from the wall of the apse behind the altar, and, with tread unheard, slowly descend the steps of the dais, glide, 'now in glimmer now in gloom,' to the extremity of the west end, and then return, uttering in saddest accents this plaintive appeal to empty air—'O God! O God! is there no kind Christian here who will offer up one mass for my poor soul?'

On regaining the chancel steps, the figure remounted them, and vanished within the same spot in the wall from which it had emerged.

St. Priest, although constitutionally brave, was a person of acute sensibility and of lively imagination; so that, after what he had seen, his breath became thick and his head began to swim as he calculated the probabilities of the phantom's reappearance at the witching hour of midnight. He vowed within himself that, 'if it should walk again he'd speak to it,' were it 'a spirit of health or goblin damned!' For a whole hour he lay, reckoning the minutes by his own pulse, till the iron tongue of time should strike the hour of twelve. When the last stroke had died away, the same mysterious scene was re-enacted, with one slight variation. The apparition, instead of wending its way down the nave, swept like a gust of wind through the side aisle, where the Chevalier was sitting, brushed his knees with its robe of serge, so as to chill his marrow by the contact, cause the skin of his scalp to rise, and his flesh to creep with loathing. Conquering his quivering nerves by a vigorous effort of the will, he jumped

from off his seat, peered into the cowl, and staggered back appalled — *there was nothing in it but a skull!* Again the same words as before assailed his ear — 'O God! O God! is there no kind Christian here who will say one mass for my poor soul?' St. Priest, a Knight of Malta, and also a priest, shouted forth loudly, '*That* will I'; and, springing up the steps to the altar, celebrated mass for him. While so engaged the muffled figure disappeared; and, the service ended, from behind the wall a hollow voice was heard to say, 'O kind Christian, every night for upwards of one hundred years I have paced these aisles, uttering the same sad supplication; but never before heard voice of human sympathy in response. I know of but one way by which I can requite you for the service you have rendered me. Mark well, then, what I say. Three days before your final doom I will appear to you again, and warn you of the dread foe's approach. May you not die as I did—unprepared and unanointed.'

As the voice died away in its own echo, our hero, exhausted by over excitement, and want of rest and food, swooned away upon the marble floor. 'Where he fell, there he lay,' till he was discovered in the morning by the verger, who, after procuring help, carried him safely to his lodgings.

Days elapsed before he rallied thoroughly from the shock his nervous system had sustained. No sooner was he pronounced convalescent, than he sent for the two or three friends he had in the place, and recounted to them his singular experience. His statement was received, if not with scorn, at least with incredulity;

and all that he asserted he had seen and heard was ascribed to the combined effects of inanition, and a brain unduly taxed.

Two or three years after the occurrences detailed had been almost forgotten, St. Priest was invited to dine with these same friends. He accepted the invitation cheerfully; but, on the day appointed, and only a few minutes before the hour of dinner, he called on them to say that, in spite of his promise, he *could* not join them. 'Why?' was their natural enquiry. 'Are you ill? or are you going on a journey?' 'Both,' was the reply. 'I AM about to take a journey, to that bourn whence no traveller returns. I *am* ill! and my medical advisers, but now, have told me that I have that within me which renders my death possible at any instant. This announcement did not take me by surprise; for last night my doom was foreshadowed to me. I had a spectral visit and the promised warning from my ghostly friend of the cathedral.'

His hearers made no attempt to rally him out of a conviction which had evidently taken strong hold of him. It was well they did not; for in eight-and-forty hours he was dead.

Many years went by, when a part of the apse of the cathedral giving signs of insecurity, the capitular body resolved to restore it. In the progress of the repairs, a cavity was discovered in the wall, some seven feet in height by three in breadth, immediately behind the spot where the altar had stood, from which were drawn up the mouldering relics of a monkish garb, a rotten rope, and a human skeleton.

The story of the Chevalier St. Priest's midnight adventure in the cathedral, which had been repeatedly told after his decease, recurred to the memory of some of the canons, and they agreed to make a searching examination of the records in the muniment-room, in the hope that some light might thereby be thrown on circumstances involved in so much mystery.

After an elaborate investigation, they were about to relinquish their search in despair, when they came upon an old yellow time-discoloured document, from which they learned that 110 years before that period, one of their body, a monk, had been detected in the commission of a crime of such exceptional atrocity, that, to screen their order from the disgrace of public exposure, the chapter immured the wretched culprit alive within the very wall which had yielded up his earthly remains.

1868. June 10. A humorous friend of mine writes to me:—

'It would not be easy to find a more quizzical quotation to apply to the so-called Tractarians than the following from Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2:—

'"*Nath.* Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith—

'"*Holof.* Sir, tell not me of the father, I do fear colourable colours."

'Nor, again, for the so-called Evangelicals, who are advertised as referees of "known piety," than these from Much Ado about Nothing, v. 1:—

'"*Dogb.* No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness."'

1869. Saturday, January 16. Dined with Sir L. P—— at the Imperial Hotel. It was exclusively a gentleman's party, and consisted of Colonel M. C——, Captain P——, Messrs. F——, C—— of P——, T——, and Lord L——.

While we were waiting for the noble lord, the subject on the tapis, was the mysterious disappearance of the Rev. Mr. Speke. Each of us had his theory. One thought he had made away with himself; another that he had been made away with by others. The prevalent impression, however, with the majority was, that he had entered a Hansom cab at the railway station the moment he reached London; and that, while passing through some unfrequented street in the purlieus of the West End, the driver, attracted by the sight of money on his person, had opened the trap above his head, smitten him on the skull with a life-preserver, and in due time, and under cover of night, thrown him into the Thames. My own conjecture was, that, on some specious pretext or other, he had been decoyed into a den of infamy, and had there been murdered. I was the more disposed to this opinion from a circumstance which had happened to myself two-and-forty years ago, and which I told the company.

When about one-and-twenty, I was coming out of Bedell's, the well-known confectioner's in Vere Street, Cavendish Square, where I had been indulging in an ice. I had just paid for it, and was standing on the door-step in the act of drawing together the lips of a silk-netted purse (which happened, for a wonder, to have twelve or thirteen sovereigns at one end,

and eighteen or nineteen shillings at the other), when a sturdy fellow in a blue coat and brass buttons, without looking me in the face, walked by my side, and asked me if I should not like to purchase some very superior French gloves. Though I told him that I did not want any, he still walked on by me, looking straight before him, so as to disarm any passer by of any suspicion that he and I had anything to say to each other, and descanted, in muffled and guarded voice, on the superior quality of the goods he was recommending, declaring that there was not a shop in London which could afford to sell them at his price. It was in vain I tried to repel him. He continued persistently to walk abreast of me till, at last, provoked beyond measure by his effrontery, I stopped and threatened, if he did not go, to give him into custody to the first Bow Street officer we should meet. In the civilest tone conceivable, he apologized to me, remarking, that it never entered his imagination that there could be any offence in offering a gentleman the very best Paris gloves for 1*s.* 6*d.* a pair, when he knew that I must be paying 3*s.* per pair for an inferior article. 'Nonsense,' I exclaimed; 'I am not to be imposed upon. Gloves are articles which I happen to know something about. I know real kid from false. I know dog-skin from rat-skin. I know both from genuine chamois-skin. I know French sewing from English, and English from Limerick; and I know it to be impossible that you can sell me a genuine pair of French kid gloves, such as I get from Houbigant Chardin, at the price you name,

unless they are smuggled.' Turning slowly round, and looking warily about him, so as to assure himself that there was no one within ear-shot, he put up his finger to his nose, and looking significantly at me, said, 'That's it, Sir. You've hit it. That is just what they are.'

In those days, before the introduction of free trade, the standard of public morality, at all events with regard to smuggling, was infinitely lower than it is now. Legislators and ladies of fashion did not merely wink at the clandestine introduction of contraband articles, by purchasing them of smugglers, but quite as often by smuggling lace, cambric, and kid gloves, themselves. As I was then in the habit of often going out to balls, and of never paying less than 3*s.* a pair for my gloves, the opportunity of laying in a stock at half-price was a temptation not to be resisted. I therefore turned to the man and asked him where I should find his shop. 'Why, Sir,' he replied, 'you don't suppose, do you, that I could afford to sell my articles at the price I tell you of, if I had to pay rent and taxes for a shop? No, Sir; I keeps 'em in an 'umble lodging hard by. P'raps you would not grudge just following me there a moment.'

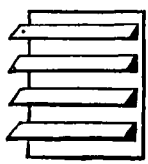
Perceiving that I had caught at his bait, and was no longer obstinate in refusing to look at his gloves, he preceded me without hesitation, never once turning his head to see if his dupe were following or not. The fact was, he knew he had hooked his fish, and therefore he determined 'to play him,' and give him line, till time and place were suitable for landing him. He strode across Oxford Street, hurried down South Molton Street, and presently turned sharply to the

right into a dirty, disreputable thoroughfare close to Davies' Street, and contiguous to the fashionable district of Grosvenor Street and Berkeley Square. It was swarming with revolting-looking Irish women, some with blackened eyes, others with half-clad babies hanging at their scarcely-covered breasts, and huge overgrown coal-heavers, with pipes in their mouths and blasphemy on their lips. As I threaded my way, after my leader, through this tumultuous throng, I became conscious of sundry qualms creeping over me as to the prudence and possible issue of my misplaced confidence in a stranger. Before, however, I could mature any definite plan of action, my guide had shouldered his way through a glass swing-door, protected in the upper half by stout brass lattice-work, and beckoned me to follow. Without looking to the right or to the left, he made his way straight on to the extremity of the passage, which had, on one side, a tap-room full of blustering tipplers, on the other, a low-roofed chamber crowded with such dissolute and depraved looking specimens of humanity, that I felt, in the event of danger, I could not count on them for sympathy or protection.

My blue-coated friend held open the door at the end of the passage for me. I passed through it, and observed that from the very threshold there descended abruptly a flight of deep steps into a yard paved entirely with large flag-stones.

There was something in the appearance of this yard which puzzled me, and filled me with vague and undefinable apprehensions. It was strikingly out of har-

mony with the front premises through which I had come. There, everything was noisy and dirty: here, there was perfect stillness and remarkable cleanliness. In the centre of the yard there stood a wooden building about fourteen feet square, freshly painted lead colour, with window-frames without glass, but instead, stiff immoveable wooden blinds (such as I have seen used for meat-safes) that admitted some air through the apertures, but hardly any light. They were constructed after the following pattern:—



The roof was well slated and in perfect condition. The door had a common latch, such as one sees on garden doors; and below the latch a strong lock. My man took a key from his trowser pocket, and with it turning back the bolt, released it from the staple. He then applied his thumb and forefinger to the latch, and the door flew open. The moment it did so, I saw that five steep steps led down into an interior, forbidding from its gloom and its absence of any article whatever, except a well-scrubbed butcher's block, supported on four stout, stumpy legs, about six inches from the ground.

As soon as the door had been opened, I was respectfully solicited 'just to step down' and wait a minute while my decoy duck went to his bedroom for his wares. I did so: and, as I stood, in no very enviable

frame of mind (for I was convinced I was trepanned), I scrutinized the place, and, on stooping down and peering underneath the block, I perceived that it concealed a large circular stone, with a heavy iron ring attached to it by the centre. The sight of this made me spring up again to the top of the steps with the agility of a harlequin. I had hardly done so, when the scoundrel returned, carrying in his arms a large pedlar's pack, the outer covering of which was oil-cloth, the inner an old Indian muslin wrapper. He took it down the steps, deposited it on the block, and once more invited me to descend, so that I might be able, he was pleased to say, to finger the things for myself and the better judge of their quality. I resolutely refused, and, in a tone of considerable anger, said, 'I came, like a fool, to see your gloves. I want to see nothing else; and I can see them as well, and better, up here in the light, than in that nasty dingy hole you want to get me into. If you don't produce your gloves at once, I shall be off.' With several shrugs of his shoulders, and a deprecatory look at me, he, at last, opened his package, which contained gaudy Bandana silk handkerchiefs, cigars, cases of eau de Cologne, woollen fabrics wrought about with divers colours, &c., &c. As he produced each article in succession, and vaunted forth its merits with the volubility of an auctioneer, I kept crying out to him impetuously, 'I don't want it! Where are the gloves you told me of?' 'Don't be impatient, Sir; you shall see them, all in good time, when I come to them. Now, Sir, would not you like to present your young lady with a dozen of these beautiful

cambric handkerchiefs?' 'No! no! I tell you! where are the gloves?' Every instant I felt my alarm increase; and certainly not diminish when a tall man came down from the house, entered the yard, and approached me with a sinister smile. There was something so significant and mischievous in his looks, that I at once dubbed him a confederate of my first acquaintance. He urged me to go down 'and look at some very pretty things.' Seeing me resolved not to stir, he insinuated his right knee in the back of my left thigh, and, with an affectation of jocular persuasion, tried to jerk me down the steps. My suspicions having been thoroughly aroused beforehand, I was on my guard. I slipped nimbly aside, and, knowing that I had him at a disadvantage, for he was standing on the very verge of the top step, I struck out at him straight from the shoulder, right and left, and heard him fall with a fearful thud to the very bottom. I did not stop to see how it sped with him; for the instant I had delivered my blows, I darted up the steps which led into the front passage, rushed by the hackney-coachmen and the ruffians I saw congregated round the tap; and, with the velocity of a hunted stag, ran for dear life into Davies' Street, followed by the blue-coated rascal who had first lured me to his den. Fancying in my flight that I could feel his hot breath close behind me, I was so blinded with terror, that I ran head foremost against one of the great posts which, in those days, were placed at the corners of all our streets (for what purpose, except for idle vagabonds to jump over, I never could divine). As the street was full of people, and as my agitation and

fall attracted notice, I got off without further molestation. Those who asked me what had happened, as they were themselves not particularly prepossessing, I did not condescend to tell; but before going away from the neighbourhood, I could not help looking back, and, as I did so, I saw some hundred yards off, my enemy holding up his fist and gnashing his teeth at me with impotent malignity. Fearing that he might possibly get some of his accomplices to dodge and follow me, I jumped into a hackney-coach and drove to Bow Street, determined to consult my old friend, the celebrated Townsend, and learn from him whether anything could be done. On the road I saw an old friend, Ralph Lewin Benson, the second son of the then M.P. for Stafford, and induced him to accompany me to the office. On seeing Sir Richard Birnie, and telling him of my adventure, he rang a bell, summoned one of his chief agents, and made me repeat my tale to him. When he had heard it, he told me frankly:—'Young Sir! you've had a narrow escape. You've been in ugly company. *I* know your friends, both the short stocky chap and the long chap, equally well; and they're a bad lot. I know the house too: it is a receiving house for thieves. I often visits it, but I never *can* nab them. Several times people have been missing, who have never after turned up, yet whom we have tracked to that house; but we've never been able to bring anything what you may call home to them. I wonder, Sir, if you happened to notice a large iron ring under the butcher's block. That ring I have had in my hand. I pulled at it, and up came a stone lid which covered a deep well.

We've the best of reasons for knowing that persons who have been lost have been plundered in that house; and, when they've resisted, have been murdered, flung down that well, and allowed to lie there till they have been cut up in pieces, and gradually disposed of, sometimes in the water, sometimes in the fire.'

I asked him what he thought would have been my fate if I had not escaped their clutches? 'Can't say exactly, Sir. Had you been bragging in any company and before servants, of having money about you?' 'No; but I unintentionally displayed a well-filled purse in the sight of the man who first spoke to me in Vere Street.' 'Ah, then,' he replied, 'as you were seen to have tin about you, probably the tall 'un would have locked you into that slaughter-house, for that is what it used to be, until the short 'un had rifled you. If you had given up your money without giving them any trouble, they'd have sworn you to secresy, on condition of charging you with some atrocious offence if you 'peached. If, on the other hand, you had made a fight for it, they'd have knocked you on the head, and popped you into the well.'

It is a curious fact that, when I had advanced half way through this account, Lord L—— entered, and, having shaken hands all round, said to me, 'Pray go on; you were in the middle of a story when I interrupted you.' I then resumed the thread of my narrative, which had broken off at the moment when I was describing the man as displaying his wares, and pressing them on my attention. Lord L——, who had not heard the opening of my story, when he saw me imitating the

scoundrel's manner and voice, exclaimed, 'Why, Young, that is my man!' 'What! my Lord, did you ever have anything happen to you of the same kind?' 'Certainly,' was the answer. 'The same thing occurred to me; and your impersonation of the man who imposed on me convinces me that it must have been the same person. Yet, on reflection, it could not have been, for my adventure occurred full forty years ago.'

Lord L—— was not aware that, before he had entered the room, I had told the company that my own experience dated back two-and-forty years. He then told us that, rather than proceed to extremities with the scoundrel, he had surrendered all he had on his person at the time, some £15.

1869. March 31. I have been this day told a circumstance, the truth of which I am disposed to believe, because of the channel through which it came to me. There are few people in mid-life who can forget the sensation created throughout this country by the unexpected announcement, in the House of Lords, during the Crimean War, made by one of our ministers, of the death of the Emperor Nicholas[1]. Unless I am deceived, the population of St. Petersburgh were as little prepared as ourselves for any such intelligence, as there had been no premonitory indications whatever of his health failing. I am assured that, after he received the news of the battle of Inkermann, he sent for his

[1] March 2, 1855 was, I think, the day on which the Emperor died. When he learned what had befallen his army he became fearfully dejected; he looked on Sebastopol as lost, and gave up all thought of the Chersonese as a field on which he could exercise his energies.

doctor, and told him to compound for him a slow poison, assigning at the same time his reasons for wishing it in these memorable words:—'I see I have been guilty of a great mistake in having entered on this disastrous war. I am conscious of it; but I am too proud to own it, except in confidence to you and my family. I am also too proud to sue for peace; and yet I am aware peace is essential for the welfare of my country.' He then summoned his family around him, and told them of his resolution. They implored him on their knees not to put his threat into execution. The doctor who, before their entrance, had administered the poison, assured him that, if he would but permit him, it was not too late to avert the consequences of the drug by an antidote which he had ready at his hand. But the Emperor charged him on his allegiance, and as he valued his own head, to obey him. He did; and the result is matter of history.

CHAPTER XIX.

1869. May 15, My wife and I have been staying a week at Knebworth, a place we had long felt a wish to see, and which, having seen, greatly surpasses our expectations. It is replete with classic interest, and will hereafter be associated with the name of our great novelist, poet, dramatist, orator, and statesman. It is the proper setting for such a jewel. There is a considerable number of pictures, but, with one glorious exception, a portrait of Spinola, by Velasquez, none of very conspicuous merit as works of art; and yet there is hardly one which has not a special interest of its own, from the historical or romantic incidents connected with it. The house abounds in specimens of vertu, old tapestry, Venetian glass, Italian furniture, &c. &c. There is a noble library, a long, handsome gallery, a large drawing-room, and a private study on the ground floor; a proportionate number of bedrooms, and three reception-rooms, *en suite*, on the first floor. The exterior of the house, which is only one third of its original size, is, I should say, of the Tudor period; it

is highly picturesque, being ornamented with griffins and gurgoyles and chimneys of lovely pattern, and a very fine tower, &c. &c. The gardens are beautiful; the park is a deer park with one or two very fine avenues of trees and a charming lake, on the borders of which, and standing under the shelter of grand old umbrageous Scotch firs, is a fishing-cottage, in one of the rooms of which many of those works have been composed which have given such pleasure to so many, and will give pleasure to thousands yet unborn.

1869. October 4. As I was walking to church yesterday, and pondering on these words from the 11th chapter of Proverbs, 'He that *winneth* souls is wise,' three bold, saucy lads, from fifteen to seventeen years of age, bounded into the footpath before me, over each other's backs; and, without the slightest regard for my presence, continued their game of leap-frog under my very nose. I was about to express my indignation at this conduct, when it occurred to me that it would be a good opportunity for following the suggestion of Solomon, and testing its efficacy. I determined, therefore, to try whether gentle expostulation might not succeed better than ministerial authority. As I walked up to them, they faced me defiantly. I curbed my rising choler, and addressed them with assumed calmness. The following dialogue ensued between the eldest of them and myself:—

J. C. Y. 'My friends, I think you are forgetting what day this is.'

Youth. 'Na, we aint.'

J. C. Y. 'Do you think it right to do on Sunday as you would on any other day?'

Youth. 'We aint doing no harum, I s'pose.'

J. C. Y. 'Aren't you going to church?'

Youth. 'Na, we aint.'

J. C. Y. 'Then, where are you going?'

Youth. 'To take a walk. I s'pose there aint no law agen that?'

J. C. Y. 'I have no time to argue with you, for the church bells will soon be down; but come back with me, and, after church, *I*'ll walk with you.'

Youth. 'No, thank ye, Sir.'

J. C. Y. 'I am very sorry for you. I am, indeed.'

Youth. 'What be sorry for, Sir?'

J. C. Y. 'Because you don't seem to mind displeasing your best friend and Father.'

Youth. 'Father don't mind where we go.'

J. C. Y. 'I am not thinking of your father at home, but of your Father who is in heaven. You fear your father on earth, because you see him, and know he'll punish you if you make him angry. But you don't fear your better Father, because you don't see Him, though His eye is always on you, and though He is about your path and about your bed, and spieth out all your ways.——But I must not stay now. I'm afraid you won't enjoy your walk much.'

Youth. 'Why, Sir?'

J. C. Y. 'Because I know you'll not be able to shake off the thought of the risks you run by offending your Father which is in heaven. Good bye. As you won't pray for yourselves at church, I shall go and pray for you.'

I left them, expecting that they would follow the bent of their own inclinations; but, ten minutes after, as I passed from the vestry to the reading-desk, I saw, to my surprise, the three young men sitting meekly and decorously under the pulpit. From that day, with very rare exceptions, they have been steady attendants at church.

Query.—Had I obeyed my first impulse, and scolded them in anger, would my words have had the same effect?

I wish I could see my way clearly as to the best mode of teaching, not merely such youths as those just mentioned, but little children, how to observe the Sunday. We tell them it is the happiest day in the seven. Do they find it so? As a rule, they have been taught to spend it as consistent Jews would spend Saturday. Is not this a mistake?

Saturday, etymologically speaking, 'a ceasing to do,' was, with the Jew, emphatically a day of rest, i. e. of rest from worldly work; but still a day of rigorous observance.

Sunday, the Lord's Day, is the Christian's Sabbath—a festival founded under the law of liberty—a day of solemn assembling for the celebration of the Eucharist, for prayer and praise—a day on which those services of piety duly and heartily rendered, works of necessity and charity, are allowed—and on which, however worldly or servile business be discountenanced, innocent relaxation is rather encouraged than not.

To exact, then, on such a day, a great amount of religious exercise from the lambs of our flocks, when, by

reason of their tender years, they cannot value it, seems to me to encourage the growth of hypocrisy, and to infuse in their minds a distaste for religion itself. On Sunday, of all days, to compel such young disciples to three hours of school work, and three hours of church attendance, is hardly a happy method of exemplifying to them that their religion is 'perfect freedom.' It overthrows the nature of a festival, and puts on their necks a yoke which neither their fathers nor elders are able to bear.

When children are in God's house, to enforce reverence on them, and encourage devotion, is essential; but out of Church to impose upon them fantastic and fanatical prohibitions, outrages human nature, and, however it may seem to harmonize with the letter, violates the spirit of the fourth Commandment. Can a boy or girl of eleven or twelve years of age be reasonably expected to take the same interest in our services as a man of five-and-twenty or thirty? I am sure that many of our most cultivated gentry, if they would speak out, would acknowledge that two services are quite as much as they can 'profitably' take part in, and 'inwardly digest.' Why, then, are we to credit our little ones with keener spiritual appetites and more robust digestions than their seniors and betters; for *that* we do when we cram them with three hours of school in addition to three hours of church. What a contradiction in terms it must appear to them to be told that, on their Christian Sabbath, 'neither son nor daughter are to do any manner of work;' and then find that, though *they are* 'sons and daughters,' they have more work allotted to them on the first day of the week

than on any of the other six on which they have been distinctly taught that they are to do 'all that they have to do.'

The words 'any manner of work' are sufficiently emphatic, and cannot be restricted to manual, to the exclusion of mental, labour. As an open shop on Sunday is objected to, inasmuch as it implies buying and selling, purchasers and vendors, so a school, open on Sunday, involves teaching and learning, pupils and instructors.

Why are teachers and scholars to be robbed of the Sunday rest, to which they are as much entitled as any other class of the community?

Not on the plea of piety; for, as charity given at the command of law is no charity at all, so compliance with usage, extorted and arbitrary, is no more piety than Cain's sacrifice.

Not on the plea of necessity; for there are five hours daily, and, if there be a night-school, two more, left to the discretion of the master and the managers, and surely one hour dedicated daily to religious instruction—i. e. six hours distributed equally over six days,—is better for the pupils than three hours devoted on the same day to the same subject.

Not on the plea of charity; for charity, to be valued, depends not only on the motive of the benefactors, but on its effect on the beneficiaries. Every recipient of charity, whether, in his heart, grateful or not for it, recognises the intention; and as children do not forget that the favourite punishment for misconduct is extra task-work, the association makes them regard much

learning and listening in the light rather of cruelty than charity.

Let us review, for a moment, a village schoolboy's Sunday.

His first waking thought is of task-work. His eyelids are no sooner open, than his hand is groping under his boltster for his Prayer-book. The oppressive consciousness of having to get by heart and to repeat by rote the Epistle, or Gospel, or Collect for the day, or the Catechism, or all combined, weighs like a nightmare on his spirit. Before breakfast, during breakfast, after breakfast, he is conning over his prescribed lesson till the school bell toll his knell. At nine o'clock he is in school, and there he remains, with his brain on the stretch, till other bells ring him into church at eleven. From eleven till one he is actively engaged in making the responses, joining in the psalmody, or listening to the clergyman. At one he is dismissed to dinner. At two, he is trotted off again to his haven of rest, the school, where he learns, recites, or listens till three. At three p.m., he is once more marched off to church, where he takes his place till four; and if, during that period, his eye follow a vagrant martin or a wayward sparrow in its flight through the church, the building rings with the reverberation of the cane; or if he have a feeble stomach, and his food, eaten in haste, has not been well masticated, and his blood be poisoned by the mephitic gases of a crowded and ill-ventilated congregation, and the little noddle droop and drop upon the chest, the great-little sinner is reminded, after service, that such desecration of the day on earth can never lead to an eternal Sabbath in heaven. The effect of

drill and discipline like this on the mind of raw Christian recruits must be the reverse of that intended by the excellent people who uphold Sunday schools; and the impression of a holyday, or holiday, created by such lugubrious reminiscences, must be rather gloomy than joyous.

I know it is easy to give the diagnosis of a malady, but difficult to prescribe a remedy for it. The following scheme I have lately sketched out for my own parish. I daresay it is open to many objections; and inapplicable to any but rural parishes constituted like my own.

First. Every child, unless born of dissenting parents, to be present on Sunday twenty minutes before eleven a. m., and at twenty minutes before three p. m., to answer roll-call, and march, decently and in order, to church, under the command of the schoolmaster and mistress.

Secondly. On the mornings on which Holy Communion is administered, viz. the first Sunday of every month, five minutes to be allowed for the children's exit before the Prayer for the Church Militant. On the other three Sundays in the month on which there is no administration, a pause to be allowed for the same object before the commencement of the sermon.

Thirdly. On the afternoons of sacrament Sundays, catechizing after Second Lesson, at which parents should be encouraged to attend.

Fourthly. On the afternoons of the other three Sundays, the sermon to be addressed exclusively to children.

Fifthly. No lessons of any kind to be learned on Sundays.

To these rules I would append the following remarks :—

With regard to Rule I. As it would never do to leave attendance at church to the option of the child or the discretion of the parent, the child's presence should be compulsory.

With regard to Rule III. The catechizing, if simple yet animated, didactic yet perspicuous, should be as instructive and interesting to parents as to children; for the parents, though ripe in years, are but children in knowledge, and need milk rather than strong meat, quite as much as their little ones. Jeremy Taylor says there is no better mode of exorcising the evil principle out of children or unbelievers than by judicious catechizing.

I am far from undervaluing preaching: as a great means to a great end, it is as much God's ordinance as prayer; but the passion in this country for sermons is extravagant and morbid. One can rarely predicate how far they profit those who listen to them; for the head may be uplifted towards the pulpit, and the eye rivetted on the priest, and yet the mind be asleep. To impart information is one thing, to elicit it is another; and one can never be sure that the instruction given has been received, except by the answers elicited from the catechumen by the catechist.

As to Rule IV. The sermon to children ought to be short, terse, practical, colloquial, and hortatory; illustrated by anecdote and allegory. The sermons

on three Sunday mornings a month should be suited to all orders and degrees of men. And one good one, thought over in the chamber and inwardly digested, is spiritual pabulum enough for those who can partake of the morning and evening services, and can read as much as they like by their own fireside.

By Rule V, children would be more likely to enjoy Sunday than they can do under the present system of restriction.

1869. November 7. Baron A—— being asked by the chaplain of the High Sheriff at the assizes over which he was about to preside, how long he would like him to preach, replied, 'About half an hour, with a leaning to mercy.'

The late Bishop of Exeter and Baron A—— were sitting next each other at a public dinner. After the usual toasts—'The Church,' 'The Queen,' 'Royal Family,' and 'Army' had been drunk, the health of 'The Navy' was proposed. Lord Campbell, expecting to have to return thanks for 'The Bar,' and not having heard the toast distinctly, and supposing the time for giving it had arrived, got up. On which the late Bishop of Exeter whispered to Baron A——, 'What is Campbell about? What is he returning thanks for the Navy for?' 'Oh,' answered the witty judge, 'he has made a mistake. He thinks the word is spelt with a K.'

1870. November 14. Spent a delightful week at Bedgebury Park with Mr. Beresford and Lady Mildred Hope. The house, with the average number of handsome reception-rooms, has more bedroom accommodation than any country seat I am acquainted with.

My own room, a large one, was No. 64., and I found that, one room with another, there are one hundred. Though the house in its basement-floor covered the same space of ground in the late Lord Beresford's time as now, yet Mr. Beresford Hope has, with the help of Mr. Carpenter's skill, contrived to add two entire stories without disfiguring it. The park, from one gate to the gate at the other extremity, must be between three or four miles. It is large and diversified, and with its undulating ground, enlivened by various breeds of cattle (among them some twelve or thirteen beautiful Dutch sheet cows), its two thousand acres of pine and other forest trees, some of them almost feathering down to the verge of a vast lake, indented with artificially-constructed bays and promontories, and teeming with many kinds of waterfowl, some floating gracefully on its surface, others fussily fluttering about it on their way to an island of rhododendra, forms as smiling a scene as can be imagined. The house was full of company. The following story was told me by my host, who had it from the late Field Marshal Lord Beresford, who received it from his father, the first Lord Waterford.

The last-named nobleman was one day conversing on some matter of business in his courtyard with the landlord of a small inn in the neighbourhood, when he was interrupted by his gamekeeper, who told him, with much agitation, of a murder which had been committed. The body of the murdered man had been discovered lying on the bleak side of a mountain near at hand. The instant the innkeeper overheard the

statement, he exclaimed, as if in soliloquy, and in a tone of confirmed conviction, 'Then it must have been the little one!' In explanation of these words which had escaped from his lips involuntarily, he told Lord Waterford that, but two nights before, he had dreamed that he had seen a tall man murder a short one with whom he had been in company. Such strong hold had the dream taken of his imagination that when, the very next evening, two men, precisely answering the description of those he had seen in his sleep, applied to him for a night's accommodation, he refused them. His wife, however, to whom he had not then told his dream, thinking the fair fame of the inn might be jeopardized if it went forth that strangers had been repelled from the door without reason assigned, admitted them at the back part of the premises. When she told her husband afterwards what she had done, and her motives for so doing, he suppressed the avowal of his own reasons for objecting to them, lest he should alarm her, put the best possible face he could on the matter, and waited on them civilly while they had their supper. During the progress of their meal he observed, to his infinite surprise, and in confirmation of his worst suspicions, that the taller man, instead of using the table-knife prepared for him, produced from his pocket a large one of very peculiar construction, which he recognized as having seen in his dream. From the tenor of their discourse while in attendance on them, he gathered that they had accidentally met on the highroad in returning from the coast, and had discovered that they had both

been engaged in the same enterprise, viz. the Newfoundland cod-fishing, though with very different success; for the tall man complained bitterly of his ill-luck, declaring that he was worse off than when he went out, while the short one, on the contrary, boasted inordinately of his gains.

The murder was no sooner known than a prompt and energetic search after the culprit was set on foot. The landlord volunteered his services as guide. The tall man, the man last seen in company with the murdered one, and therefore the first to be suspected, was obliged to go up to Carrick to cross the bridge into Tipperary. There he was run to earth, apprehended, and tried (the foreman of the jury being Sir James May); and the testimony of the landlord of the inn, coupled with the unusual shape of the knife, formed together strong links in the chain of circumstantial evidence, which led to his conviction, condemnation, and execution.

1870. December. I feel as if some apology were due to the reader, both for the fragmentary character of these volumes, and for the abruptness of their conclusion. The fact is, I have had much difficulty in determining how far I should be warranted in further taking the public into my confidence, and admitting them into the penetralia of family life. And it is from feeling that I have no such right, that I have left many names in the shade, whom it would have been to my advantage to have brought into light; and left many amusing scenes untouched, from reluctance to wound the susceptibilities of refined natures. We do not, like our good cousins in America, live in

public; and our English natures are not easily altered, although we are spinning giddily 'down the ringing grooves of change.' This quotation, as I write it, brings vividly before me three names, at two of which I have only casually glanced—Hallam, Tennyson, and Elton.

It is many years since I deemed it a privilege to be allowed to follow to the grave the remains of our great historian and philosopher, and a great honour to have been requested, by his nephew, to preach his uncle's funeral sermon in the old church of Clevedon. The names of Hallam and Tennyson are so inseparably linked together, by that sweetest but saddest of all requiems, 'In Memoriam,' that it seems superfluous for me to mention what so many know—viz. that it was the last wish of the former that he should be laid in the same quiet resting-place with his gifted sons, Arthur and Henry, his daughter and his wife. But it is not so widely known that the late Sir Charles Abraham Elton, the father of the present baronet, was the brother-in-law of Hallam; and that his heart-strings were bound by the double chain of parental love and sorrow to the walls of the venerable church by the Severn sea. His two sons were drowned in the Bristol Channel by the sudden rising of the tide. Their memory has been perpetuated by their father in an elegiac of pathetic beauty in the volume of his poems and translations, which bear equal witness to his merit as a poet and a scholar. Family ties knit my wife's affection, and familiar friendship my own, very closely to the owners of the dear old Court nestling under, as it does, hills surmounted with pine and arbutus and beech.

CHAPTER XX.

AD CLERUM.

AS I have repeatedly been asked by persons in my neighbourhood to publish my parochial experience since I have resided at Ilmington, I take, at last, this opportunity of doing so, though with diffidence. Those who do not care for parish statistics had better skip this chapter altogether. For those of my brethren of the clergy who do, I suspect it may be the only part of the book which will have any attraction.

It was in the year 1857 I went to reside at Ilmington. Whatever the attractions of the rectory-house and grounds, they were considerably neutralized by the accounts which reached me from all quarters of the depraved condition of the parish. I was told that the attendance of the people at church was deplorable; that hardly a week went by without summonses being issued by the neighbouring magistracy against some of the inhabitants for breaches of the law; that drunkenness, bastardy, and poaching were the normal characteristics of the village; that only a few years before, there had been serious riots, in which no less than thirteen men were committed to Warwick jail; that the

rector, a gentleman of amiable and retiring disposition, had had his life threatened, and his nerves so shaken, as to render residence elsewhere essential to his health and peace of mind; and that the spirit of lawlessness ran so high, that no curate who had not undaunted courage and an inflexible will, would be competent to cope with so turbulent a population.

Luckily, such a person, at last, was found. The gentleman selected, independently of higher requisites for his office, possessed, in an eminent degree, the qualifications of stature, strength, and intrepidity. He was naturally of a generous and genial temper; but, having been apprised of the hopelessness of winning over the refractory by conciliation, he determined to crush the spirit of defiance which had long prevailed by vigorous measures of repression. Thus, if a man were drunk, he summoned and fined him. If a man were detected in poaching or stealing, or guilty of any other infraction of the law, he was summarily dealt with.

Of course he was both hated and feared by the evil-doers, who saw that he never hesitated to prefer his charges against them from any apprehension of consequences to himself. His person in itself was so imposing, that few men in the kingdom would have been anxious to engage in contest with him single-handed. For instance, not long after he was appointed, he was waylaid in the dark by three men, and violently assaulted by them. He thrashed them all. Who his assailants might be, screened from recognition as they were by the darkness, he did not know; though he had

a shrewd guess that he could identify one of them, on whose features he was sure that he had left the impress of his sign manual. In the round of his pastoral visits, next day, he called at the house of the woman whose husband he suspected to have been one of the three who attacked him. He inquired after him, and was told that he was very ill, and quite unable to go to work; that he was confined to his bed, and was quite unequal to seeing any one. The curate would take no denial, asserting that the worse he was, the greater reason was there why he should see him. He mounted the stairs, and, on asking the patient how he was, received no answer. This taciturnity, it was soon found, was not the effect of sulkiness, but of a jaw broken the night before, by his visitor's fist.

I should be sorry if it were inferred from what I have said, that this stalwart curate had abused his strength. What he had done, he had done in self-defence. Of course this *argumentum ad hominem* inspired bad characters with a wholesome dread of him; and, though the peculiar and exceptional condition of the parish entailed upon him an amount of active interference which might by some be considered as extra-ministerial, yet I have no hesitation in saying that, though disliked by some, he was an instrument of good to all. Magistrates, lawyers, and country gentlemen have assured me that there was no village in Warwickshire of more unenviable notoriety than Ilmington. As one proof of the bad odour in which it stood, I may mention that, on the first introduction of the county constabulary, it was thought

expedient to appoint over it two resident police, where one sufficed for other parishes containing the same number of inhabitants.

From what I have said it will be easily perceived that the gentleman in whose wake I followed, had been the stout-hearted pioneer, who made the rough places comparatively smooth for me, by undertaking the thankless office of cleansing the Augean stable. It was, therefore, under improved circumstances that the spiritual oversight of the parish was made over to me: and yet the prospect which lay before me of life-long residence in the heart of such a population was anything but pleasant. I doubted whether I had not undertaken a work to which I was unequal. The path of duty, however, was clearly defined for me; I had put my hand to the plough, and it would not do to look back.

On the first Sunday evening of my officiating in the church, when the services of the day were concluded, I told the congregation that I had much to say to them; but that, as that was neither the day nor the place in which to say it, I should esteem it a kindness done to me if, the next evening, when the labour of the day was over, they would meet me at eight p. m. (in one of my meadows, which I indicated to them), by the light of the harvest-moon.

On the Monday evening, long before the hour appointed, the fields opposite the rectory were swarming with men, women, and children, hastening to the place of rendezvous. When they were all assembled, I told them that it distressed me to see them standing after

their hard day's work, and that I hoped, as there was no dew upon the grass, that they would consent to sit. They then, with few exceptions, drew near, and sat in front of me in the shape of a horse-shoe, while I thus addressed them:—

'MY FRIENDS.—When an Indian chief has matters of life or death, peace or war, to discuss with his tribe, he summons them to what they call 'a parley'; which I take to be, what we should call, a congress. At this 'parley' the chief declares his opinions, and asks for theirs.

'Now, I regard you as my parish tribe; and I want you to look to me as your parson chief. I am about to hold a parley with you on matters of life and death, and which may determine whether it is to be peace or war between us for the future.

'When the sovereign of this country sends for a new minister, and entrusts him with the formation of a fresh administration, his first appearance in the House of Commons is looked forward to anxiously by its members, in the hope of hearing from his own lips of his future policy. Possibly it is to some such curiosity I may attribute the presence this evening of so many members of our little commonwealth.

'The tie, my friends, which binds a shepherd to his flock is a very strong, and ought to be a very dear one. That tie between pastor and people in this place, I find, has long been ruptured. I want to see it re-established. We are at present strangers. Soon, I trust, we shall be friends.

'I have heard such sad things of this village, that, if I did not make allowance for exaggeration, I should be afraid to sleep a night in it. I have been told of one clergyman threatened, of another waylaid and assaulted, of another burnt in effigy, of another actually shot at. I do not think I should much care for being burnt in effigy; but I dislike the idea of being threatened. I dislike the thought of being waylaid and beaten; and I have the most decided objection to being shot at. I should infinitely prefer to any of these alternatives the being liked, trusted, and respected.

'I often hear persons sneered at as popularity-hunters. I avow myself to belong to that despicable race. I value popularity. I will bid high for it; but not at any price. For instance, I conceive I should pay too dearly for it if I bartered for it my conscience or my independence. I wish for it; but more for your sakes than my own: and for this reason—because, without it, I shall despair of having you as fellow-workers, and, unless you are, I shall be unable to bring my plans for your welfare to good effect.

'In spite of the disheartening picture given me, I am prepared to find you made of the same stuff as other people. The raw material I expect to find as good as that of your neighbours, though perhaps it may not have been as well dressed, or made up as well. We are all of us born the heirs of manifold infirmities and sins; and it is only education which, with the grace of God, can correct them. And we are all of us educated, not only by books but, insensibly, by the

circumstances which surround us: and the circumstances which have surrounded you have not been fortunate ones. Your faults are attributable, not to inferior natures, but to inferior opportunities; and for this I pity you. You have never had a resident squire, nor, for some years, a resident rector, nor a well-organized school. Some of you, perhaps, are glad you have no squire: you prefer being your own squires. For you would not relish the idea of the influence over you which station, wealth, and cultivation would be sure to beget. Some of you, I daresay, would prefer to dispense with a rector, who might try to interfere with your spiritual liberty: therefore you prefer being your own Popes. Others of you would much rather there were no school: for you have no wish that education should strike her roots deeper, or spread them farther, seeing you are yourselves uneducated. But suffer me to tell any one who feels as I am supposing, that he does not know the blessings which are conferred on a parish by the residence in it of a nobleman, or squire, or clergyman. Of rectors I will say nothing, as you will think me partial in my estimate of my own class. But of the gentry of the present day, let me assure you that there are very few indeed who do not acknowledge the responsibilities involved in the possession of property; and who do not, by their liberal employment of labour, their benevolent consideration for the poor on their estates, and the refinement of their manners, help to humanize those around them and beneath them.

'But, to come to the point. Gross darkness covers

the people of this place. The best means of letting in light upon them is to give them education. I wish to help in that good work, if you will let me. Hear then what I have to propose to you.

'First. You shall have a good school, if you will promise to send your children to school; and the master shall have a good house.

'Secondly. Your children shall have instruction by day, and you shall have amusement at night, which ought to be more attractive than the public-house, the beer-shop, and the brothel.

'I expect great good from well-chosen recreation. If you were men engaged in public offices, in mercantile houses, in schools of design, or in any other calling in which your brains would be heavily strained, your recreations ought to be bodily. But your daily work is chiefly hand-work; therefore the recreation for you should be head-work: but head-work of a light kind; for mind and body act and re-act on each other, and when the body is tired the mind is apt to get out of gear. This is why I question the wisdom, in towns, of encouraging men who have toiled all day to enter on a fresh course of toil at night, by attending scientific lectures.

Though it may be some years before those in this place who can neither write nor read will value knowledge for its own sake, I am confident that, as parents see the good results of education in their children, they will eventually do so.

'Now, the recreation I propose to supply you with is, the opportunity of hearing books read which

shall instruct you, and amuse you too. Two nights in the week—from the 1st of November till the 1st of May—will be devoted to familiar explanations of Scripture, enlivened by maps, pictures, and descriptions of the manners, customs, and productions of the East. Two nights will be set apart for the reading of works of fiction, written with a moral purpose; and two nights will be free to those who will avail themselves of the opportunity of cultivating sacred and secular music. There, now you have seen the contents of my budget.

'But before parting with you, I should like to tell you what it was which first put "evening readings" into my head.

'Many years ago, Sir John Herschel, the eminent astronomer, was riding home to dinner about seven o'clock on a dark winter's evening, when, in passing through the village, his horse shied violently, and turned round with him, so as nearly to unseat him. The animal had been frightened by the sudden blazing forth of the furnace of a blacksmith's forge. By this light he observed the smith himself, with sleeve upturned and hammer in hand, leaning on his anvil in the attitude of rapt attention, listening to another man, who was hanging over an open book, and reading from it aloud.

'The next night, in passing by the same place, he observed that the interest of this Rembrandt-like picture was heightened by the introduction of two additional figures. A few nights after, while Sir John was at dinner, the village bells struck up a merry peal. He sent

out to enquire the cause, and was informed that a poor man having discovered in his lodgings a copy of a book called 'Pamela,' had taken it to the blacksmith's shop, and craved permission to read it by the light of his furnace, and thus save the expense of fire and candle. The blacksmith readily gave him leave; and, after a while, observing how much the man was taken up with his book, he asked him what it was about. He told him that if he liked he would read it aloud, so that he might listen or not at his pleasure. He had not advanced far with the story, when two well-known drunkards dropped in. On their beginning to chaff the reader and his listener on their novel occupation, the latter told them that if they chose to stay and listen too, they might, but if not, the sooner they went about their business the better. The curiosity of the men being roused, they agreed to stay and be quiet, and kept their word; until the reader, unused to such exertion of his lungs, became tired, and said he must go home. He promised, however, if the blacksmith would let him, to resume the story next night, before the same audience. When the two men who had come in last found how late it was, instead of going to their usual place of resort, they went home to bed, with their money in their pockets, their tempers unruffled, and their heads unclouded.

'The next night, and for several successive nights, the four met again; and, as long as the story lasted, the attractions of the forge outvied those of the pothouse; and, when they arrived at the triumph of Pamela over her attempted seducer, their better sympathies had been so warmly enlisted in the cause of virtue, that nothing

would content them but borrowing the keys of the church from the sexton, and ringing a peal in honour of the heroine's conduct.

'Five-and-twenty years ago I heard this anecdote; and it at once struck me that, if an unlettered hind, by his indifferent reading, could succeed in interesting the purer feelings of two habitual sots, so as to wean them, for many nights, from the public house, there was no reason why educated persons, by the aid of better reading, and still more amusing works, might not entice the unhappy slaves of sensuality from the places to which they resort, in many cases not so much from love of drink as from desire to escape the dullness, and discomfort, and discontent of home.'

I will not weary my reader's patience by enumerating the other nostrums which I told my parishioners I should apply for the mitigation of their local maladies, such as Coal, Benefit, and Clothing Clubs, Vegetable and Flower Shows, &c., &c., for they can boast of no originality, and are common to most well-ordered parishes. But I will crave his indulgence while I touch on the beneficial results of our Evening Readings, because of the many years' experience I have had of their practical utility, and of the moral good they have wrought. These readings I was in the habit of giving years before Penny Readings were ever heard of. I gave them without charge: and there I think I made a great mistake; for, if they are to be of general adoption, I think there ought to be a trifling payment, first, to defray the cost of lighting and heating

the reception room; secondly, because the poor always value most that which costs them something. In venturing to cite my own experience, I wish to encourage the clergy in country villages to try the experiment of readings in the winter evenings, as a secondary means of great utility. If a clergyman, dwelling in the country, can organize a co-operative staff of readers, and can press into his service any musical talent there may be in his village, he may, by well-selected fugitive pieces, furnish his people with an attractive bill of fare. And the giving different classes of men any common object of interest, is calculated to cement good feeling between the families of the clergy, the farmers, and their labourers—a very desirable thing. On the other hand, let not the clergyman who has to depend on his own unaided resources be discouraged; for if he can read well, and especially if he have a talent for impersonation, a tale—a continuous tale—in which the interest is suspended, is that which gives the most pleasure, rivets attention most, and best ensures regularity of attendance. It has been my own habit, invariably, to read some one tale through; and I cannot say how often I have been stopped in my village by such remarks as these: 'How beautiful it was last night, Sir! What a man that 'ere Jew is!' (alluding to the Jew in 'Never Too Late to Mend.') 'I do hope that George and Susan Merton will come together and marry after all! May I make so bold as to ask what happens to Robinson?' Or again (while I was reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'), 'Oh dear! what a hartful crittur that Topsy is! I never!'

I declare, advisedly, that among the educated classes I have never seen greater aptitude in realizing character than I have seen among my own people. They have talked to me of the events in a story as if they had actually happened; and of the principal personages in it, as if they had been existing people. Now, I maintain that the mere fact of a clergyman and his flock sharing a pleasure together, is good for both. It begets sympathy; and there is nothing the poor value like sympathy. It brings the black coat and the smockfrock together. Eleemosynary relief, given in a cold, perfunctory manner, is not to them what a kind word, spoken in season, is. It is easy for us ministers of the Gospel to profess from our pulpits the profoundest anxiety about the eternal welfare of those committed to our spiritual oversight; but unless we show as lively an interest in their temporal welfare, they won't believe us. Too generally, like their betters, they think nothing of their souls' health; but they think a good deal about their bodily aches and pains. The clergyman may give them money, and send them soup or wine, but unless he go to their hearths he will not get at their hearts; and unless he listen, with kindly consideration, even to their twaddling account of their domestic cares and personal distresses, he will not win their love.

For the first three or four years, until my vocal chords gave way, disabled me from active duty, and obliged me to pass my winters in a warmer climate, our schoolroom, sixty feet long, was crowded every night, not only with our own parishioners, but with

many from neighbouring villages. Rain, snow, or darkness, never prevented our people from attendance. So much appreciated were our readings, that many attended the scriptural expositions on the alternate nights, who owned they never should have gone to them but for the pleasure they had derived, in the first instance, from our secular lectures; while many others, such as shepherds, and carters, and carriers, detained later than others by the nature of their occupations, and fearing they should not arrive in time for admission to the schoolroom (it being the rule to lock it within five minutes after my entrance), would desire their wives to put aside their supper till the lectures were over.

I have known instances of men walking four miles on dark nights; I have known one highly cultivated lady walk three miles, alone, in any weather, across sequestered fields; I have known brother clergy drive five or six miles,—for the mere pleasure of witnessing the lively interest inspired among the hearers by these readings. I think it is self-evident that, if from 250 to 300 people were in the habit of frequenting our school-room from seven till nine p.m., drunkenness must sensibly have diminished; for they could not be present at the schoolhouse and at the public house at the same time. And so it has been. Of course I am not beloved by the publicans; but that mortification I try to bear with Christian fortitude.

If I had no other instance to give of the good effects of Evening Readings than the one I am about to cite,

I should rejoice in having been instrumental in introducing them into Ilmington.

In the course of my pastoral visits, shortly after entering on my course, I had to call on a poor woman. The instant I entered her house she opened upon me thus: 'Oh, Sir! I be glad to see you, for I have been wanting to tell you how took up wi' your lecs (lectures) my husband is. I don't think you knows him yet; for, you see, he works a mile and a half from the village, at Blackwell Bushes; and what wi' his lameness, and one thing or t'other, he never gets home till your dinner hour. He's a excellent good husband, though he were once r-a-ther given to drink; but, since he've heard your lecs, he seems a altered man, and never takes nothing but tea, and that he makes me put on the hob till after lecs is finished. He never used to get home till after seven, but, somehow, he manages now to get to the school-room doors afore they're closed. I do believe he'd rather miss his tea than the lec. He wants to see you mainly. He never used to go to church. He goes now.'

At the close of my next 'lecture' I beckoned to him, and told him I was glad to see him so regular at the readings, but that I should be still better pleased to see him as regular at church. 'Ah, Sir,' said he, 'I should dearly like to talk wi' you some day.' 'Well,' I replied, 'come to me next Saturday.' He did so: and, as he entered my study, he knelt down on one knee, put up his two hands, and exclaimed, 'May God bless Mr. Young and his lecs.' He then rose, and

with much earnestness opened his heart to me. 'Sir, I've been a bad man! I've never liked Sundays. I've never liked church; and I never could abear sermons. They allus (always) made me mollancholy. Well! I heerd talk as you were going to give lecs. I thought I'd go and hear one. I liked the first on-accountable well! I liked the next better! So I thought I'd go and hear you preach. Well, it was all very plain, and I understood you; and you looked us in the face, and talked to us strong. I liked you very well, but I liked the lecs better. I had not been at more than three of your lecs, when I went home, and to bed, and dreamed as I was in prison—aye, and cruel used there, too—tied to the wall, slushed wi' water, put on the crank, then on the treadmill. I was thinking, I suppose, about the book. I'd wake up wi' the sweat streaming down my cheeks; and I felt, ah! my lad, you are every bit as bad as Robinson; only with this differ—he were found out and you weren't. I started up, and I seemed to see the words o' that 'ere tract as the chaplain o' the jail gave to Robinson, "The Wages of Sin are Death," written in letters of fire. I did not want no sarmun better than them. I could not get quit on 'em. Do you mind Parson Eden calling to Robinson through the cell door, "Brother." Well, I aint no scolard, but that 'ere book as you are reading has been a second Bible to me. It has made me think what I deserve. I shall try to do as Mr. Eden would have wished me. What a parson he were! No blowing up, but so tender and kind. Now, Sir, I hope you'll be kind, and help

me to be good.' A pause—tears—and then, with much fervour—'I tell ye I want to be good!'

From that day I have never known him miss his church morning or evening. For some time he was shy of going to the Lord's Table; but, when I had removed his misgivings, he went. After a while, he came to me, and said, 'My missus is a good wife. She never gave me a misword; but she'll not go to the Table for anything as I can say to her. Will you talk to her? I don't like going without her. We've allus been so pleasant together that I should not be happy to think when we part at last that we should part for ever. So, do ye talk to her.' I did; and after some time she accompanied her husband to the Holy Communion; and for twelve years they have been unremitting in their attendance, and consistent in their lives. If Mr. Charles Reade knew this, it ought to make him happy to reflect that it has been, under God, to the influence wrought indirectly by his book on the conscience of one fellow-creature, that two have been reformed, and that they are now, by their exemplary conduct, illustrating the truth he has enforced so powerfully, that 'it is never too late to mend.'

The success of our village readings soon got wind; and I was, consequently, solicited from various parts of the kingdom—from Plymouth in the west to Manchester in the north, to inaugurate Penny Readings, or to give them in places where they were already established. As I had no ambition to get the reputation of an itinerant lecturer, and at the time had plenty to occupy me in my proper sphere, I invariably sent

refusals to all applicants, except to those in the adjoining county, or in the county in which I lived. I never read for money, though at Manchester I was offered payment on a scale of liberality that astonished me. Indeed, I never read anywhere unless I was assured, beforehand, of the sanction and countenance of the most influential gentry and clergy in the place. It was at the desire of the clergy, mayor, and principal inhabitants of Stratford-on-Avon, that I read there. It was at the desire of the clergy and principal inhabitants, that I read at Campden, at Alcester, and at Redditch. At Nuneaton I read at the desire of Mr. Newdegate; at Alvechurch, at the desire of the Archdeacon of Coventry; at Stoneleigh, at the desire of Lord Leigh; at Stourbridge, at the desire of Lord Lyttelton; at Warwick, at the desire of the clergy, twice—once, under the presidency of Mr. Wise, the Member; another time, under that of the late Lord Charles Percy. For these readings I received from High, Low, and Broad Church clergy, a measure of approval they did not merit; and never heard a whisper in their condemnation. When, therefore, I went to winter at Torquay for my health, and was requested by certain of its clergy to read one of Shakspeare's plays, in behalf of the languishing funds of the Infirmary, I felt small scruple in acceding to their request, first, because I had already read Shakspeare with acceptance before dignitaries of the church, fastidious clergy, and nobles, and gentry, known for their attachment to the cause of true religion and virtue; secondly, because the gentlemen who invited me to read were men of unimpeachable consistency, who, I was sure, would be

unlikely to countenance any step calculated to compromise themselves or a brother clergyman in public estimation; thirdly, because the entertainment to be given was not for a selfish or questionable, but for a purely charitable object.

It was, therefore, with infinite surprise that I learned, after the reading had been given, that by my compliance with the request made me, I had incurred the displeasure of the bishop; and that he had, in consequence, inhibited me from officiating in his diocese. This conveyed a grave reflection on my professional character, and gave me infinite pain. I was, however, rewarded for not writing a word in my own defence by the generous and voluntary advocacy of many champions, both in Devonshire and Warwickshire, who either interceded in my behalf with the bishop, as did Lord John Manners, Lord and Lady Willoughby d'Eresby, and the Bishop of Jamaica, or who came forward with the most generous protests, as did Sir Laurence Palk and others. The hearty address to my bishop, issued by five-and-twenty clergy in my own county, headed by the Rural Dean, and the four addresses I received from the gentry, visitors, inhabitants, and workpeople of Torquay, I can never cease to feel grateful for; while the affectionate one from my own parish I value as the richest possession I have.

I think I could hardly avoid alluding to this little personal matter, first, because it grew out of my previous public readings; secondly, because from the publicity the events excited at the time, my continued silence on the subject might be construed

into a tacit admission of *malfaisance*. In dismissing the matter, may I be pardoned for stating that, long before the good Bishop of Exeter's own death, I had the gratification of receiving at his hands his formal apostolic benediction, and his hearty withdrawal of the inhibition imposed upon me.

But to return to my parish.

Having told of its condition as it was in 1857, in justice to it I would fain mention what it is in 1870.

The congregations, instead of being very scanty, are in winter large, and in summer crowded, at both morning and evening services.

The attendance at our school is large; and though our master is uncertificated, our 'results,' as shown by Sir Robert Hamilton's tabulated statement (published in the Parliamentary Blue Book), surpass those of several of the certificated masters in our rural deanery.

Whereas there used to be so great a scarcity of water, that infirm old women and young women, with burdens of their own to bear, had to walk at least a quarter of a mile, with yokes on their shoulders and buckets in their hands, to get it, there are now eight fountains so disposed as to bring the first necessary of life to every poor man's door.

Although we have a considerable Roman Catholic population at the place, there has never been the slightest dissension between them and our Anglican Protestants; and though the priest[1] and I, of course,

[1] The Rev. Auguste Lampfried was one of the most amiable, humble, self-denying, generous Christians I have ever known. He was indeed a Christian in whom was no guile. The points of faith upon which we were

held different opinions, they were never allowed to interfere with our affectionate intercourse.

In spite of my having been compelled by ill health to leave my charge for the last six years during the winter months in the care of a curate, there has been no falling off in church attendance, and no apparent diminution in good-will towards myself.

L'ENVOYE.

PATIENT READER.—When abroad, has it ever chanced to you, as you have stood beneath some old church porch, to bid farewell to those with whom you have long travelled in company? Are you conscious, under such circumstances, before entering within the temple, of having held back the massive curtain screening the inner sanctities of the place, to cast back one wistful look of regret at their figures, as they have gradually grown less and less in the perspective, under waning light and deepening shadow?

So I, standing on the threshold of old age, and desiring to learn graver lessons from its twilight calm, and

at issue we never touched upon. If he could help a brother in distress, without respect of creed, he would do it. He never attempted to proselytize; and once, when I was seriously ill, he and his congregation joined in united prayer for me by name. I valued their prayers, and they were mercifully answered.

It would be ungrateful, while writing of the priest, if I did not also mention the squire, Mr. Philip Howard, of Corby Castle, who, though non-resident, is keenly alive to his duties as a landlord, and has always been forward to help me—staunch Roman Catholic as he is—in every good work calculated to contribute to the material prosperity of the village.

to ponder on the closing solemnities of life before the night cometh, yet cannot help looking back with strong human sympathy to the busy past, thronged as it is with familiar memories, rich as it is with the records of the good and great who have gone before, bright as it is with the wit and humour of genial spirits who once grasped my hand in friendship or honoured me with their countenance.

The light is failing fast with me. Memory gives back dimmer pictures than of old. Imagination waxes cooler. The laughter-loving nature flags. And therefore, before the heavy curtain drops between my mind's eye and the long road I have been allowed to tread, I have endeavoured to recall some few scenes of the merry days when I was young, and to sketch, with faltering though with loving touch, some outlines of the men who made those days so memorable.


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